



## Kerry Fox Maid of stern stuff

the long weekend



## Ravi Shankar Chants of success

the long weekend

## Palookaville 700 free tickets

the eye

# Adams calls for new IRA ceasefire

David McKitterick  
Ireland Correspondent

The IRA was last night on the brink of declaring a new "unequivocal cessation of violence" along the lines of the 1994 ceasefire which brought 17 months of relative peace to Northern Ireland.

The move will breathe new life into a peace process which many had considered moribund since the last cessation broke down in February 1996, with the IRA bomb which devastated London's Docklands around Canary Wharf.

But while many may see it as a new opportunity for progress, it will also pose major political difficulties. The most immediate of these is the question of whether the main Unionist party, David Trimble's Ulster Unionists, will remain at the talks table if Sinn Féin is granted entry in mid-September.

Mr Trimble is to meet Tony Blair on Monday for the second time in a week in an attempt to persuade the Government to toughen its position on the issue of arms decommissioning. There seems no likelihood, however, of the Government shifting its ground.

The decisive factor in the cessation move appears to have been the Prime Minister's decision to abandon John Major's previous stress on the de-commissioning issue. Republicans have for many months insisted that a new IRA ceasefire could only come about if Sinn Féin was guaranteed a

### The rocky road to peace

9 February 1996: IRA bombs London Docklands, killing two people and injuring more than 100.  
15 February 1996: IRA member Edward O'Brien is shot dead.  
16 February 1996: IRA member Edward O'Brien is shot dead.  
30/31 May 1996: Peace Forum elections in Northern Ireland. Sinn Féin gets 15.74 per cent of vote.  
15 June 1996: IRA bombs heart of Manchester killing about 200 people.  
July 1996: Drumcree standoff causes widespread rioting in province after initial blocking of march is lifted. Tied driver Michael McGoldrick is killed by loyalist paramilitaries on 8 July 1996.  
7 October 1996: IRA plants two bombs at Thiepval barracks, Lisburn, in first major NI attack since ending ceasefire. Bombs injure 31. Warrant Officer Jim Bradwell dies five days later from injuries.  
21 December 1996: Loyalists blamed for 'booby-trap' bomb under car of leading republican Eddie Copeland.  
12 February 1997: Lance-Bombardier Stephen Rectorick, from Peterborough, Cambridgeshire, shot dead by an IRA sniper at a checkpoint in Co Armagh.  
March/April 1997: IRA begins bomb campaign in run-up to General Election. Grand National postponed after bomb warnings.  
May 1997: Labour elected. Sinn Féin increases vote. Wins two seats.  
High-level talks held between government and Sinn Féin.  
16 June: Prime Minister Tony Blair bans all further contact between senior civil servants and Sinn Féin representatives after the IRA guns down RUC officers John Graham, 34, and David Johnston, 30, in Lurgan, Co Armagh.

### INSIDE

Terror tactics;  
clouds of mistrust, page 6

place at the talks table without de-commissioning.

The Ulster Unionists, dismayed by Mr Blair's stance, have subsequently adjusted their own position. But the party believes itself vulnerable to attack from other Unionists, in particular Ian Paisley, if it consents to sit down with Sinn Féin if other Unionists absent themselves.

The first firm public indication of a ceasefire move yes-

terday came when Sinn Féin leaders Gerry Adams and Martin McGuinness announced that they had urged the IRA to reinstate the 1994 cessation. They said they had given the IRA a detailed report and assessment of the situation, and the IRA had assured them it would respond without delay.

Mr Adams added: "I have made it clear over the 18 months since the collapse of the peace process that I would only

approach the IRA to restore their cessation if I was confident that their response would be positive." This was seen as the broadest of hints that a ceasefire was on the way, possibly within hours.

A previous hint had come in a joint statement from Mr Adams and the Social and Democratic Labour Party leader John Hume, the first for some time, which struck an upbeat note. The two leaders said considerable progress had been made, declaring themselves "optimistic that outstanding obstacles to inclusive negotiations in a peaceful atmosphere could be removed".

The republicans may have decided that a new political landscape has been created with the election of Mr Blair, and a new Fianna Fail Taoiseach, Bertie Ahern, in Dublin. Both leaders are viewed as more open and receptive to the concept of a peace process than were their predecessors, John Major and John Bruton.

Jeffrey Donaldson, the Ulster Unionist MP who is also one of the leading figures in the Orange Order, said he was not entirely surprised by the move since Mr Blair had made a point of giving republicans "virtually everything they ever asked for".

Billy Hutchinson of the Progressive Unionist party, which has close links to the paramilitary UVF, welcomed the development. He said: "If the IRA are going to call a ceasefire it can only be good for this country."



Brighter outlook: Hopes were high last night that the streets of Belfast will soon be safer Photograph: Crispin Rodwell

# The university for life: Britain prepares to join the fast lane

Lucy Ward  
Education Correspondent

Britain must smash through its ceiling on higher education expansion to bring in more school leavers and encourage adults to return to learning if the nation is to keep up with its economic competitors, a landmark report is expected to say next week.

The National Committee of Inquiry into Higher Education, chaired by Sir Ron Dearing, will make clear that the United Kingdom, where a third of young people at present go on to university, cannot afford to lag behind pace-setting countries such as Japan, which will soon boast one in two in every two school-leavers in higher education.

The cap on numbers imposed by the last government in 1994 because of funding constraints must be removed, the committee will say. It will not put a figure on the scale of expansion, proposing that growth should be demand-led rather than planned.

Ministers are likely to endorse the proposal, which runs counter to the last government's recommendation that there was no need for further expansion. However, the report will acknowledge that the crisis in present university funding will mean students will have to bear more of the burden of costs to permit growth.

Concern over proposals to introduce tuition fees escalated yesterday as it emerged that the Dearing report will also leave

the way open for the government to bring in means testing on student loans, which are at present available to all undergraduates to help pay living costs.

The committee is concerned that the third of undergraduates who at present do not take up the zero-interest loans would rush to do so if fees were introduced, turning the loans into a state-backed subsidy for the middle classes.

That could push the cost of loans to the Treasury up to over £2bn a year, potentially jeopardising maintenance grants for the poorest students or loans for those who really need them.

The Government might choose to reserve the money available for those on low in-

comes, who must be attracted to higher education if the committee's recommendation of expansion is to be fulfilled.

Another option open to ministers would be the abolition of the £2,500 maintenance grant, including the notional parental contribution to living costs, leaving all students to borrow to cover the full cost themselves. It is understood that Sir Ron's committee has left enough flexibility on funding within its report to allow ministers scope to adopt their favoured approach. There are four options on funding, each offering a different permutation of maintenance and tuition payments.

The committee has recommended to ministers a system which would see all full-time stu-

dents contributing a quarter of the cost of the average degree - £1,000-plus a year at current rates - payable after graduation through long-term loans.

The committee believes tuition fees, which will be introduced from September 1999 if the government approves them, can be justified because research shows graduates benefit financially from their degree.

The current rate of return of around 10 per cent on earnings would not change dramatically even if the numbers of students expanded, according to the report. It cites evidence from Australia, which has a tuition fees scheme similar to the one being proposed, to show that fees have no significant effect on participation rates.

Leading article, page 21

### QUICKLY

**Beef sales rise**  
Fears about mad-cow disease appear to be receding. Domestic sales of beef last month were slightly above those for the same time in 1995. Page 3

**Prince's marriage**  
The Parliamentary aide to the Lord Chancellor, said yesterday a constitutional crisis over the marriage of Prince Charles and Camilla Parker Bowles would lead to the disestablishment of the Church. Page 5

### CONTENTS

**THE BROADSHEET**  
Business & City . . . 19-21  
Comment . . . 15-17  
Foreign news . . . 11-14  
Gazette . . . 2-10  
Home news . . . 2-10  
Leading articles . . . 15  
Letters . . . 15  
Obituaries . . . 16  
Saturday Story . . . 16  
Shares . . . 19  
Sport . . . 22-28  
**THE LONG WEEKEND**  
All Consuming . . . 18,19  
Arts, reviews . . . 4,5  
Books . . . 6-8  
Concise crossword . . . 2  
Gardening . . . 17  
Money . . . 22-26  
Motoring . . . 20,21  
Television & Radio . . . 27,28  
Travel . . . 9-16  
Weather . . . 27

Read The Independent  
on the  
World Wide Web  
<http://www.independent.co.uk>



9 770951 946368



paying  
money  
into your  
pension

Take a break if you need to,  
start again when you can. Put away a lot,  
a little, different amounts at different times.  
It's your money and your pension.  
We don't tie you up with stupid rules  
or charge you for changing your plans.  
To start today, give us a call.

**Virgin direct**  
personal financial service

0345 95 95 95

Open seven days a week from 9am to 10pm

Virgin Direct Personal Financial Service Ltd is regulated by the Financial Services Authority. The price of units and any income from them is set down in each contract and may not perform as the money you invest. The fees of the money manager and the value of the tax to be paid depends on how much tax you pay. For your security, all calls to Virgin Direct will be recorded and not fully monitored.

Kathy Marks

As half a million holidaymakers fly out of Britain this weekend, the people with the broadest smiles will have booked their trips 12 months ago, invested with a building society and bought their foreign currency in the past 10 days.

School holidays, which start in many areas today, signal the beginning of the peak holiday season. The mixed weather at home this summer, together with the strength of the pound, has prompted a rush to leave the country.

But people trying to book last-minute packages will have

a rough ride. Not only is availability limited, but one of the major tour operators, Airtours, has taken advantage of the surge in demand to increase its holiday prices for August.

Keith Beaton, of the Association of British Travel Agents, said yesterday that the situation was a vindication of the travel industry's advice to book early. "There is very little late discounting going on," he said.

Mr Beaton said that windfall pay-outs to building society customers, combined with the increase in spending power because of current exchange rates, meant an especially buoyant market this summer.

Sterling is at its strongest for years. Yesterday at Thomas Cook bureaux, a pound bought 9.83 French francs, 244.81 Spanish pesetas or 2.937 German marks.

The favourable tourist rates mean much cheaper holidays. Last summer in Corfu, for instance, a three-course meal cost the equivalent of £10.60 and a camera film £3.60; this year the corresponding prices are £8.05 and £3.

The coming week is the most popular period for summer departures. Gatwick, which is Britain's biggest holiday airport, will handle more than 322,000 people this weekend, 40,000

more than in the same period last year. France, Spain, Greece, Turkey and the US are the most popular destinations.

Heathrow expects to process about 228,000 passengers this weekend, and the regional airports will also be busy: 190,000 people will pass through Manchester, while Glasgow will handle 116,000 passengers and Birmingham 40,000. Hundreds of thousands of other travellers will flee Britain by ferry in the coming days.

British seaside resorts, meanwhile, are praying for more clement weather as the summer season begins in earnest. The heavy rainfall in June meant a

poor month for hoteliers and businesses in areas such as the West Country.

For tour operators, the unseasonable weather at home represents rich pickings. Richard Carrick, Airtours' marketing director, said: "We all applaud here when it rains. There is nothing that pleases us more than seeing Wimbledon washed out." Airtours has warned that, from August 1, prices will go up by £20 per person on unsold packages for the rest of the month. This will increase the cost of a one-week self-catering holiday in Malaga for two adults and three children from £1,245 to £1,345.



## news

## significant shorts

## Boy left handcuffed to bed by two prison officers

An unconvicted 15-year-old boy has been handcuffed to his bed in a children's ward while undergoing treatment on an injured finger, it was revealed last night.

The Prison Service has launched an investigation into the case and the governor responsible for the youth has ordered the handcuffs to be removed. The incident is the latest in a series of cases in which inmates, including a pregnant woman and a man dying of cancer, have against prison rules been handcuffed to their beds. The 15-year-old was taken to Leicester Royal Infirmary for treatment on Wednesday about five days after being remanded in custody at Glen Parva Young Offenders Institution, in Leicestershire. He was awaiting trial on charges of theft.

The Prison Service said last night that the governor had ordered the removal of the handcuffs yesterday after learning about their use. It added that handcuffing inmates to furniture was against the clear national instructions. A person at the hospital, who did not want to be named, said the sight of the youth being handcuffed had caused considerable distress to patients and staff. Jason Bennett

## Fish die in Sellafield chemical leak

Thousands of young fish and eels were killed by a chemical leak from British Nuclear Fuels' Sellafield plant in Cumbria yesterday.

A faulty valve allowed caustic soda solution to escape from a storage tank and flow down a drain into a stretch of the River Calder near the sea. It turned the water alkaline and killed about 1,000 juvenile salmon and sea trout, some 50 adult fish and at least 1,000 eels. British Nuclear Fuels (BNFL), which is state-owned, said it deeply regretted the incident but stressed that there was no leakage of any radioactivity. The Government's Environment Agency is investigating, and BNFL said it would co-operate with the agency in restocking the river. Nicholas Schoon

## Airline's £100 charge for oxygen

The father of an 11-year-old boy seriously ill with cystic fibrosis yesterday criticised an airline for charging £100 to provide oxygen for his son.

Frank Macanaspie, 43, from Tilbury, Essex, is travelling to Majorca next Thursday with wife Julia, 40, and James, who is being treated at Great Ormond Street Hospital in London. He said: "We're travelling with Britannia and they have told us we can't use our own oxygen, it has to be airline oxygen. I'm a fireman and I know it costs 30 pence to charge an oxygen cylinder. They want to charge us £100 for the round trip, an hour and 30 minutes each way."

A spokesperson for Britannia said: "The carriage of any pressurised material on an aeroplane has to be certificated - you can't bring on just any bottle. We take considerable steps to make it possible for disabled people to travel with us. But, unfortunately, to cover the rising numbers requesting therapeutic oxygen it is necessary to make this charge."

## Elton hits the old Brit road again



Elton John yesterday announced his first British tour for six years, which will take in Glasgow, Newcastle, Manchester, two dates in Birmingham and two in London.

On holiday in the south of France, where he is grieving for his friend the murdered fashion designer Gianni Versace, he said he was looking forward to the December tour.

"I'm especially looking forward to playing British cities where I haven't performed for years," he said. His last performance in Britain was at London's Royal Albert Hall in 1994, when he was accompanied only by a percussionist.

## Pirate radio ship back on air

A pirate radio station came back on air today - 30 years after being forced to stop broadcasting from the North Sea.

"Wonderful Radio London", otherwise known as the "Big L", broadcasting from a converted Second World War minesweeper off the Essex coast, went on air in 1964 and boasted 16 million listeners in Britain and Europe. To mark the 30th anniversary of its closure by the government in 1967, promoter Ray Anderson has resumed broadcasts for 28 days, although this time the station has a temporary licence. Original DJs such as Ed "Stewpot" Stewart will be re-creating their shows from the Sixties. It will broadcast on 1134 kHz medium wave from The Yeoman Rose ship and will have a range of about 50 miles covering East Anglia and Essex.

## Greenpeace step up Atlantic action

Environmental campaigners yesterday stepped up action against the oil industry in a battle to protect coral systems in the North Atlantic frontier.

A Greenpeace vessel - 400 miles from Rockall - launched two inflatable, each towing an oil barrel. The seismic vessel *Atlantic Explorer* carries air guns which send out high decibel explosions to survey the sea bed and the inflatables navigated the testing apparatus and attached one of the rattling barrels directly to a gun and another to a streamer buoy. The action took place as campaigners brought occupation of Rockall into its 38th day. The area, known as tranche 52, is licensed to Conoco.

Greenpeace claims the Government's granting of licences for oil exploration and licensing is unlawful and that ministers are failing to protect the reef.

## Heroin book set for children's TV

An award-winning novel for teenagers about heroin addiction and death is to be filmed for schools' television by the same company that makes ITV's *Byker Grove*. Exclusive film and television rights in the controversial Carnegie Medal winner *Junk* - described as a junior *Training Potting* - have been secured by Zenith North, the company announced yesterday.

Melvin Burgess's hard-hitting book tells the love story of two 14-year-olds as they spiral into heroin addiction and prostitution. Accepting his prize on Wednesday this week, Burgess hit out at "brooding parents and fundamentalists" who tried to restrict the subject matter of children's literature. Zenith North has already received expressions of interest from BBC Schools Drama and Channel 4. Peter Murphy, director of children's and family

## people



Art imitates life? A model in William Tang's show yesterday (Photograph: Reuters)

## Designer shocks Hong Kong with needles on the catwalk

William Tang, a Hong Kong fashion designer, yesterday provoked outcry over his latest collection, as models with hypodermic syringes protruding from their clothing strutted down the catwalk during the former British colony's annual Fashion Week.

"I am not promoting or glorifying drugs. If you look closely you see the bodies of the models are deformed. I am making a statement that this is a deformed society."

Not everyone was convinced of his motives. Francesca Fearon, a fashion writer who has worked in the Far East, said: "It seems this is a big publicity stunt. Hong Kong designers often need a surprise element in their shows to be remembered by, as they are facing stiff competition from Western designers."

Tang is a young gun in Hong Kong. He has a good local business but does struggle from time to time like all Hong Kong designers he's up against a local clientele which prefers Versace and Chanel.

Tang, who trained at the London College of Fashion and worked on a freelance basis in Britain for a

short time, draws his inspiration from street vendors and the gangster underworld.

He often has a penchant for what he calls "punk" in Paris, where he used to own a shop. He designed a bag given made of Chinese newspapers.

Ma Fungo said: "He's the late Franco Moschino of the Chinese." He likes to poke fun at himself and put a touch of his own personality into his work.

Tang is the latest in a long line of designers, like Alexander McQueen, who have sought to inject shock value into their work. In a Parisian medical school this month, McQueen decorated the walls with dead animals and plaster casts of hands. His early collections caused outcry because of the models' similarity to parastat victims. When Ghentery hired him as his head designer, publicity was guaranteed.

But the use of "drug chic" and gothic models has come under fire recently. Gianni Versace said in one of his last interviews that the time had come to rediscover beauty and decorum.

US President Bill Clinton criticised the fashion industry earlier this year for promoting heroin. "It is wrong to glorify addiction to sell clothes," he said.

Alexandra Williams



Dropped: Ryan Giggs



Selected: Robbie Fowler

## Fowler plays substitute for Giggs

The Liverpool footballer Robbie Fowler has replaced Manchester United's Ryan Giggs, not on the football field but on the boards of Liverpool Playhouse.

The two have swapped shirts, as it were, in a new play that was originally to have been entitled *I'm Marrying Ryan Giggs*. But the curly-haired young winger has been dropped for the play's first outing because of worries about the away crowd.

The play opens at Liverpool Playhouse in two weeks and it has occurred to its producers that the entrenched Scouse antipathy towards Manchester United could affect its takings.

The comedy has been renamed *I'm Marrying Robbie Fowler* and all references to United have been replaced with Liverpool.

Once its run in Liverpool is finished the play will revert to its

original title when it tours the rest of the country - which is where most Manchester United fans are believed to live.

The plot centres on the Ball family, where mum supports the Reds and dad is an Evertonian.

Their daughter Dede - named after record-breaking Everton centre forward Dede Dean - tries to keep the peace by supporting both sides. But the rift deepens and the family eventually paint one side of their house red and the other blue.

A theatre spokeswoman said: "The playwrights are Manchester United fans, but no one in Liverpool would have come to see it if it was about United."

"The real Robbie Fowler finds it all really funny and he's going to come and see it."

The play opens on 1 August.

Paul McCann

## Versace's ashes returned to Italy

The ashes of murdered fashion designer Gianni Versace were returned to Italy yesterday, ahead of a private family funeral near the peaceful home on Lake Como he loved so much.

Reporters at Versace's residence in the lakeside village of Moltrasio saw two black limousines carrying Versace's sister, Donatella, and brother, Santo, sweep through the gates and disappear down the drive soon after they arrived from Miami.

A private plane carrying the family and an urn containing the ashes, landed in the nearby town of Bergamo, to avoid crowds of waiting media in Milan.

A helicopter then whisked them to Como, where the jet-setting designer had an 18th century neo-classical villa he used as a retreat.

His family was expected to hold a service during the weekend near the three-storey villa.

Reporters saw two private security guards at the village cemetery, where the family had expressed a wish for Versace to be laid to rest, and the chapel was being cleared.

A memorial mass was planned in the enormous Roman Catholic cathedral in Milan, Italy's fashion capital, early next week.

Police were still trying to track down Andrew Cunanan, a 27-year-old homosexual prostitute and alleged serial killer whom they describe as their only suspect in Versace's murder.

Reuters, Moltrasio

## briefing

## SOCIETY

## The grey pound: a force to be reckoned with

Over-50s in Britain are now among the most affluent members of society, with more disposable income than most young people, according to a survey published yesterday.

Saga Services, which specialises in insurance and financial services for the over-50s, senior citizens are having a huge impact economically, as they have the means and the will to spend.

Phil Loney of Saga said: "More people are now retiring with either a private or occupational pension and there is also a cascade of wealth coming down through the generations as property is passed down. The post-war trend for owning your own property means much of this property is now being inherited by people aged 50 and over."

The survey showed that 75 per cent were spending significant sums of money on holidays each year. The second most popular area of expenditure was motoring, followed by home improvements.

Mr Loney added: "As far as finances go, 88 per cent of over-50s were planning their financial futures themselves. Most of them have been saving for the past 30 or 40 years. They are a group of people who have lived through a financial revolution with the introduction of Peps, Tesas and pensions. They are quite familiar with these and happy to make their own decisions."

## INDUSTRY

## Cheeky builders face the sack

Wolf-whistling labourers wearing their trousers at half-mast will be ordered off building sites throughout Britain under the Considerate Constructors Scheme, launched yesterday.

The building industry is determined to rid itself of workers who tarnish its image, said Don Ward, chief executive of the Construction Industry Board. "Construction has got a major image problem which stops us recruiting good people, men and women to the business," he added.

"The image comes from wolf-whistling and 'builders' bum'. It would not be tolerated by any other industry, so why should it be tolerated in construction?"

Employers signing up to the scheme, launched in Edinburgh, will expect labourers to clean up their image by wearing shirts and well-fitting trousers or overalls. Sloppy dress or lewd behaviour could mean being ordered off the site.

Sites will also be judged on their appearance and consideration for neighbours by limiting early morning noise and unnecessary mess.

Some large companies, such as Costain Construction, have signed up to the scheme already, but Mr Ward admitted it was likely to be several years before every firm participates.



## JUSTICE

## Court fee exemptions reviewed

More people claiming certain state benefits may be granted exemption from the controversial system of increased court fees. The Government signalled the move last night, in the wake of Monday's heated House of Lords debate on the issue.

Geoff Hoon, parliamentary secretary at the Lord Chancellor's Department, told David Lock, Labour MP for Wyre Forest, in a parliamentary answer, that automatic exemption from the fees was being considered for people on jobseekers' allowance, family credit and disability working allowance.

At present, these categories of litigants can apply for fee remissions but some drop their cases because of the delay and uncertainty about whether their applications will be approved.

Vicki Chapman, policy officer for the Legal Action Group which has campaigned against the higher fees, said: "Such a move would end delay and uncertainty and may save the court service money since remission is probably granted in the majority of cases anyway and would save court staff having to process applications."

Patricia Wynn Davies

## HOLOCAUST

## Swiss account details on Internet

Details of bank accounts that have remained dormant in Switzerland since the Holocaust are to be published on the Internet.

The Swiss Bankers Association has agreed to join forces with the Holocaust Educational Trust and accountants Ernst & Young to publish the names of the accounts held by non-Swiss nationals in the country's banks before 1945, which have not been used since.

The aim is to see if relatives of previous account owners can be traced and the money in the accounts claimed.

The HET will conduct searches on behalf of people who do not have access to the Internet via a special telephone helpline.

Account details will go live on 23 July. It will be the first of two parts, the second of which will be published on 26 October. The Internet address that the information will appear on has not yet been finalised.

A helpline, on 0171 222-5115, will be open from 10am to 5pm daily.

Read  
**THE INDEPENDENT**  
online every day on AOL  
Call 0800 376 5376  
for FREE software - quote "Independent"

**NEWSPAPERS SUPPORT RECYCLING**  
Recycled paper made up 41.2% of the raw material for UK newspapers in the first half of 1996

THERE'LL BE DOG BREATH COMING THROUGH YOUR RADIO THIS SUNDAY.

THE PROMS

SUNDAY 7.30PM 'DOG BREATH VARIATIONS' FROM 'THE YELLOW SHARK' BY FRANK ZAPPA. LIVE ON THREE. AS US EVERY PROM AN IMMEDIATE PLEDGE!

3



# Cricket's striking scorers refuse to cross new boundaries

Kim Sengupta

It was a typical summer's day of English county cricket, a match at Guildford between Surrey and Hampshire — flowing strokes on a good wicket and 2,000 people shivering in the biting wind when not dashing for shelter from the rain.

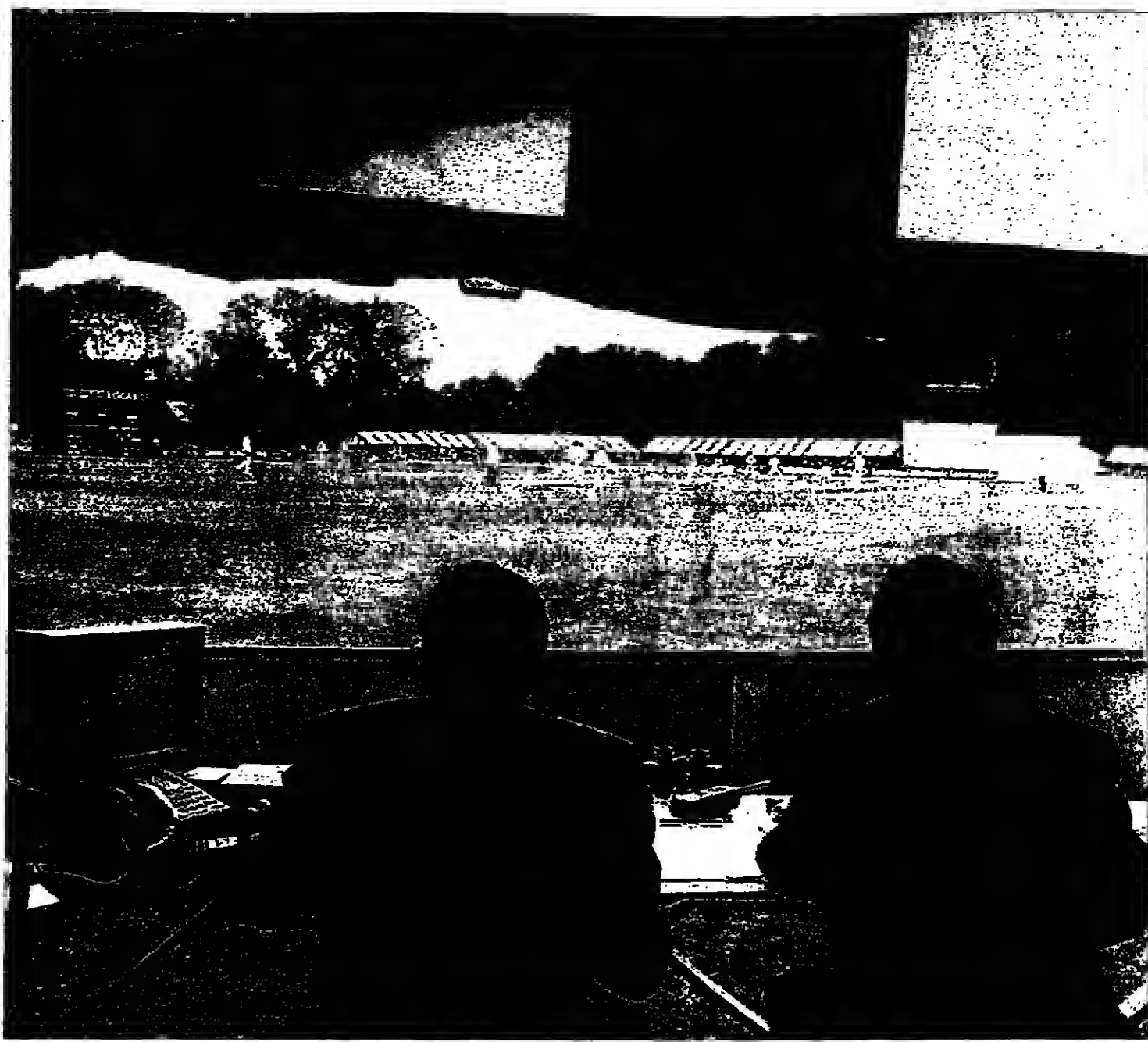
But the appearance of normality was deceptive. There are mutterings about management arrogance, warnings of strikes and confrontations, and the threat that the entire nine-match programme of Sunday League games planned for 31 August could be lost. English county cricket is facing the first prospect of industrial action in its 130-year history and the unlikely militants are — the scorers.

They have been regarded as unassuming men content to play their part in a sport they love. But now it is felt they have been taken for granted too long. The Association of County Scorers, comprising 36 members representing first- and second-team scorers of the 18 counties, was formed in 1993 to raise their profile and get a more equitable deal from the England and Wales Cricket Board.

The trigger for the summer of discontent is primarily about the appointment of a non-member of the



association, Malcolm Ashton, as scorer for the next England overseas trip, the third consecutive one since he was appointed on the recommendation of Raymond Illingworth. There is also anger that financial benefits from the new ball-by-ball scoring system available to Cefax subscribers have not accrued to scorers. The dispute has brought their work into focus. In the 1860s scores were recorded by whistle marks on sticks. Then scores were kept on cred-



Different strokes: Bill Frindall (left), the BBC scorer, shows the old way, while at Guildford, hi-tech rules

Photographs: Allsport, John Voos

it and debit ledgers. Now scorers at first-class games have to be computer literate and have a knowledge of statistics, as well as knowing every rule of the game, and possessing an encyclopaedic knowledge of personalities and their achievements.

At Guildford yesterday the Surrey scorer, Keith Booth, looked very much a traditional figure in his Surrey blazer and tie. But that was the only link with the village-green end of cricket. While he tallied up the

score with his right hand, the left was operating a state-of-the-art computer. In between, he contacted staff at the other end of the ground operating the scoreboard on a mobile phone, and fielded inquiries from various parties on a land line.

Mr Booth, 54, retired early from a post in university administration. He said: "All the scorers in the counties are retired, or semi-retired. The only former player is Mike Smith at Middlesex. "We certainly do not do this

for the money. We get a notional salary: I get £6,300 for the summer, plus a little bit more for the Test matches and one-day internationals.

There is certainly a feeling that the work we do is simply not appreciated by the cricket establishment. It's getting more and more complex: the computers were introduced five years ago but the software simply was not adequate. It has taken us all this time to get adjusted to it. We have now got to cope with the Duckworth-

Lewis method which calculates targets at rain-affected matches. All the training we got for this was a half-day seminar at Lord's.

"In the past there was a feeling that we did not want to rock the boat. But there is a lot of anger and resentment about the way the ECB are running roughshod over us, and annoyance about the way Malcolm Ashton was appointed and the way this was announced by the ECB. In a way it's an example of their attitude towards us."

## Wounded gorilla teaches thief a lesson in jungle law

Mary Braid  
Johannesburg

In the crime wave engulfing South Africa nothing is sacred and, yesterday, "the gorilla got it" in a shoot-out at Johannesburg Zoo.

In a city where car hijacks and armed robbery have become a daily fact of life, even Max, a 190kg primate, cannot take his security for granted. The gorilla was chilling out with his girlfriend Lisa yesterday morning when an armed robber leapt into their zoo enclosure.

The intruder was hotly pursued by four pistol-toting police officers who had chased him from a luxury home in the wealthy suburb of Saxonwold, adjacent to the zoo, after responding to a reported break-in.

The hapless criminal crossed a safety moat — and met with Max — in a last desperate attempt to evade arrest. But the



Shot: Max being rushed to X-ray yesterday Photograph: AP

second trespasser of the day was the more ill-advised.

In a first that delighted an army of human crime-victims, the tables turned: it was the rob-

ber, not the householder, who was terrified. Max was so incensed at the man's rude appearance on his patch that he immediately attacked him. In

the fracas that followed the robber shot Max in the face but, despite his wounds, the furious gorilla just kept on coming.

According to Mark Reynolds, a police inspector, the robber was only saved by the "heroic actions" of the officers, two of whom were mauled by the gorilla. Max, eventually subdued by tranquilliser darts, underwent surgery to remove bullets from his jaw. He was given a clean bill of health last night and returned home to Lisa. The robber, shot by officers in the thigh, was in hospital, and two policemen were being treated for gorilla bites to their arms and buttocks.

"Max was probably trying to protect Lisa," explained Jacqui Thompson, spokesman for the zoo. Ms Thompson was as appalled as any victim's friend could be. "It's just terrible," she said of Max's injuries. "Our reaction is shock, disbelief, horror, anger."

## No second helping for McDonald's Beef goes back on dinner table

Patricia Wynn Davies  
Legal Affairs Editor

McDonald's, the fast-food giant, has in effect conceded that the campaign against its products, practices and corporate philosophy is unstoppable.

Despite winning a not insubstantial part of an epic libel battle against Dave Morris and Helen Steel last month, the corporation has not applied for an injunction to prevent further dissemination of the "What's Wrong With McDonald's" fact-sheet that sparked the £10m 314-day trial, the longest in English legal history. The deadline for an injunction application expired on Thursday night.

The latest version of the leaflet, first published in 1986 and since distributed worldwide, accuses the corporation of "promoting unhealthy food, exploiting workers, robbing the poor, damaging the environment, murdering animals" and attempted "censorship".

Ms Steel, 31, said: "... they are accepting that they cannot stop distribution of the leaflet." A McDonald's spokesman said that "it was our intention to bring the action in order to establish that the allegations were untrue. That has been achieved."



Global arch: The famous logo of the fast-food giant

But the judge did rule that Mr Morris and Ms Steel had proved that the corporation was "culpably responsible" for cruel practices towards animals, had exploited children in its advertising, and paid low wages that helped depress pay for other catering workers.

Mr Morris, 43, and Ms Steel are working on an appeal against the parts of the judgment that went against them; that the leaflet's wording meant that McDonald's had been wrongly accused of causing starvation in the Third World, destroying vast areas of central American rainforest, and serving unhealthy food that caused a real risk of cancer, heart disease and food poisoning.

Charles Arthur  
Science Editor

People's fears about the risks of catching "mad-cow disease" from eating beef appear to be receding. Domestic sales of beef last month were slightly above those for the same time in 1995 — the first time that has happened since consumer confidence in beef slumped in autumn 1995.

The Meat and Livestock Commission (MLC), an industry group, said the figures show "a huge vote of confidence" by consumers.

The figures, covering both fresh and frozen beef, were boosted by the decision during June of the fast-food chains Burger King and McDonald's and schools to start using British beef again.

The chains stopped using it in March 1996, shortly after the Government announced that a new form of the fatal brain disorder, Creutzfeldt-Jakob Disease (CJD), was probably linked to exposure to bovine spongiform encephalopathy (BSE) — almost certainly through eating infected food.

So far, 19 Britons have been diagnosed as having the "new variant" CJD, and scientists

have been gathering evidence that the two have a direct link. Beef sales started falling in autumn 1995, when fears about BSE in food escalated after a former government medical adviser said he would not eat beef.

Soon after the March announcement, overall beef sales fell by a third.

But they proved remarkably quick to recover: in May 1996 they were running at 94 per cent of the 1995 levels.

Yesterday's figures were 0.6 per cent up on June 1995. Supermarkets also reported a rise in sales.

Sainsbury's said sales figures had risen over the past couple of months and were now five to seven per cent up on pre-BSE levels.

"Sales went up quite quickly after the initial slump to about 75 per cent of pre-crisis levels," said a spokeswoman.

"They were running at about 90 per cent for a while, now they seem to have exceeded levels before the BSE crisis hit."

"I suppose it could be because people are stocking up for barbecues, even though the weather in June was certainly not very suitable for eating outdoors."



If you'd like to know more about our unique whiskey, write to us for a free booklet at the Jack Daniel Distillery, Lynchburg, Tennessee USA.

WHAT LITTLE TRAFFIC there is in Lynchburg, Tennessee can be brought to a standstill by a Mallard hen.

This one came from over by our limestone cave spring, where Jack Daniel discovered water so right for whiskey making (it's iron-free), he built his distillery alongside. Of course, that meant sharing the property with a few ducks. But to have a source of water this treasured, we've always been glad to stop for friends who value it as much as we do.

JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY



IN TOMORROW'S  
INDEPENDENT

Five sections for the very best in news, features, sport, business, travel, property and money



THIS TIME SHE'S SERIOUS

Typcast as an English rose, Helena Bonham Carter is blossoming as an actress of note

A LOAD OF BALLS ...

The truth about testosterone

YOU CAN KEEP THE PORSCHE

What today's Yuppies want instead

TO BOLDLY GO

How about a holiday in outer space?

HENRY CRABBE'S COOKBOOK

Recipes from TV's 'Pie in the Sky' restaurant

THE OPEN

All the golf action from Royal Troon

THE SUNDAY PREVIEW

Full seven-day television listings

IT IS. ARE YOU?

Weico  
Troon  
tempt  
eight  
breez  
grima  
At  
his ga  
scrum  
used t  
er tha  
than  
straig  
We  
ence  
the 3  
kicker  
"No j  
said  
out bu  
Thing  
Bei  
thing  
his go  
reen  
that c  
We  
inter

Wh  
ner  
tool  
cigh  
"a  
"sk  
a p  
stuc  
whe  
live  
suc  
terr  
I  
play  
hav  
Flo  
war  
of  
lan  
but  
he  
We  
dis  
ter  
if c  
not  
For  
gre

1

As  
Co  
aw  
tin  
ple  
ow  
wh  
ho  
clu  
tin  
Me  
ed  
ter  
las  
ak  
on  
to  
so  
on  
"T  
Ei  
ce  
mp  
fr  
ve  
7t  
ca  
"I  
ly  
at  
tit  
th  
te

SOMETIMES  
IT'S EASIER  
TO TALK  
TO SOMEONE  
YOU  
DON'T LIKE.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EDWARD SYKES

A REGISTERED CHARITY



If you tell your  
girlfriend,  
will she think  
less of you?

When you have a problem, it's the most natural thing in the world to want to talk it through with someone.

Sometimes, though, this creates another problem: who's the best person to confide in?

An obvious choice would be a close friend. But let's face it, we don't always choose our friends for their amazing powers of tact, diplomacy and discretion. Tell one person, and you may end up telling the world.

You may be lucky enough to be able to talk to someone in your family. Then again, you may be one of the large number of people who find talking to your nearest and dearest agonisingly embarrassing.

A girlfriend or boyfriend? If you can, great. But sometimes we don't want to expose our weaknesses to those who fancy us.

And sometimes your relationship is the very problem you want to discuss.

That's where The Samaritans can be useful. We're more discreet than your best mate, we'll listen as carefully as your girlfriend or boyfriend, and we're as sympathetic as your family. We're also non-judgemental, unshockable, and extremely experienced.

Our national number is **0345 90 90 90**, and you can e-mail us on [jo@samaritans.org](mailto:jo@samaritans.org) or visit our homepage at [www.samaritans.org](http://www.samaritans.org). We're available 24 hours a day, every day of the year.

And you don't have to be climbing up the walls before you call us – any kind of problem, big or small, is a good enough reason to pick up the phone.

Call now. You'll find we're remarkably easy to talk to.

**The Samaritans**

We'll go through it with you.

Family  
solve

ex

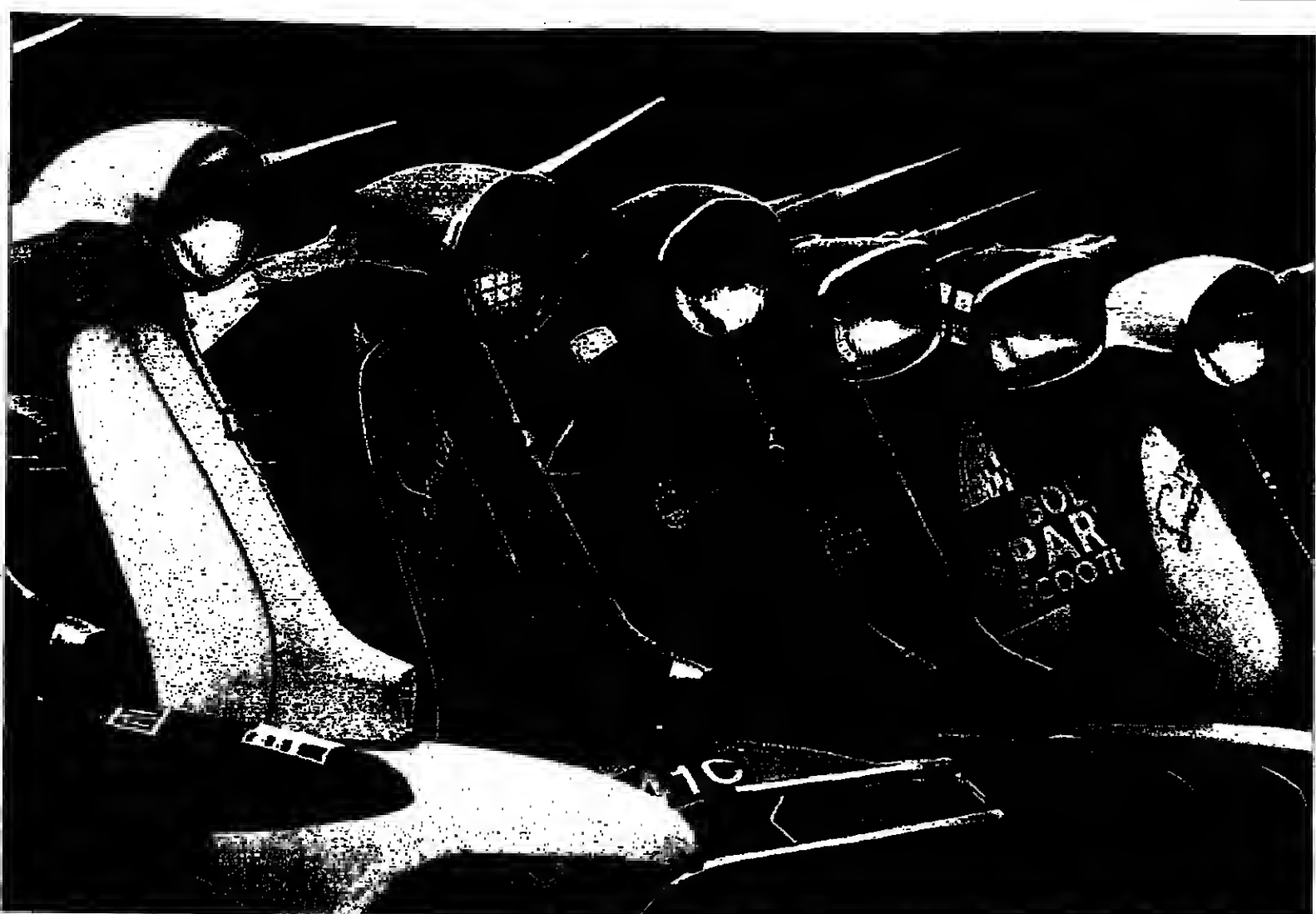
all s

th

s

صكزا من الدخيل





Wheel nostalgia: Six of the 1,500 scooters at a Lambretta club meeting in Kettering, Northamptonshire, this weekend Photograph: Brian Hams

## Family prepared to exhume body to solve 11-year-old murder riddle

Michael Streeter

The tragic saga of Edward "Ebby" Walsh, an Irishman stabbed to death in west London, is as complex, convoluted and controversial as any Inspector Morse inquiry.

It is a mysterious story of murder, the alleged disappearance of the victim's body and claims of a cover-up – and his family have been fighting for 11 years to discover just what happened in the hours and days after his death in Notting Hill.

Yesterday, however, their campaign received a major setback when the Home Office ruled out an inquiry. Officials in London have told counterparts in Ireland, where Walsh was born and supposedly buried,

that no investigation could be justified after such a long period and with no "fresh" evidence.

Now, without any immediate prospect of a formal inquiry, the family are unable to afford the £50,000 cost of an exhumation – though such a course seems the only way to solve the riddle.

The dead man's brother, Raymond, who has led the campaign, said: "The response of the Home Office is unacceptable. After 11 years we still don't know the truth of what happened to my brother."

He points to a catalogue of blunders, discrepancies and missing evidence surrounding Ebby's death in December 1985 at a late-night cards game. This culminated in fears that the body they received for burial in

the family plot at Rahoon, County Galway, in early 1986 was that of another man.

The family have been unable to get hold of records of the subsequent Old Bailey murder trial – when a fellow card-player was acquitted – including statements supposedly identifying the body by police, officials and other witnesses.

There are even doubts over the exact date of his death, who accompanied him to hospital and whether he was dead on arrival. A second post-mortem examination was recorded as taking place on 8 February 1986 – the day after the body assumed to be that of Walsh was taken to Ireland.

Raymond Walsh said yesterday that exhuming their brother's

body may be the best course of action – it had been suggested at the burial that they should not open the coffin because the corpse had decomposed badly. No Irish doctor would examine the body.

After his brother's death, Mr Walsh was only allowed to view the body from a distance and could only see the face; he has always maintained that he refused to identify the corpse as that of his brother. Statements to this effect are among those he has been unable to trace.

Three years ago an Irish pathologist examined a post-mortem photograph and one taken of Walsh a month before his death; he said that they bore little likeness to each other.

Such details have persuaded

Mr Walsh to keep fighting to find out what happened to his brother, whom he described as an "ordinary, law-abiding family".

"We had hoped that the Labour Government might have a more honest approach, but it's just the same old passing of the buck," Mr Walsh said. Labour MP Tony Benn, who last year called for a public inquiry into the case, yesterday described the Home Office response as "unsatisfactory" and said that he would be speaking to the Irish authorities and Raymond Walsh.

A Home Office spokeswoman expressed sympathy for the family but said that exhumation was a matter for the Irish authorities.

## Marriage of Charles poses risk to church

Coffin Brown  
Chief Political Correspondent

The Parliamentary aide to Lord Irvine, the Lord Chancellor, yesterday said a constitutional crisis over the marriage of Charles and Camilla Parker Bowles would lead to the disestablishment of the Church.

The warning by Tony Wright, a Parliamentary private secretary, will be seen as part of the softening up exercise for the public to accept the eventual marriage between the Prince and his mistress, in spite of the denials by Downing Street and the Palace that it is contemplated.

The controversy over the marriage is likely to strengthen the opinion among some MPs that the Government's constitutional reforms should include cutting the links between the Church and the State.

The establishment of the Church of England requires the Heir to the Throne to be the head of the Church, and also guarantees the Church of England bishops their own bench in the House of Lords, but denies a constitutional right of representation to other faiths, including the Catholic Church, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury.

Dr Wright, a modernising Labour MP, said it was laughable for the Church to complain about Prince Charles failing to provide a proper role model.

"Since the Church of England was created to solve Henry VIII's marriage problems four centuries ago we have had a whole train of disreputable and dissolute monarchs, and this didn't seem to pose a problem for the Church," Dr Wright said on BBC radio. "Suddenly we have got Charles wanting to marry Camilla and the sky is going to fall in. It's an absolute nonsense."

He said the Church of England could either have a supreme governor who could manage his own life, or be told by the established church he



Charm offensive: Supporting Camilla Photograph: Reuters

could not. "To which case we shall have a constitutional crisis and it will end in disestablishment."

It follows the attack on Prince Charles as an "admitted adulterer – perhaps unrepentant" by his own local vicar, Fr John Hawthorne, vicar of St Mary the Virgin, Teitbury, which includes Highgrove, the prince's country residence.

Fr Hawthorne said: "If the Prince continues to have an adulterous relationship or if he marries a woman I cannot see how he can be Defender of the Faith of a Church whose laws, whose rules and teachings, he so obviously rejects."

The prince has met a string of Cabinet ministers in the past week, and is due to see Robin Cook, the Foreign Secretary, on Monday, in a series of meetings

which were ostensibly to discuss the contribution the Prince's Trust could play in the Government's welfare to work plans. But they have also been seen as a first step to gaining Tony Blair's support for the marriage. The Prime Minister's sanction would be crucial but the Prince's friends believe it is essential first to have the support of the public.

Last night's party at Highgrove, thrown by the prince to celebrate Mrs Parker Bowles' 50th birthday, was part of the charm offensive to overcome the public hostility over the replacement of Princess Diana.

The Prince has made it clear that he will not give up Mrs Parker Bowles and he has been seeking advice from confidants on how to introduce her to a wider public.

it's where there's an  
**extra**  
**10% off**

all sale prices

from thursday 17th july.

it's **the habitat sale.**

and it ends on

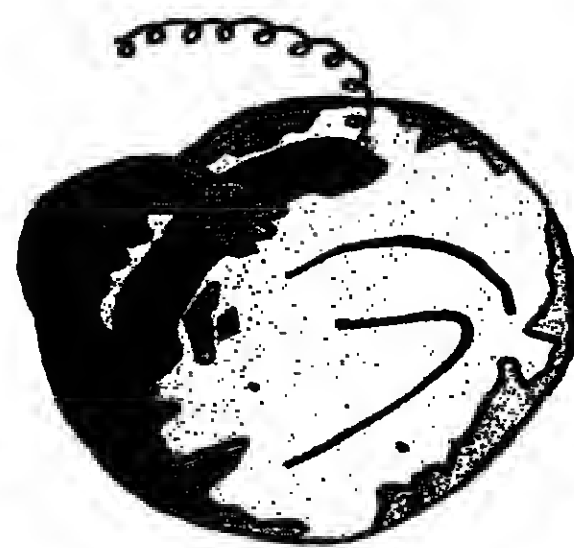
**sunday 20th july.**

**habitat**

Call 02025 33 44 33 for details of your nearest store.

**MERCURY**  
COMMUNICATIONS

**CABLE & WIRELESS**



**CALL DOWN UNDER**  
**FOR JUST 16p PER MINUTE ON SUNDAYS AND YOU**  
**WON'T GIVE A XXXX FOR THE COST.**



The 27th July and the 7th September are all g'days to call Australia and New Zealand, because on those days, calls down under will cost the ridiculously low price of just 16p per minute when you talk for five minutes or more. But of course, it's not only on selected days that you make great savings.

With Mercury SmartCall you can enjoy savings of at least 20% on international calls every day of the year. So call Mercury now. At these prices it will be didgeridoo to your ears.

**Mercury SmartCall**  
**FreeCall 0500 500 366**

Prices and savings correct as at 17 July 1997, compared against BT's basic rates for international calls of 5 minutes or more, 6pm to 8am weekdays and any time at weekends. SmartCall is available for a quarterly fee of £4.50. Not available on Calling Card or business packages. All calls subject to a 3.5p connection charge. All prices inc. VAT.



the road to Ulster peace

# How Blair cleared the clouds of mistrust

Pragmatism and an act of faith has brought ceasefire closer

David McKittrick  
Ireland Correspondent

On a visit to Belfast late last year, Tony Blair, as Leader of the Opposition, spelt out the question which will assume central importance following a new IRA ceasefire.

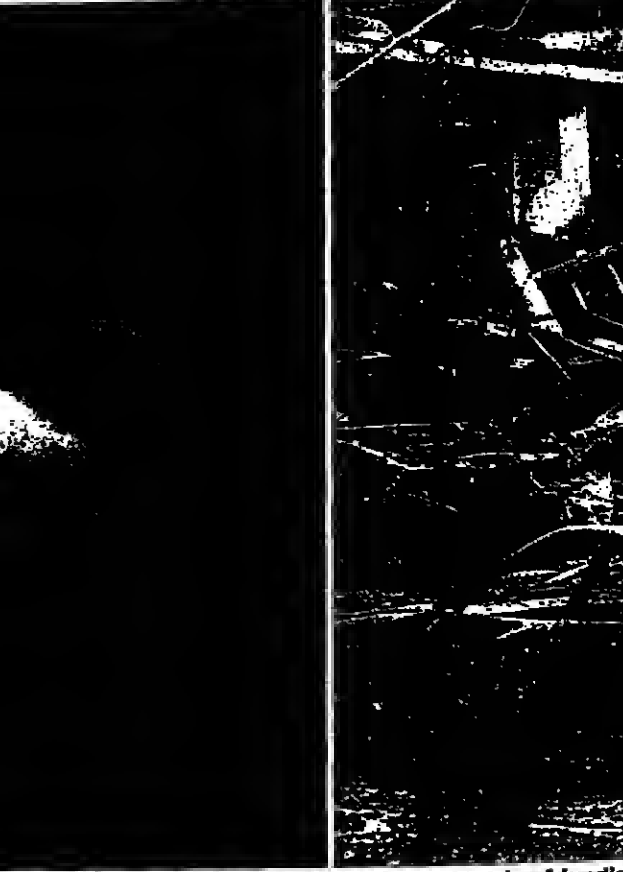
He set out the issue like this: "When the IRA ceasefire was called originally, we all took this as firm evidence that there was a real desire on the part of Sinn Féin to put the past behind it. "When it ended, renewed violence did not just cause dismay. It caused fundamental doubts about the desire for peace. All the way through this process people ask this question - is participation in the peace process a tactic in an otherwise unbroken armed conflict, or is it a genuine search for a new way forward? If it is the latter, then the door is open - but only if it is the latter."

Since coming to power, Mr Blair has addressed the various issues pointed to by Sinn Féin as obstacles in the way of a new cessation in a methodical, almost mechanistic way. Republicans had said a number of issues had to be addressed before another cessation was possible.

They had to be sure, it was said, that Sinn Féin would be admitted to negotiations if a



Grieving relatives at the funeral in Craigavon, Co Armagh, yesterday of Bernadette Martin, the Catholic teenager shot dead while sleeping at her Protestant boyfriend's house. The funeral comes on the day the IRA was set to renew the ceasefire broken 17 months ago by Docklands bomb (left) and by further attacks such as that on Enniskillen (right)



Photographs: Alan Lewis/David Rose

ceasefire were called. They had to be confident that the de-commissioning issue would not be raised to block their entry. They also had to be confident that it could not be used further down the line, either by the British government or Unionist parties, to have them ejected from talks. They also asked for a time-

table to be laid out for negotiations, apparently to ensure that discussions could not be spun out forever. In addition, they wanted the Government to move on "confidence-building" measures, which principally seemed to mean movement on the treatment and possible release of republican prisoners.

These were exactly the same terms which republicans had put to John Major, via SDLP leader John Hume, in the latter half of last year. But in his response, in November last, Mr Major showed himself disinclined to meet the republican demands. Within weeks of Labour's election victory, Mr Blair made

clear that he wished both to speed up the previously leisurely pace of political talks and explore the possibilities for a new ceasefire. His first move was to sanction meetings between government officials and Sinn Féin. In the weeks that followed, he made a number of important moves which in effect met re-

publican concerns. Mr Blair set down a timetable for talks, establishing next March as his goal for agreement. This took almost everyone by surprise, first because he had so readily adopted the Sinn Féin suggestion, and second because the deadline was such an ambitious one.

The British and Irish governments laid down the law on the weapons issue, making it plain that despite Unionist protests that prior de-commissioning would not be insisted on, and that de-commissioning would be in parallel with negotiations. This was denounced by the Rev Ian Paisley and strenuously opposed by David Trimble's Ulster Unionist Party, but yesterday London and Dublin made clear that they did not intend to alter their stance in any important regard.

The Unionists and other parties will have the opportunity in next week's inter-party talks to debate de-commissioning over three days, beginning on Mon-

day. The crunch comes on Wednesday when they vote. At that point Mr Trimble may face the choice of remaining in the talks to sit across the table from Sinn Féin, or of walking out. This would leave Sinn Féin at the talks table while the majority Unionist community's representatives would be absent.

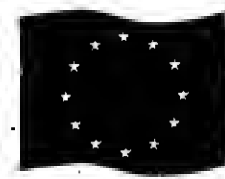
Some in his party would not countenance meeting Sinn Féin; but many others fear the prospect of excluding themselves from negotiations. Mr Blair's moves to meet Sinn Féin's demands were not made against a tranquil background. The IRA maintained an undeclared suspension of violence during the spring elections, but returned to sporadic violence which culminated in the killing of two police officers in Lurgan, Co Armagh in mid June. Each violent incident was followed by calls from Unionists and others for an end to the contacts, but the Government withstood such pressures.

Doing so appeared to be a mixture of acts of faith and pragmatism. The calculation seems to have been that at worst Sinn Féin's pre-conditions would be stripped away, leaving the republicans exposed as bluffers; or it might actually work, with a return to the 1994 cessation.

To most observers, this policy seemed logical enough, yet the speed of last night's developments took almost everyone by surprise. The events of the marching season, while not as disastrous as last year's, were nonetheless disruptive both between the two communities and in terms of the Government's relations with nationalists.

It now seems that the IRA judges that Tony Blair will handle Ceasefire Mark II very differently from John Major's treatment of ceasefire Mark I. That ended in tears; the question now is whether all sides have learnt enough lessons to make mark two a more successful and long-lived venture.

## Dixons First for New Technology



DECT  
Digital Enhanced Cordless  
Telecommunications

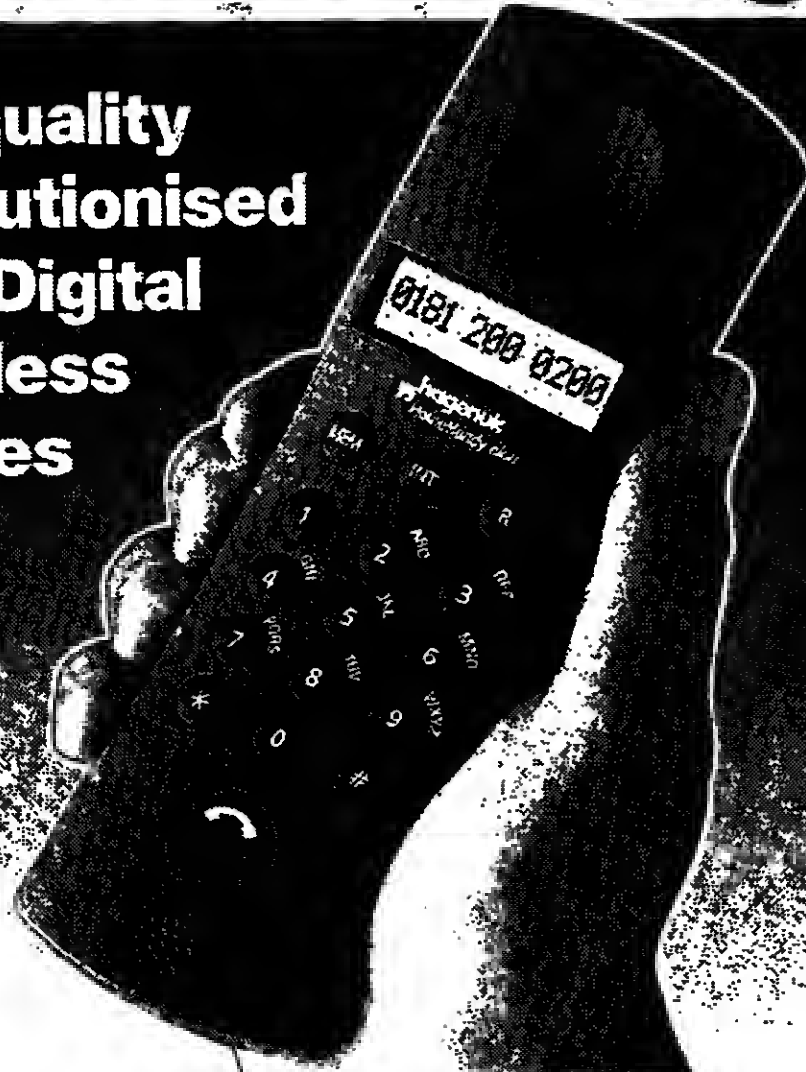
**SUPERIOR CALL QUALITY**  
Digital technology gives you perfect sound quality and clarity.

**CALL RANGE**  
DECT allows you to call from up to 300 metres away.

**CALL TRANSFER**  
DECT lets you transfer calls between handsets anywhere within a 300 metre range.

**SIMULTANEOUS EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL CALLS**  
DECT allows one external and one internal call to be made simultaneously.

Call quality revolutionised with Digital Cordless phones



If you want to see what's new in phone technology, head straight for Dixons. The new generation of Digital Cordless (DECT) phones are now at affordable prices for in-home use.

DECT Cordless phones use digital technology to give you the same perfect sound quality you'd expect from a normal fixed-line phone, from any part of the home or garden. They offer a whole series of advanced features. You can have up to 8 extensions, and make free calls between them - ideal for calling the children in for dinner. You can transfer calls between handsets. The technology even allows one external and one internal call to be made simultaneously!

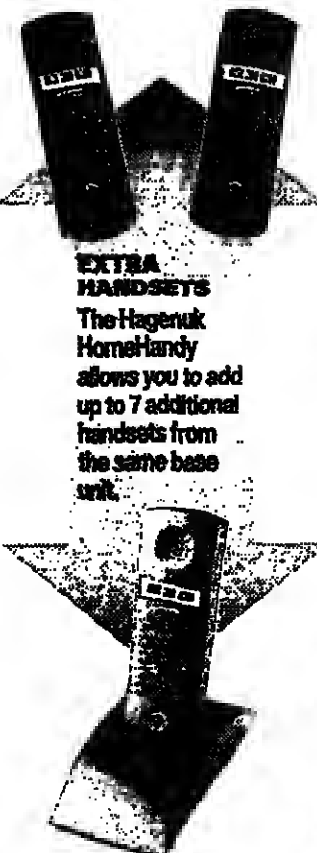
Other advanced features include one touch dialling for up to 10 numbers, call duration display and last number redial. The HomeHandy shown here has a sleek, lightweight design, with no external aerial. So check out the new range of up to 7 Digital Cordless phones - at Dixons now.

**HAGENUK HOMEHANDY** Digital Cordless Phone

**£139.99**  
Dixons Deal 97

**Dixons**

There's a Great Deal going on



**EXTRA HANDSETS**  
The Hagenuk HomeHandy allows you to add up to 7 additional handsets from the same base unit.

## Sinn Féin talks were key to renewed peace

Colin Brown  
Chief Political Correspondent

On her appointment as Secretary of State, Ms Mowlem mounted a charm offensive in Ulster, where people from both communities found it refreshing to have a warm-hearted woman, with a hands-on approach, instead of the aloof image of her predecessor, Sir Patrick Mayhew.

But it was clear the policy essentials were driven from Downing Street. Within 17 days of winning power, "Tony Blair" set to break the deadlock in the peace process inherited from John Major. He offered talks between government officials and Sinn Féin before a new IRA ceasefire, ending the ban imposed by his predecessor.

Mr Blair went to Ulster on 16 May to give Sinn Féin a last-chance offer: "My message... is clear. The settlement train is leaving. I want you on that train. But it is leaving anyway, and I will not allow it to wait for you." He coupled this with an assurance to Unionists that he did not believe there would be

a united Ireland in his lifetime, or in the lifetime of the youngest person in the room.

Mr Blair also benefited from a better relationship with President Bill Clinton than Mr Major had. White House pressure on Sinn Féin may have proved crucial in bringing about the ceasefire. The turning-point came with the IRA killing of two policemen in Lurgan on 16 June. Mr Blair used a poignant letter from a little girl to hammer home to Americans the desire for peace, when he met Mr Clinton at the Denver G-7 summit on 22 June.

On 25 June Mr Blair made his Commons statement setting out terms for allowing Sinn Féin into cross-party talks after a renewed ceasefire. It was coupled with the British and Irish governments' *aide-memoire*. For the first time, he set out a clear timetable that was not open-ended. It was intended to put pressure on Sinn Féin. The big change was that Sinn Féin would no longer have an open-ended delay before they could be brought into the talks. Mr Blair assured them they could

be brought in within six weeks of a truce. Two meetings between officials and Sinn Féin were cancelled by Mr Blair after the Lurgan killings, but contacts continued.

While Ms Mowlem was engaged in the day-to-day business of trying to keep all sides on track for the all-party talks, Ulster entered the marching season. Ms Mowlem became engaged in a fire-fighting exercise, meeting residents of a road in the town of Portadown where Orangemen were due to march again. The decision to allow them to march was followed by rioting, made worse when opinion papers were leaked, suggesting the decision had been taken three weeks before.

Drumcree was a disaster but Ms Mowlem kept up secret contacts with Sinn Féin, as the Ulstermen pulled back from the brink by calling off a weekend of marches where trouble was expected. It was rumoured she was out of favour with Number Ten but Mr Blair made clear she had his confidence. Last night's announcements will have justified him in his faith.

## Death and terror tactics heralded by bomb blast

Steve Boggan and Louise Jury

The last IRA ceasefire, which had fostered 17 months of peace and hope on the streets of Ulster, ended at 7.02pm on 9 February last year when terrorists detonated a huge bomb in London's Docklands.

Two died in that blast and the deaths, bombings and tir-for-tat murders have continued unabated. The latest killing happened on Wednesday when a loyalist gunman shot 18-year-old Catholic Bernadette Martin she slept.

In between, the tension has been brought to boiling point by the insistence of Orangemen that they be allowed to parade through streets now peopled by Catholics.

For two years running, the intransigence of both sides has been played out on the streets of the small town of Drumcree. In July 1996, there was violence and rioting after the Royal Ulster Constabulary allowed the

Orangemen to march. This year saw the worst scenes of disorder in the province for years when the Orangemen were again allowed to march.

Immediately after the Docklands bombing, which caused an estimated £400m in damage, it became obvious that IRA sleepers had been preparing for some time for the ceasefire to fail. One of them, Ed O'Brien, 21, died when the semtex bomb he was carrying went off on a bus in Aldwych, central London.

The following month, terror tactics in the capital continued when two bombs underneath Hammersmith bridge failed to go off. Four weeks later, a small device was detonated in an empty house in Earl's Court, west London. In June, a huge bomb devastated Manchester's 200 people were injured.

In July 1996, an IRA cell was thwarted in its attempts to reduce London to chaos by bombing strategically important electricity sub-stations in and

around the capital. On 13 July 1996, violence resumed in Northern Ireland when a huge car bomb devastated a hotel in Enniskillen, injuring 17. After a brief lull, the violence continued in October when two car bombs went off at Thiepval Barracks in Lisburn, the army's Northern Ireland headquarters. One soldier died and 31 people were injured.

The spiral of violence continued this year. In February Lance Bombardier Stephen Restorick was shot dead at a checkpoint. In March, two bombs were set off at Willslow railway station in Greater Manchester at the start of a campaign of massive disruption on motorways and railways, culminating in the abandonment of the Grand National after a coded bomb warning.

The shootings, and the discovery of a 1,000lb bomb in west Belfast earlier in the month, led many to believe the IRA was planning to escalate its campaign, not wind it down.

50 من الراجل



# Nepali boy faces a life alone as 'father' goes to France

Alexandra Williams

The businessman who successfully battled for seven years to keep a Nepalese boy in Britain is leaving the country.

Richard Morley has been struck by tuberculosis and is to stay with a friend in a luxury villa in Saint Tropez until he recovers.

Mr Morley, 43, is having to sell his castle in the Forest of Dean and has no plans as yet to buy another home for Jayaram Khadka, the son of a man who saved his life in Nepal, who will stay behind in Britain.

Consequently, the future of Jay is "up in the air", as he faces the prospect of living in hotels more than 600 miles away from Mr Morley, whom he now calls "father".

Jay, 20, said: "We have no fixed plans. Life is unpredictable. We have been thrown into mayhem because of my father's illness."

Mr Morley, who was diagnosed with TB four weeks ago, said he will fly to France as soon as he feels well enough to travel.

He said: "We are having a family conference to decide

what to do with Jay. Jay is a British resident, not a citizen, so he can't live in France like I can. He has a big problem.

"He has been denied an education and so he's completely unemployable. He can either become a dustman or stay at home for the rest of his life. The latter is the preferred option."

"He will stay here but also has plans to visit Nepal to set up charity projects in Kathmandu."

Mr Morley brought Jay to Britain after the Nepalese boy's father died. He owed Jay's father a debt of honour for saving his life after an accident in the Himalayas. But when he arrived, the previous government threatened Jay with deportation. Mr Morley embarked on a seven-year battle to obtain permission for Jay to stay.

In May, the new Home Secretary, Jack Straw, reversed the decision and granted him residency.

But days later, Mr Morley collapsed and was later diagnosed as having TB. Ironically, he will now be staying in a different country from the man whom he fought to keep in Britain with him. He is selling Clearwell Castle, his family's home for the

last three years, because of financial difficulties incurred during the fight. He said: "Our savings have been worn out. We're financially rotten up. I'm feeling very ill and just want to recover. The overcast

skies and threat of rain are no good - I need a Mediterranean climate.

"My TB prevents me from living in Britain and Nepal and Jay can't live anywhere else."

Mr Morley declined to name

the person with whom he was going to stay, but said he was "a celebrity".

Dr Peter Davies, director of TB research at the Cardiothoracic Centre at Broadgreen Hospital, in Liverpool, said

moving abroad was not necessarily the answer: "There are three drugs for sufferers that will cure TB, being in a hot climate is irrelevant."

"Sufferers have a chronic cough but this is caused by

bugs chewing your lungs up, not the damp weather..."

Mr Morley is head of his "molecular" family, consisting of six men and two women, ranging from the ages of 19 to 43.

Mr Morley, who is unmar-

ried, began his social experiment in 1982. He believes that it is important to enjoy close and lasting relationships with others and argues that the increasing destruction of traditional families means that an alternative should be sought.

The members of Mr Morley's family have not formalised their plans for the future. Mr Morley said: "We live very much as a family but I don't know what we are going to do. We think people need families. We are not a bunch of geriatrics living together - we have young members who will eventually take care of the older ones."

"The traditional system doesn't work a lot of the time. I watched with great interest the television programme *Should homosexuals have equal rights with heterosexuals?* presided by John Humphrys. I know we've offended a large number of traditionalists but we think society will change - we have to look at different ways of living together."

Photograph: PA



## Banks puts ship treasure hunt on hold

Louise Jury

The 10-year effort of a treasure hunter to raise the richest wreck believed to lie in British waters was in jeopardy last night after the Government granted the site an emergency protection order.

Tony Banks, the culture, media and sports minister, issued the order on the *Hanover*, a mail ship, to prevent any "unauthorised interference because of the historical and archaeological importance".

The decision is likely to spark a row as the treasure hunter, Colin Martin, has spent upwards of £1m in trying to find the site of the packet which sank off Cornwall in 1763 laden with gold, diamonds and cannons worth £50m at today's prices. As recently as Thursday, his salvage company recovered 14 cannons from the ship, which lies on the seabed off Perranporth.

Last night, Mr Martin was taking legal advice and vowing to continue. He condemned the department's decision as "disgusting" because the company had been acting in a "perfectly correct manner".

"We're carrying on exactly as before because the ship is in danger. We removed the guns, so there's nothing to keep it there and it's going to end up smashed to pieces if there's a storm," he said.

Earlier this year, the Post Of-

fice applied to get the wreck designated because it claimed ownership. It said the *Hanover* was part of the packet service which was the forerunner of the modern Post Office. But no order was granted.

However, a Department of Culture archaeological diving unit has been observing the salvage operations. The department decided to step in yesterday because the site was considered to be under "immediate threat".

To proceed, Mr Martin, 35, and his company, Hydrasolve, will have to apply for a diving licence. These may be granted to commercial divers but they have to satisfy the department they have a proper plan and expert advice.

The department spokeswoman said: "We need to be satisfied that the method of operation is acceptable and is not going to damage the archaeology of the site. The ship is a historic ship from the 18th century and had a valuable cargo."

A Post Office spokeswoman said it had not lobbied the department to obtain the order. But she added: "We are relieved that the wreck and its contents can now be surveyed and possibly salvaged in line with best practice. It will enable this part of our heritage - both national and Post Office - to be properly studied."



## A helpful pair of hands to make shopping at Tesco easier.

Tesco have extended the opening hours at a large number of their stores, with over 240 now open from 8am until 10pm, Monday to Friday. And most will open at 7.30am on Saturday. So you'll be saving time as well as money. Contact your local store for details.

**TESCO**  
Every little helps.

If we're  
**faster**  
and  
**cheaper**  
than the AA or RAC  
why join them?

call now today on  
**0800 001 353**

quote ref. no. 107007 and your credit/debit card number

**Green Flag**

Motorist Assistance  
WE LEAVE EVERYONE STANDING OUT YOU

<http://www.greenflag.co.uk>

هنا من الأصل







## Put away the rubber chicken: chardonnay and crostini will fuel Labour's garden party campaign

Colin Brown  
Chief Political Correspondent

The garden party, the traditional bastion of Conservative ladies and vicars, is set to become New Labour's secret weapon in the battle to win a second term of office.

The new intake of Labour MPs have been asked to host summer garden parties for supporters as a way of consolidating their hold on their constituencies.

And just in case they are not quite sure of the ropes, they have been issued with a list of helpful hints: "It should be a relaxed event - nice wine, good food!"

A party should be held between 3.30pm to 6pm on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon. Suggested dates are 26 July and 30 August. Hold it in the back garden "if it is big enough", MPs are told. If not, find a special garden, such as a local large house that puts on similar functions.

"Make the effort to talk to everyone who attends - they can tell all their friends they talked to their MP," the list suggests.

It is also important to allow the guests to bring a friend because "it is easier to attend an event with a friend than on your own".

The garden party has three main advantages, MPs are told: it makes members feel that they are part of the Labour government by speaking to an MP; it heightens the MP's profile among members; and it gives the MP the chance to listen to members.

There is one drawback - MPs are not told who is going to pay for the barbecued bangers and Chardonnay.

But the new MPs have been advised that garden parties are a "great opportunity to collect subscriptions - members will really enjoy coming to a party hosted by their MP. It will be a very special event for them".

There will be no rest for the new MPs during Parliament's summer recess. In addition to garden parties, they are being urged to spend this summer hosting conferences for local business leaders, sending direct mailshots to supporters and having two weeks of "roving surgeries" to improve contact with constituents. They will need a holiday after that.



Aid of the party: Labour plan to reclaim what used to be a traditional Tory domain. Photograph: Martin Parr/Magnum

## Blair rallies 'yes' vote in Wales

Tony Heath

The Prime Minister gave his wholehearted backing to a Welsh Assembly when he visited Wales yesterday for the first time since the election.

Mr Blair's foray into the Principality - a forty-free zone since 1 May - marked the start of Labour's drive to secure a "yes" vote in the referendum on 18 September, a week after the Scottish poll. He confidently forecast that a decisive yes vote would be achieved, reversing the 4 to 1 defeat of the 1979 devolution poll.

At Newport's Royal Gwent Hospital he stressed that the health service stood to benefit because an elected assembly would be able to decide spending priorities. At present the division of £7bn of public spending in Wales is decided by the Welsh Office.

Mr Blair said: "By giving responsibility to an elected body the people of Wales will be able to decide on priorities they believe can best cater for Wales."

After opening a £750,000 day-care centre at the hospital for cancer patients he told nurses: "I support devolution and I firmly believe that the people of Wales want a strong Assembly."

The prime ministerial party later drove to Llancaihw Fawr Manor, a 17th-century house visited in 1645 by Charles I in an attempt to drum up support for the royalist cause. As Mr Blair mounted the rostrum for an hour-long question and answer session before a 200-strong invited - but non-political - audience, he quipped: "We all know what happened to him."

He said: "The governance of Wales should be made more acceptable to the people of Wales. Britain has the most centralised government in the Western world."

As the "yes" campaign slips into gear a credible "no" campaign has yet to emerge. The Tories are handicapped by having 60 MPs in Wales and it was left to Bernard Jenkin, an Essex MP, to visit Bridgend yesterday to talk down the Government's plans. The White Paper on Welsh devolution is due to be published on Tuesday. Yes to devolution, page 17

## How entrepreneurial ethos bled a health trust

Jeremy Lawrence  
Health Editor

The dangers of encouraging an entrepreneurial culture in the health service are highlighted in a report which shows how it led to fraud, corruption and theft in one health trust.

The saga of illegal practices and dubious deals at the South and east Wales ambulance NHS trust is disclosed in the report by the National Audit Office, which also revealed that more

than 1 in 10 NHS trusts was facing serious financial problems last December.

The Government published a list of the 47 worst-affected trusts in England (plus one in Scotland and two in Wales) and said the overall financial situation in the NHS had deteriorated since December.

The British Medical Association said an immediate injection of a further £500m was needed this year to avert a winter crisis, with patients queuing

on trolleys and being ferried round hospitals in search of a bed.

Inquiries into the trust, which ran up a £1.4m deficit, found a catalogue of problems ranging from the misuse of credit cards by members of staff to the purchase of useless equipment. One member of staff who used a fuel card to buy petrol for private use was convicted of theft.

A computer system costing £125,000 was formally accepted

by the then chief executive, David Triggs, in April 1996, even though it did not work. It has never been used.

A former manager of the ambulance fleet, Steve Whitehart, bought a redundant ambulance and persuaded mechanics in the trust's garage to convert it into a camper van for his holiday in France at a cost of £2,500. No attempt was made by the trust to recover the money until the auditor investigated. It has now been repaid.

As losses mounted in the early years of the trust 1993-95, managers resorted to desperate measures to balance the books. They appointed management consultants to seek savings on a contract that guaranteed them £1 for every £1 of annual savings identified. A preliminary report, which cost the trust under £10,000, said savings of £300,000 a year were possible. Under the £1-for-£1 contract, which required more detailed work, the consultants revised

this estimate down to £550,000 and received the maximum agreed payment of £550,000 - but only £182,000 a year had been saved by May 1996, with the potential for only a further £51,000. An official said: "They were like gamblers chasing losses with ever high stakes."

Mr Triggs and John Curteis, the chairman, resigned in February 1996.

The new chief executive, Alan Davies, who was appointed in July 1996, yesterday said he

was confident the financial management of the trust was now under control. However, Sir John Bourn, head of the National Audit Office, says in his report that the Welsh Office should continue to monitor the trust closely and "communicate any lessons of general applicability" more widely.

A spokeswoman said: "It is an example of what can go wrong with local autonomy harnessed to an entrepreneurial style."

# PEOPLES

P H O N E

Britain's Biggest Specialist  
Best digital deal  
in Britain

Motorola d150

NEC G9

Panasonic G350

**FREE ACCESSORIES**  
FREE leather case & FREE in-car power  
charger worth £35.00

**FREE CALLS**  
15 minutes free every month - forever

**PER SECOND BILLING**  
with **VODAFONE**

ALL THESE  
DIGITAL PHONES  
FOR ONLY

**£9.99**  
EACH  
(INC VAT)

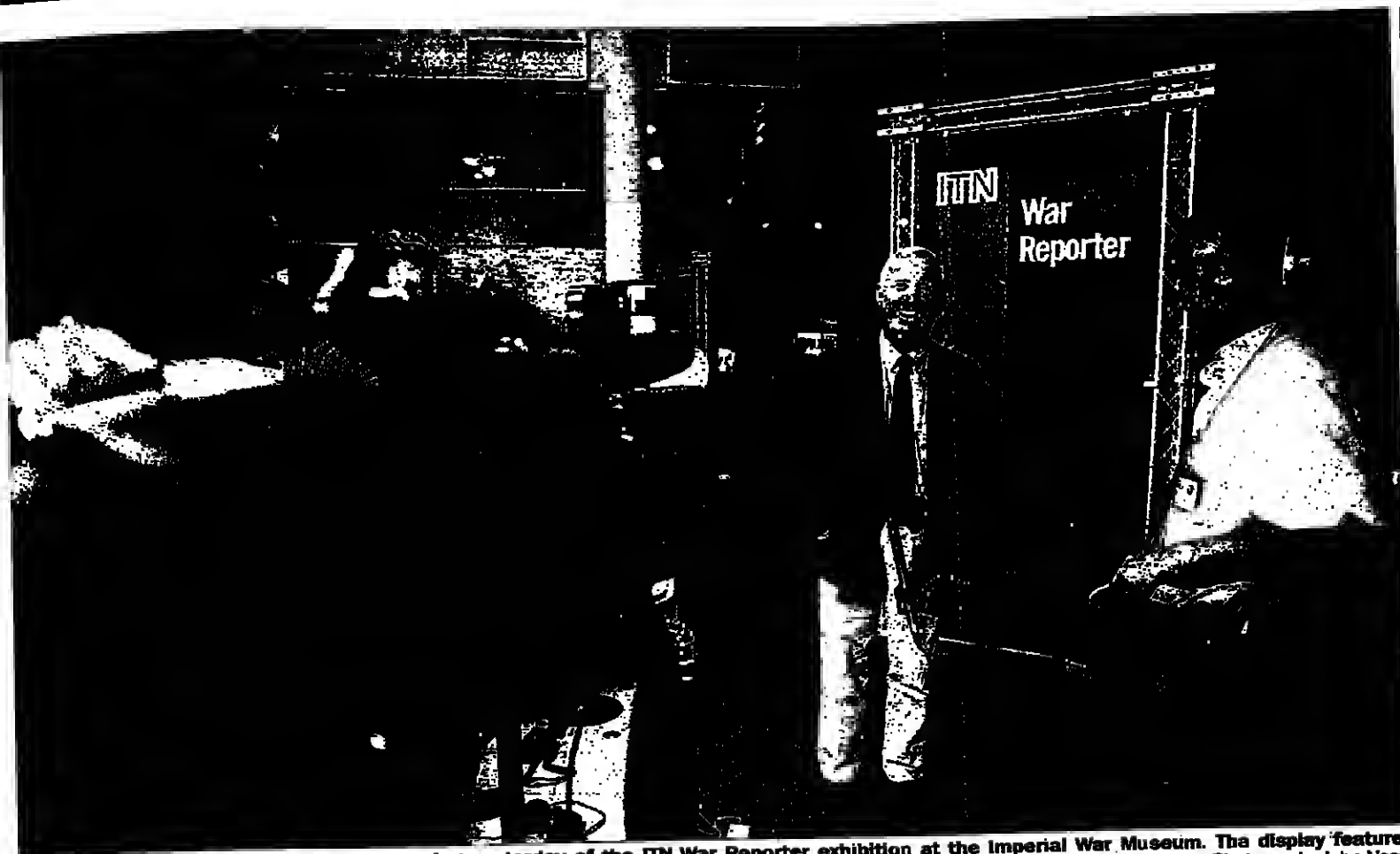
180 stores nationwide  
to place an order or for your nearest store  
call free 0800 10 11 12

Offer is subject to status, availability and connection to a Vodafone GSM tariff at £35.00 inc VAT on a new number to a new standard airtime contract. Offer is not available in conjunction with any other offers. Offer ends 31st July 1997.

1187

هكذا من الأصل





Front line: Michael Nicholson at the opening yesterday of the ITN War Reporter exhibition at the Imperial War Museum. The display features footage from Suaz, the Falklands and Bosnia, and visitors will be able to read news items and see themselves on screen. Photograph: John Voss

## Bad teachers will be sacked in four weeks

Judith Aude Education Editor

Government plans for new procedures to dismiss grossly incompetent teachers within four weeks are unfair and politically motivated, teachers said yesterday. Stephen Byers, the school standards minister, who announced the scheme, told the Commons: "A grossly incompetent pilot would not be allowed to remain in the cockpit of a plane, a grossly incompetent surgeon would not remain in the operating theatre. Teachers should not be treated differently. A grossly incompetent teacher should not be allowed to remain in the classroom adversely affecting the life chances of the children for which they have responsibility."

He said the new fast-track procedures would be directed, for example, at teachers who could not control classes. At present, there are five separate stages for disciplining poor teachers, and the process, from a warning to a disciplinary hearing, can take 18 months.

Doug McAvoy, general secretary of the National Union of Teachers, said: "Teachers will question whether procedures are fair if arbitrary time-limits are imposed. What may work in one month in one case, may need a longer period of time in another. The need is to identify fair and effective procedures, not short-circuit them."

Eamonn O'Kane, deputy general secretary of the National Association of Schoolmasters' Union of Women Teachers, said that fair procedures should not be swept aside in the interests of a political objective: "We don't think it is wise at this stage to enter into open discussion about an issue which needs to be discussed in a lot more detail."

But Rowie Shaw, director of professional services at the National Association of Head Teachers, said: "We have no objection in principle to procedures being speeded up as long as we are still maintaining the principles of natural justice."

Mr Byers, who was opening a debate in the Commons on the schools White Paper, said the real challenge was not the 300 schools identified as failing but the need to raise standards in the 40 to 50 per cent of schools that were "coasting".

He promised to reverse a Government defeat in the Lords which would allow assisted places pupils at private preparatory schools to retain them until they were 13, instead of 11. It was, he added, "a classic example of privilege defending privilege."

Meanwhile, Stephen Dorrell, the shadow Secretary of State for Education, told the Education Council of Local Education Authorities conference in Bristol that "the heavy hand of government" revealed in the White Paper would deprive individual teachers and schools of their freedom. In his first speech since his appointment to the education portfolio, the former health secretary said the proposals added up to "a formidable list of interventions".

He accused David Blunkett, the Secretary of State for Education, of "a statist vision" and of telling teachers how to teach. "We are all entitled to hold the professions to account for the results that they deliver, but responsibility for delivering excellence in schools rests with the teaching profession."

## Eight recovering from E.coli caught at Glastonbury

Paul McCann

Whatever Glastonbury festival-goers may do to their bodies each year, they were warned yesterday to wash their hands afterwards if they want to avoid contamination with the potentially deadly *E. coli* bacterium.

A government health body issued the advice yesterday after it was revealed that eight of the 90,000 people who attended the festival last month had contracted the bug which killed 22 elderly people in an outbreak in Scotland last year.

The National Health Laboratories, investigating the Glastonbury outbreak, said yesterday that the eight were recovering well but the youngest victim, a two-year-old, remains in hospital with kidney problems.

A spokeswoman said that given the length of time since the festival they did not expect to see any further cases. *E. coli* symptoms take between three and seven days to appear and the festival finished three weeks ago.

The blame for the outbreak was being placed either on cow dung getting mixed with the mud that covered the festival and most of those attending it, or an unhygienic food stall.

Glastonbury's organisers said yesterday that the cows that graze the festival site would be tested for *E. coli* next week, but the source of the outbreak might never be found.

"It is an incredibly complicated investigation," said Professor Hugh Pennington, who led the inquiry into the Scottish outbreak. "Glastonbury is the only common factor, but did they get it from the environment or did they all eat at the same hamburger stall?"

Allison Lyon, spokeswoman for the National Health Laboratories, admitted that many of those who attended the festival may not have been able to distinguish *E. coli* from the normal after-effects of three days of hedonism at Glastonbury.

"It's a basic public health message," she said. "Good hygiene is paramount and you have to wash your hands when there's mud."

Sean Dunne of Mendip District Council, which grants the licence for the festival, said the outbreak was probably due to extraordinarily wet weather.

"Torrential rain caused the whole ground to liquefy," he said. "And people wouldn't normally frolic in cow dung."



James put the weekly shop on his GM Card.  
We helped him carry it home.

miles better



Here's food for thought.

A credit card that turns your everyday purchases into a mouth-watering saving of up to £2,500 on a new Vauxhall.

Sounds tasty? Then call 0345 462 777 now for further details. Or complete and return the form below.

Find out how you can save up to £2,500 on your next car. Call 0345 462 777 now.

Alternatively, complete this form and return it to: The GM Card, FREEPOST, SEA 2953, Kingston Upon Thames, Surrey KT2 6BR.

Title Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms/Other: Initials: Surname: Address: Home telephone number: (please include STD code)

Written quotations available on request from The GM Card, PO Box 3615, Birmingham B1 2XL. Subject to status and conditions. The GM Card is issued by HFC Bank plc. Details above correct at time of going to press.

If your child is taking A-levels/GCSEs you have a tough time ahead!

You can help!

Summer vacation 4-day Seminars in Study Skills

How your child will benefit: Students emerge from these seminars highly motivated towards their studies, and possess skills in speed reading, memory, note-taking, essay planning, stress management, listening and correct study methods. This unique, high powered four-day programme has been proven over ten years with thousands of students.

Every week of the summer holidays at King's College, London commencing the 22nd July.

Seminars are also held at the Universities of Birmingham, Bristol, Cambridge, Leeds, Manchester, Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Southampton. (Please enquire for seminar dates)

Dates for October Half-Term Seminars: King's College, London: four days split over two weekends 25-28th October + 1st-2nd November, 1997. Croydon College, South London: 28th-31st October, 1997.

Each seminar starts on a Tuesday and finishes on a Friday, 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. each day. Accommodation is available at all sites.

Cost: £135 (inc VAT)

(Visa/MasterCard/Acces/Eurocard/switch accepted)

Also available:

• STUDY SKILLS WEEKENDS for pupils AGED 11-14, and  
• 'IN-HOUSE' SEMINARS, available for schools.

For a free colour brochure with full details

01737 554933

Find us on the Web: <http://www.learningperformance.com>

Email: [learning@learningperformance.com](mailto:learning@learningperformance.com)

Learning Performance Seminars



# Italy's clean hand seeks refuge in dirty game

Andrew Gumbel  
Rome

When Antonio Di Pietro resigned as Italy's star anti-corruption magistrate nearly three years ago, he told his friends he was fed up with the poisonous atmosphere of public life in Italy and would go to ground for a while, possibly abroad.

After an incredible number of intrigues and contortions that have transformed him from number-one hero into the man everybody seems out to get, Mr Di Pietro must be wondering if he shouldn't have followed his

own advice. His latest move, announced earlier this week, is to run for parliament on behalf of the ruling centre-left coalition, known as the Ulivo.

It sounds straightforward enough: Mr Di Pietro served as minister of public works in the government last year and probably needs an elected post if he is to pursue his public role as one-man champion of the people.

Conveniently, a safe seat in the Senate is about to become free because the eminent left-wing Mafia specialist Pino Arlacchi is about to take up a

senior post at the United Nations.

But Mr Di Pietro has again allowed himself to be his own worst enemy. For three years he has resisted throwing himself wholesale into politics and has jealously guarded his independence from political parties. Before this week he earned a reputation for failing to commit himself to anything. Now, though, he has the opposite problem, with several members of the Ulivo complaining that he is a man of the right not the left, and the centre-right opposition meanwhile accusing

him of pure political opportunism.

There is another problem. Having shaken off several gobs of judicial mud thrown over the past two years — mostly concerning illicit favours he is alleged to have accepted during his time as a magistrate — Mr Di Pietro is under fire again over his personal ethics. This time there are extraordinary accusations that he was involved in a plot to stop the *tangenti* anti-corruption investigations and had agreed to take money to do so.

Magistrates in Brescia, no-

toriously hostile to their former colleague from Milan, are trying for the fourth time to mount a criminal case against Mr Di Pietro based on taped telephone calls and other evidence that they say proves he was corrupted by money and the temptation of a political career. They have been helped by Silvio Berlusconi, the man Mr Di Pietro's investigations helped unseat as prime minister in December 1994, who now, as opposition leader, appears bent on destroying him.

Mr Di Pietro insists it is only a matter of time before he is

again cleared of all wrong-doing. Mr Berlusconi suspects his entry into politics is a way of earning parliamentary immunity before the first indictment hits.

After months of soap opera-style coverage of the Di Pietro saga in the newspapers, the affair has taken on an air of shadow-boxing. Does Mr Di Pietro really count in Italian politics, or is he just a product of everyone's fevered imagination? Why, when he is given serious jobs to do, such as running the public works ministry, does he keep resigning? Is it really conceivable, as the papers keep

writing, that he will end up as President of the Republic?

The prevailing wisdom on Mr Di Pietro, at least among those without an axe to grind against him, is that he was a talented policeman and magistrate, but has no head for politics. He undoubtedly represents a tremendous force in public opinion, the force which believes he embodies the yearning for a less sleazy, more responsible form of government in Italy.

Curiously, Mr Di Pietro's descent into murky games of political intrigue has coincided with a waning of the prospects

of a new, cleaner Italy and a backsliding to the corrupt ways of the past. His enemies want to paint him as part of the problem, not part of the solution, while his political sparring partners see him as an outdated, irrelevant figure. Perhaps the main point lies elsewhere: that Mr Di Pietro once fought to change the venal system in Italy, but that the system has swallowed him up and forced him to play by its rules. He may get himself elected to the Senate, but it remains to be seen if he can avoid being eaten alive and spat back out again.

## Moi's reforms leave rivals divided

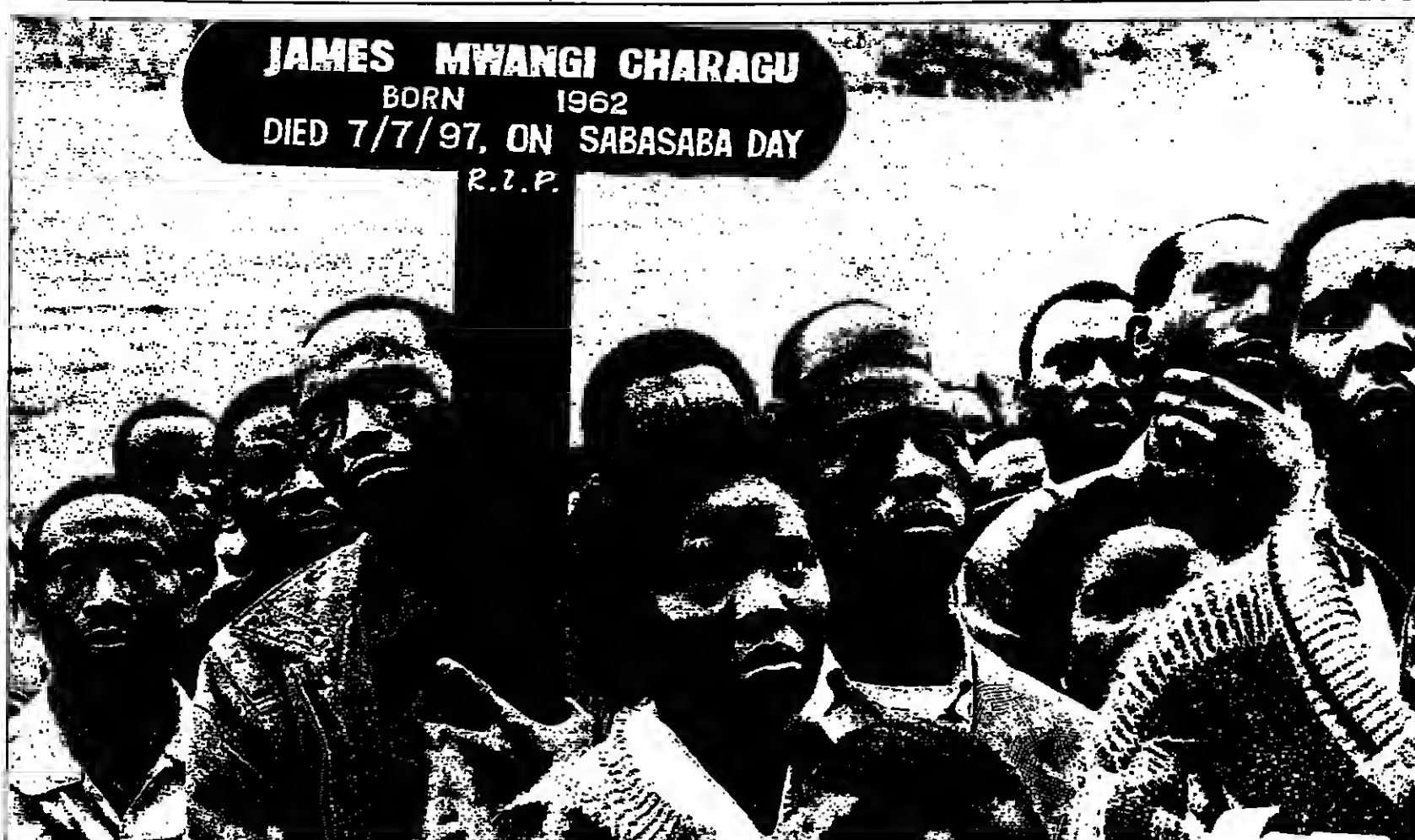
Ed O'Loughlin  
Nairobi  
and agencies

The Kcayan opposition was struggling to regroup yesterday after President Daniel arap Moi took the wind out of its sails with proposals for reform.

The ruling Kanu's National Executive Council, chaired by Mr Moi, proposed on Thursday night that parliament pass a bill for 11 controversial laws to be "repealed or amended where deemed necessary" before elections, due later this year, and to set up a commission to review Kenya's constitution.

The repeal of the 11 laws, some dating back to the colonial period, would reduce Mr Moi's power, but would also undermine the reform drive and in all likelihood split the opposition again.

Mr Moi held on to power in the last elections in 1992 mainly because of the divisions that wracked the opposition. In recent weeks the NCEC, an umbrella body of opposition parties, churches and non-governmental organisations, achieved a semblance of unity and began threatening to obstruct the next elections unless Mr



Relatives and reformists carry a cross for James Mwangi Charagu, killed by police during democracy demonstrations in Kenya on 7 July

Photograph: Reuters

Moi agrees to a list of "minimal reforms". The agitation culminated two weeks ago, on 7 July, when police used tear gas, live ammunition and clubs to beat pro-reform demonstrators off the streets of Nairobi. Between nine and 14 people were killed, prompting widespread international condemnation and a 10 per cent drop in the value of Kenya's currency.

There is every possibility history could

be repeated if Mr Moi moves to catch the opposition off guard by calling elections shortly after repealing the 11 laws.

The proposals surprised opposition leaders and stunned many ordinary Kenyans. "They [Kanui] have denied the pressure," said Willy Mutunga, a leader of the opposition alliance. "It's up to us to make the next move."

Yesterday, an estimated 2,000 people at-

tended a commemoration in Nairobi's Uhuru Park for those killed in the violence of "saba saba" — Swahili for the seventh day on the seventh month. Leaders urged their supporters to stick to the campaign they hoped would unseat Mr Moi, 73, and in power for 19 years.

"The freedom we have fought for has not been restored," said Democratic Party chief Mwal Kibaki. "Struggle to the very end."

The NCEC says that in the absence of reform it will launch a series of protests, beginning next week in Mombasa. The campaign is to build towards a national protest and general strike scheduled for 8 August. But yesterday, in what could be interpreted as a weakening of resolve, an NCEC spokesman said that the movement would call off its planned actions as soon as it was satisfied the government's reform offer was genuine.

## Mir crew take a breather

Phil Reeves  
Moscow

The lights were back on in the accident-prone Mir station last night, its tumbledown space had ended, and its aging bulk was locked onto the sun. But the weary crew, including the British astronaut Michael Foale, may have all but finished their work.

The human error which caused a computer crash and compelled them to shut down most of the station's power seems to have convinced controllers that the crew should not tackle the next vital hurdle facing Mir — the long-awaited sortie into its Spektr module, holed in a collision last month.

It was "very likely" that the repairs mission would now be conducted by a relief crew, deputy mission director Sergei Krikalyov said yesterday. They are due to dock with Mir on 7 August although Dr Foale is scheduled to remain on board until his American replacement, Wendy Lawrence, arrives in September.

Officials acknowledge that the three men on board, who were yesterday ordered to spend the day resting, have been under intense pressure. "This has been a very complicated mission with many stressful situations," Vladimir Solovoy, mission director, said. Thursday's calamity, the latest in a list of mishaps, including a serious fire last February, has strengthened calls for the 11-year-old Mir to be taken out of service. But yesterday the Russians were adamant the station should continue to fly.

The prime minister, Viktor Chornomyrdin, pronounced Mir safe and said its work must continue.

David Aaronovitch, page 17

## P200 MMX Best Buy!

**FREE 33.6 Voice Modem**

Our best selling P200 MMX™ multimedia PC is now available for a sensational £999 + VAT. It comes complete with Intel's high performance Pentium™ processor with MMX™ technology, a massive 32Mb RAM and an enormous 3200Mb high performance hard disk.

Order early and also receive a FREE 33.6 voice modem and a tremendous pre-installed software bundle. Call direct or visit one of our 32 nationwide retail showrooms now. At just £999 + VAT this really is the UK's best P200 MMX™ PC offer.

**£999 + VAT**  
**£1173.83 inc. VAT**

**The Best P200 MMX PC Deal!**

**P200 MMX™ Intel® Pentium® Processor**  
Intel's Pentium™ 200MHz processor with MMX™ technology. This is the best performance processor available in a PC today. It's faster than any other Pentium™ processor and it's also the most powerful. It's the only Pentium™ processor that can handle 3D graphics, video, and audio. It's the only Pentium™ processor that can handle 3D graphics, video, and audio. It's the only Pentium™ processor that can handle 3D graphics, video, and audio.

**33.6 Voice Modem**  
Latest 33.6 V.90™ voice modem with auto answer, auto redial, and auto pause. It's the only 33.6 voice modem that can handle 33.6 voice, 33.6 data, and 33.6 fax. It's the only 33.6 voice modem that can handle 33.6 voice, 33.6 data, and 33.6 fax.

**32Mb EDO RAM**  
32Mb EDO RAM. This is the best RAM available in a PC today. It's faster than any other RAM and it's also the most powerful. It's the only RAM that can handle 32Mb, 32Mb, and 32Mb. It's the only RAM that can handle 32Mb, 32Mb, and 32Mb.

**3.2Gb Hard Disk Drive**  
3.2Gb Hard Disk Drive. This is the best hard disk available in a PC today. It's faster than any other hard disk and it's also the most powerful. It's the only hard disk that can handle 3.2Gb, 3.2Gb, and 3.2Gb. It's the only hard disk that can handle 3.2Gb, 3.2Gb, and 3.2Gb.

**FREE 33.6 Voice Modem** (with first 2,000 orders before offer ends)  
Advanced 33.6 voice modem with auto answer, auto redial, and auto pause. It's the only 33.6 voice modem that can handle 33.6 voice, 33.6 data, and 33.6 fax. It's the only 33.6 voice modem that can handle 33.6 voice, 33.6 data, and 33.6 fax.

**FREE Software** (first offer ends)  
Includes a PC software bundle with 100+ software titles. It's the only software bundle that can handle 100+, 100+, and 100+. It's the only software bundle that can handle 100+, 100+, and 100+.

**Epson Printer Option**  
Epson Stylus 500 Colour 720dpi inkjet printer. Option with both colour and monochrome cartridges supplied only. £130 + VAT = £182.75

**BUY NOW... PAY LATER**  
Interest Free Option

**0% Finance**

**01282 777 111**

**TIME**

Lines Open: Monday - Friday 8.30am-7.00pm, Saturday 8.00am-5.00pm

Charnley House, Blackburn Rd, Simonstone, Burnley, Lancashire, BB12 7GT

## A mortgage quote in 10 minutes flat. No wonder it's called a hotline.

Make a quick call to TSB PhoneBank for a free mortgage quote. Because you'll save yourself a lot of time by finding out exactly how much you can borrow before you go house hunting.

So if you want a free quote in ten minutes flat, ring TSB PhoneBank on the number below and simply ask for it.

**CALL FREE 0500 758 000**  
Quoting ref INH2

**TSB We want you to say YES**

**Mortgage Quotation Line**

Calls may be recorded and monitored. A TSB Cheque account is required. An agreement to accept a TSB mortgage is required. The TSB mortgage is subject to credit checks. The TSB mortgage is subject to credit checks. The TSB mortgage is subject to credit checks.

**YOUR HOME IS AT RISK IF YOU DO NOT KEEP UP REPAYMENTS ON A MORTGAGE OR OTHER LOAN SECURED ON IT.**



## international

## Spirit of old Russia reclaims new Moscow

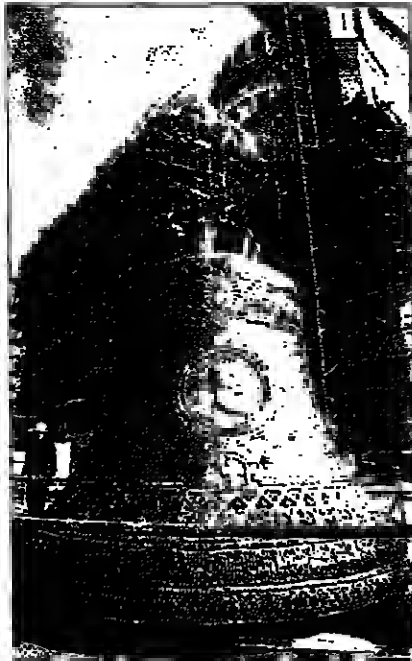
After six years, Rupert Cornwell returns to find a city transformed – up to a point

Rupert Cornwell  
Moscow

Could this be Moscow, the child asked, his face pressed to the window, eyes staring with disbelief, as the night-time city flashed by, a stream of lights, bustle and abundance where once all was drabness?

The child was me, returning with a Labour Foreign Secretary after six years to the city I left during the death throes of Communism. That much was obvious then, even to a child.

But this new jumble of first impressions was stunning. Karl Marx seemed to have surrendered to Marlboro Man, dirty snow ploughs to a forest of cranes over a renaissance city. Far



Rebirth: Work progresses on rebuilding Christ the Saviour Cathedral in Moscow (centre), which will include a 27-tonne bell (far left). The city has also recently gained the controversial statue of Peter the Great (left). Photographs: Corbis/Reuters

more important, albeit slowly and not without discomfort, a world view is shifting too.

The monuments of central Moscow, touchstones of the national mood, tell their own

story. Where once stood an all-year heated swimming pool there is now a gilded entrance to heaven itself. Stalin knocked down the Cathedral of Christ Saviour in the Thirties and

wanted to replace it with a gigantic Palace of the Soviets. But the marshy ground could not stand the weight and Josef Visarionovich's poor subjects had to make do with a pool.

Now, just like the merchant classes who dotted medieval Europe with cathedrals, Moscow's new elite, in the shape of mayor Yuri Luzhkov and a clutch of supporting financiers, have built

their monument to the Almighty – a replica, only larger, of the former church.

Mr Luzhkov is a wonderful, disorienting example of the old's seamless metamorphosis into

the new. Watch him holding court this week for the visiting dignitary, and the Soviet Union might not have died: the same configuration of delegations confronting each other across a long table in an even longer room, the same furnishings – even Mr Luzhkov himself, a hugely popular entrepreneur now as he tarts up the city for its 350th anniversary later this year, but in looks and demeanour every inch the *apparatchik*.

Only the portrait at the end of the room is different. Ten years ago, a Foreign Secretary would have been contemplating Lenin. Today, none other than Peter I stares down on proceedings: yes, Peter the Great, adorning the mayor's office in a city whose superstitious, semi-Asiatic ways he loathed so much he built a new capital 300 miles to the north, on Russia's one maritime outlet to Europe.

And Russia's most determined Europeaniser has been grounds for another Luzhkov spectacular, a hideous 150ft tall monument consisting of a statue of the Tsar balancing precariously on a pile of ships' hulls. It is meant to commemorate the 300th anniversary of the foundation by Peter of the Russian navy – though what, one might ask, has Moscow to do with that? A few days ago, Communist extremists threatened to blow the thing up in reprisal for plans to remove Lenin's body from his mausoleum, but they subsequently backed down.

So as the Communist tundra melts, and Moscow at last races into the late 20th century, it is to the late 17th century that it looks for inspiration. And thus is confusion piled upon confusion. The Russia of the General Secretaries lives on not only at City Hall, but in a host of other ways. Red stars still adorn Kremlin towers and the statue of Lenin rampant still bestrides Otkryt'skaya Square. And even though the embankment where the British embassy stands has returned to its pre-revolutionary name of Sofiskaya, a marble plaque reminds that until lately, for 30 years, it was called Moriza Toretza, after the postwar French Communist leader Maurice Thorez.

**'We have stopped being a superpower. We are learning to be a European power'**

But a moment later you wonder. Just along the street from the British embassy is an ornate entrance way facing the Kremlin. It leads into a courtyard. Inside is a rusted red ZIL limousine, precursors of the sleek black ZIL which ferried Boris Yeltsin around Moscow. It must be 40 years old, and surely untouched for the last 30 of them.

Beyond is a smaller, hall derelict church used for theological studies. The cracked windows have been repaired with boards and pieces of cloth, saplings sprout from its roof. All around are piles of discarded household junk, and the unkempt vegetation of the Moscow high summer.

The scene is neither communist nor capitalist, neither European nor Asiatic. Just unalterably, eternally Russian. It would have driven Peter mad.



Other company, product or service names may be trademarks of others

**the**  
“our finance department deals with all the paperwork. Unfortunately the finance department is also me”  
**solution**

### The IBM No More

#### Paperwork Programme.

Nobody sets up a business because they like doing paperwork. But it's often the reality of being the boss; long hours spent shuffling forms, not chasing dreams.

Software like SunSystems, Chorus and CONCORDE XAL automate almost every kind of boring administrative task, from cash flow and (yawn) stock control to the complete handling of departmental accounts. Your finance department will also be pleased to hear that we can help fund your investment. (In 1996 IBM provided small and medium sized businesses with almost \$39 billion in IT financing.)

To find out which solution can help you reduce your paperwork, phone Andrew Fry on 0990 55 77 11 (quote INC2) and we'll put you in touch with an IBM Business Partner.



Solutions for a small planet.



Columbus IT Partner (UK) Ltd  
CSI Ltd  
Computer Software Ltd  
DataLink Chorus Limited

DPM Systems  
Dunedin  
Foundation Systems Ltd

Frontline  
G E Capital IT Solutions  
JBS Computer Services Ltd

LSI Computer Systems Plc  
MPL Westwood  
Quorum Systems Ltd

Rycon Business Solutions Ltd  
Sapphire Systematics Ltd  
Systems Union Limited

Temple Computer Systems Ltd  
Triangle Computer Services Ltd  
X-Way Systems Ltd

## significant shorts

### Russia wants to be full member of the EU

Full membership of the European Union is Moscow's overriding ambition, the Prime Minister, Viktor Chernomyrdin, said in Brussels. "All the issues and problems we are discussing are directed towards the one objective, that at a certain point Russia would become a member of the European Union. We are doing everything to achieve it." In what was seen as a blunder, President Boris Yeltsin spoke last year of his aspiration that Russia should join. Yesterday Mr Chernomyrdin insisted that although it would pose enormous challenges, joining remains the goal. Jacques Santer, the European Commission president, who met Mr Chernomyrdin yesterday, stopped short of saying Russia had attained the free market required, but praised reforms which, he said, were starting to bear fruit. Katherine Butler – Brussels

### Bosnia Nato force stands firm

Nato Supreme Commander General Wesley Clark said Bosnian Serb retaliation for a raid on indicted war criminals would not intimidate the peace force. He indicated that the Nato raid last week against two Serb suspects wanted by the UN had rattled nationalist leaders loyal to former Bosnian Serb president Radovan Karadzic, also an indicted war criminal. Earlier, a hand grenade went off outside the flat of an international police monitor in Gradiska, 30 miles from Banja Luka, in Serb territory. Reuters – Sarajevo

### Mandela takes birthday break

President Nelson Mandela of South Africa closed the gates on his public life for a two-day 79th birthday party with his family. Yesterday he returned with his companion, Graca Machel, from a visit to Britain, Indonesia and Thailand. Officials did not know if Mrs Machel, widow of former Mozambican president Samora Machel, and Mr Mandela's regular companion for a year, would join the party. Reuters – Johannesburg

### ETA men denounce murder

Three jailed ETA guerrillas condemned their Basque comrades for killing a Spanish politician. In a statement read at a Basque prison they said that with the killing of Miguel Angel Blanco, ETA had "managed to accumulate more hate than in 38 years of terrorism." It was another sign of divisions among radical separatists after Mr Blanco's killing last weekend. Reuters – San Sebastian

هكذا من الأصل



**FREE PC TRAINING THIS SUNDAY**  
SEE BELOW FOR DETAILS

# PC WORLD

THE COMPUTER SUPERSTORE



**PC + PRINTER + FREE DIGITAL CAMERA**



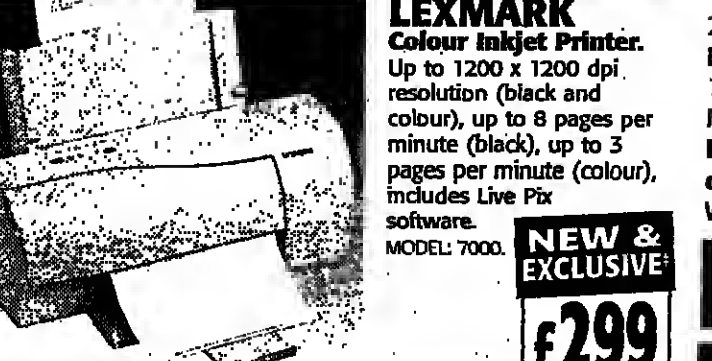
**166MHz PENTIUM**  
166MHz Pentium Processor. 16Mb RAM. 1.7Gb hard disk. Sixteen speed multimedia. 256k cache memory. Integrated 15" monitor with speakers. Windows 95 and over 10 top software titles. PLUS Photo Quality Colour Inkjet Printer. Includes Live Pix software. PLUS FREE Digital Camera. Point and click colour camera. Usual In-store Price £179. MODEL: CTX MAJESTY P166 + LEONARD. 7000 WITH FREE VINTAGE VINCEN 2000.

**150MHz PCs - FROM ONLY £899**



**FREE OVER £1000 WORTH OF SOFTWARE**  
133MHz Pentium Processor. 16Mb RAM. 1.2Gb hard disk. Eight speed multimedia. 1Mb PCI graphics. FREE over £1000 worth of software including Windows 95 and Works. Was £1299. £1199. MODEL: 9004D.

**UP TO £250 DISCOUNT VOUCHERS ON ALL PRINTERS OVER £200**



**LEXMARK Colour Inkjet Printer.** Up to 1200 x 1200 dpi resolution (black and colour), up to 4 pages per minute (black), up to 3 pages per minute (colour), includes Live Pix software. MODEL: 7000.

**HEWLETT PACKARD Colour Inkjet Printer.** Up to 600 x 600 dpi resolution (black and colour), up to 4 pages per minute (black), up to 3 pages per minute (colour). MODEL: D1670C.

**CANON Colour Inkjet Printer.** 720 x 360 dpi resolution (black and colour), up to 4.5 pages per minute (black), up to 3 pages per minute (colour). Includes Photo Print Pack - allows you to print and manipulate your own photos. MODEL: BJC4200.

**EPSON Colour Inkjet Printer.** Up to 1440 x 720 dpi resolution (black and colour), up to 6 pages per minute (black), up to 3 pages per minute (colour). Includes Look Your Best Color Pak. Was £289. MODEL: Stylus Color 600.

**CANON Laser Printer.** 1200 x 600 dpi resolution, up to 10 pages per minute. 2Mb RAM. Was £619. MODEL: HL-1080.

**BROTHER Laser Printer.** 1200 x 600 dpi resolution, up to 10 pages per minute. 2Mb RAM. Was £619. MODEL: HL-1080.

**BUY NOW PAY JULY 1998**  
Pay all deposit (10% of the total) by the delivery period indicated with the product. You can then repay the loan in full, interest free, by monthly instalments when interest will be charged at an APR of 29.5% from the date of the agreement. Typical example: Cash price £1500 inc vat, full deposit and 20% from the date of the agreement. Then either settle the loan in full or repay by monthly instalments of £119.11 for 12 months. Then either settle the loan in full or repay by monthly instalments of £119.11 for 12 months. Total amount payable £1739.11 + SUBJECT TO STATUS.

# FREE PRINTER

ON SELECTED PCs  
**PLUS BUY NOW PAY UP TO JULY 1998\* ON ALL PCs**



**UP TO £500 DISCOUNT VOUCHERS WITH ALL PCs**

**PACKARD BELL 150MHz Pentium Processor.** 16Mb RAM. 1.6Gb hard disk. 256K cache. 1Mb PCI graphics. Eight speed multimedia. 16 bit stereo sound. MPEG video playback. FREE over £1000 worth of software. Was £1299. MODEL: 9016D.

**FREE COLOUR INKJET PRINTER**

**SOFTWARE - SAVE UP TO HALF PRICE**

**FUN SCHOOL 4** QUAD PACKS. This superb compilation pack includes 4 educational titles. Was £29.99. **HALF PRICE £14.99**

**WIPEOUT 2097** The futuristic racing game finally arrives on the PC. Offer applies when bought with Official Nintendo 3D graphics card. Usual In-store Price £54.99. **HALF PRICE £17.49**

**FIFA SOCCER MANAGER** Manage the toughest and most gruelling season Europe has to offer. **FREE FIFA 95 £29.99**

**OASIS INTERACTIVE SONGBOOK** A must for all Oasis Fans and Fans of 'D'You Know What I Mean?'. **LATEST OASIS SINGLE FREE £29.99**

**DRAGON DICTATE SOLO** Dictate into existing Windows applications and more with this entry level package. Was £79. **SAVE £30 £49**

**IBM VOICE TYPE SIMPLY SPEAKING GOLD** A significant advance in voice dictation technology. Dictate directly into Windows applications, navigate and dictate in Office 97 Word 8.0. Use single commands to generate entire blocks of text. **NEW £99**

**PC WORLD THE COMPUTER SUPERSTORE**  
FOR YOUR NEAREST STORE CALL 0990 464 464

**MMX PCs NOW FROM ONLY £1299**



**FREE PRINTER**  
**APRICOT 166MHz Pentium Processor with MMX Technology.** 16Mb EDO RAM. 2.5Gb hard disk. Eight speed multimedia. 28.8Kbps Data/fax modem. 256K cache memory. MODEL: MS540 P166. **12 months FREE unlimited Internet access: £1599**

**ACER 166MHz Pentium Processor with MMX Technology.** 16Mb RAM. 2Gb hard disk. 12 speed multimedia. 15" SVGA colour monitor. 33.6Kbps data/fax modem. Was £1499. £1399. MODEL: Acros P166MMX. **SAVE £200 £1299**

**PACKARD BELL 166MHz Pentium Processor with MMX Technology.** 32Mb RAM. 2Gb hard disk. 16 speed multimedia. 33.6Kbps data/fax modem. Media select panel. Was £2999. £1999. MODEL: 9020. **SAVE £200 £1899**

**COMPAQ 333MHz Pentium Processor with MMX Technology.** 32Mb RAM. 4Gb hard disk. 24 speed multimedia. 33.6Kbps data/fax/voice modem. Easy access buttons - direct access to applications. MODEL: Presario 4810. **FREE PRINTER £2399**

**ACER 333MHz Pentium Processor with MMX Technology.** 32Mb RAM. 4Gb hard disk. 24 speed multimedia. 33.6Kbps data/fax/voice modem. Easy access buttons - direct access to applications. MODEL: Acros P333MMX. **FREE PRINTER £2399**

**IBM 166MHz Pentium Processor with MMX Technology.** 32Mb RAM. 3.1Gb hard disk. 15" monitor. 16 speed multimedia with subwoofer. NEW. MODEL: Aptiva 565. **SAVE £100 £1199**

**Unique split case design** **£2199**

**HAND HELD PCs WITH MS WINDOWS CE**

**HEWLETT PACKARD** Runs 'pocket' versions of Excel, Word and Internet Explorer. Connect to your PC and transfer data with ease. **NEW £499**

**PORTABLE PCs - FROM ONLY £999**

**TOSHIBA 120MHz Pentium Processor.** 16Mb EDO RAM. 1.35Gb Hard Disk. 11.3" SVGA Display. 16 speed multimedia. 256k cache memory. 2 x type II PCMCIA slots. MODEL: Satellite 210CS. **SAVE £300 £1299**

**ACER 133MHz Pentium Processor.** 16Mb RAM. 1.3Gb Hard Disk. 11.3" Dual Scan Colour Display. 16 speed multimedia. 256k cache memory. Was £1799. MODEL: 370PCDS. **SAVE £250 £1549**

**OLIVETTI 120MHz Pentium Processor.** 8Mb RAM. 810Mb Hard Disk. 11.3" Dual Scan Colour Display. 16 speed multimedia. 256k cache memory. Was £1299. £1099. MODEL: EchoS P120C. **LOWEST EVER PRICE £999**

**HITACHI SOFTWARE ENGINEERING 133MHz Pentium Processor.** 16Mb RAM. 1.4Gb Hard Disk. 12.1" Dual Scan Colour Display. 16 speed multimedia. 256k cache memory. MODEL: 13D. EXCLUSIVE. **FREE PC CARD MODEM £1999**

**FREE PC TRAINING THIS SUNDAY 10am-11am\***

Phone now to book your appointment: **0990 464 464**

Store not open for sales until 11am Sunday

\*Except Spencefield, training 11am-12pm. Store not open for sales until 12pm

**LOW PRICE PROMISE**

**We won't be beaten** We promise that if you find the same offer available at a lower price in any other local retail store within 7 days of purchase we will refund the difference - guaranteed providing you produce your receipt and details of where you saw the offer.



international

# The forgotten tribes search for their brave new world

**Imre Karacs, in the wilds of Estonia, attends a powwow of the 'alternative' United Nations**

Otepää — In a village theatre deep in the Estonian forest, Rosemary Roe takes the stage. She speaks in a soft voice about the destitution of her people — the Aborigines of Australia — about her nephew, driven to suicide at the age of 11; about drugs, crime and hopelessness. She has travelled thousands of miles to tell the world and here, at the end of a dirt track 150 miles south-east of Tallinn, someone is at last listening.

Ms Roe's audience hang on her every word and politely wait for their turn to regale one another with more horror stories of the late 20th century. The Tibetans and the Ogoni are here, there is a good turnout from the ethnic cauldron of the Indonesian archipelago, and the resilient Chechens in their astrakhan hats are flashing their new gold teeth.

Thirty-eight delegations, representing about 100 million of the planet's unrepresented, have made it.

Welcome to the fifth general assembly of the Unrecognised Nations and Peoples Organisation, the "alternative UN" for the world's dispossessed.

It was the biggest event in Otepää this week, though it is doubtful if it can be compared to a UN jamboree in scale.

The distinguished delegates were billeted in a ramshackle Soviet-era hotel by the side of the lake once blessed by the Dalai Lama.

The rooms were Spartan, the corridors, lined with brown linoleum, were straight out of a cell-block design.

The food was simple, and for entertainment the delegates had been advised to bring their swimming trunks. In the evenings, the organisers put on a show.

For three nights the programme consisted of Finno-

Ugic folk songs, then came Finno-Ugic folk dances, and last night's gala climaxed in Estonian popular songs. The Hungarians of Romania must regret not showing up.

But it was cheap. UNPO, a registered charity, is kept afloat by various Western foundations and donations from the Dutch, Danish and Norwegian governments.

Most of the staff, based in The Hague, are unpaid volunteers. Out of its meagre resources, the organisation produces reports on human-

rights violations, monitors conflicts and elections, and lobbies the grumpy end of international organisations.

You do not need to be oppressed to belong to this club, but it helps. With the glaring exception of Scania, a linguistically distinct region in southern Sweden better known for the eponymous truck, all members have suffered discrimination in their recent history, and some have been subjected to attempted genocide.

They come to UNPO because there is nowhere else to turn. Ms Roe tried getting people in her own country interested in the plight of Aborigines, but to no avail.

"I am here because I am just pissed off with Australia altogether," she says after her speech.

Her sentiments are echoed by another delegate from another supposedly advanced country, Germaine Tremmel, Chief of the Lakota and a direct descendant of Sitting Bull, claims to have spent four years in a US jail because she fought for the rights of her people.

"We can never win against the federal government in court," she says. In any case, "we do not accept their laws."

To join UNPO, applicants must demonstrate that they represent a "group of human beings which possesses the will to be identified as a nation or people".

Members should respect human rights and strive to resolve conflict peacefully. The definition goes on for a few more paragraphs, but even with the small print it is still considerably looser than the criteria laid down by the UN.

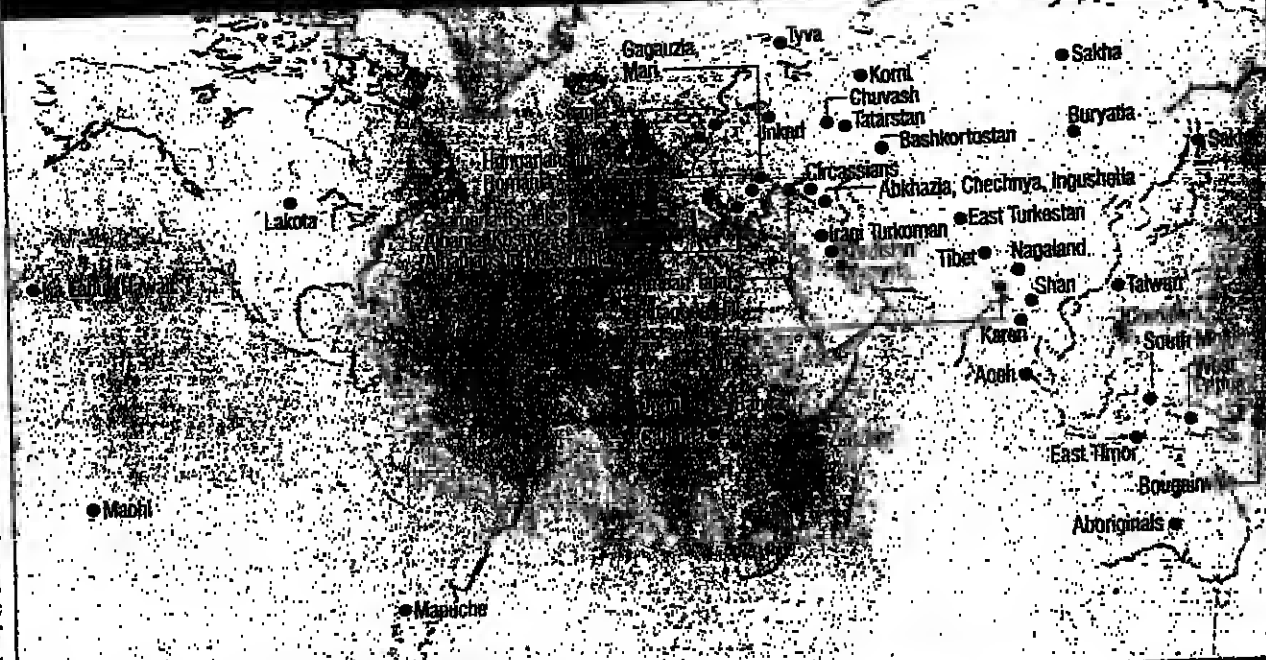
The flexibility is deliberate. Set up in 1991, mostly by Tibetans and the nations emerging from the carcass of the Soviet Union, the founders wanted to ensure no peoples were forgotten. Hence the tolerant inclusion of Scania and a few doubtful minorities.

Many of the founders have, nevertheless, graduated to full nationhood, with all the perks that entails. Of the first batch,



Flag day: Members of the Unrecognised Nations and Peoples, with new chairman, Zanzibar's Self Shariff Hamad (front centre) Photograph: Gerhard Joran

## The world's unrecognised peoples



## THE EDINBURGH RESIDENCE

### STEP OUT AT THE EDINBURGH RESIDENCE

(And enter a different world)

NOW I KNOW I've found somewhere to stay in Edinburgh as special as the city itself. Timeless, elegant, inspiring... and a place I want to return to, year after year.

In this exquisite mansion, I can relax, feel at home, be myself. This is my sanctuary. I'm often in Edinburgh, yet tired of hotels. So for me, a time ownership suite here was a natural choice.

It's full of beautiful things... fresh flowers, an antique bed, a wonderful Victorian claw-foot bath. And I can divide my purchase into two separate breaks. So I'm free to enjoy my suite, and all that Edinburgh has to offer, whenever I want...

To reserve a suite and arrange a personal tour of The Edinburgh Residence, or for more information, please return the form below or call us on 0131 226 3380.

### ENJOY AN INSPECTION VISIT DURING THE FESTIVAL AND FRINGE...

Discover The Edinburgh Residence during this exciting time for only £249 for two people for 2 nights. This offer will allow you to find out more about time ownership at The Edinburgh Residence and includes a full Scottish breakfast each day, and two free tickets to the show of your choice, subject to availability.

While you're here, you'll also enjoy a personal tour of the property.



THE EDINBURGH RESIDENCE  
SEEING IS BELIEVING

0131 226 3380

I would like more information about The Edinburgh Residence

☐ Festival & Fringe Inspection Visit ☐ Short Break Stay ☐ Time Ownership

Surname \_\_\_\_\_ First Name \_\_\_\_\_

Title \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

Postcode \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone \_\_\_\_\_ Day \_\_\_\_\_ Eve \_\_\_\_\_

Return to: The Edinburgh Residence, 7 Rothsay Terrace, Edinburgh EH3 7RY

Full written information is available from the above address.

## Barclayloan

Put yourself in the picture.  
Shoot round to Barclays.



20 dream £10,000 holidays must be won—instantly.

Call into any branch of Barclays and you'll find we've shifted into holiday mode. In a big way.

You could be one of 20 people we'll be sending on the trip of a lifetime: a £10,000 holiday, anywhere in the world you've dreamed of going.

For a chance to win, all you've got to do is apply for a Barclayloan by 30th August 1997—

for almost anything from a new car or kitchen to a hi-fi or indeed a holiday. And everyone who takes part is guaranteed a free £50 Going Places holiday voucher.

Just call 0500 200 250 for details of how to apply, or pick up the special leaflet at any Barclays branch — and make it snappy.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
Postcode: \_\_\_\_\_  
Post this coupon to: Barclays Bank PLC, SE, PO Box 2000, Nottingham NG7 1ER.



To apply for a Barclayloan you must be 18 or over (20 in Jersey). Subject to status. Typical example: 15.9% APR, £5,000 loan repayable by 48 monthly payments of £139.20 with a total amount payable of £6,681.40 excluding Barclayloan Protection. A written quotation is available by calling 0500 200 250 or from Barclayloan Direct, PO Box 323, Liverpool L69 3RE. Please note that some telephone calls made to Barclayloan Direct may be recorded or monitored for training purposes. Barclay Bank PLC is a member of the Banking Ombudsman Scheme (UK branches only).

مكتبة من الامم المتحدة



# Education doesn't end with a university degree

Figures this week confirmed the recent amazing performance of the United States economy – prices are stable, unemployment is dropping and productivity climbs ever upwards. It has the feel, at least temporarily, of a virtuous circle. Productivity depends on people's skillfulness in their jobs, their attitudes and capacity and these in turn are related to public education. It's important to understand that phrase correctly. It is not just college degrees or modular courses. Education is also measured by attitude, willingness to master new techniques, new machines, new ways of doing things. In the American case it seems that "school" is most often companies themselves. American employees go to work to learn and by learning improve corporate output.

Education is of course about a lot more than employees helping make their companies more profit (even if some of that enhanced profitability translates into more material prosperity all round). The point is that the contexts for learning are many and various and only a few of them resemble ivy-clad academic halls or even down-at-heel inner-city former polytechnics. British employers do not, unhappily, have much of a reputation for taking the improvement of their staff seriously, yet the office and the shop floor are necessarily sites for knowledge acquisition. Much fun was had this week

when the Plain English Society – a smug hunch – yet again chortled over the supermarket shelf-stacker who gets called an ambient replenishment operative or some such, yet that circumlocution points to the fact that even this menial task nowadays involves a command of systems and technologies undreamt of even five years ago – to do the job even a lowly part-timer has to be prepared to master skills and new knowledge. We don't, either here or in the United States, know a great deal about the often informal processes by which employees learn, outside, that is, of the course of instruction their employers lay on; but learn they do, often sitting with Nelly or following informal leaders – the kind of person (every office has one) who has mastered the IT system and gives of their knowledge to colleagues.

To buy a book or a tape or a CD-Rom is, potentially, to engage in self-education; to watch a TV programme or a film or a video ditto. Once we listened with mother. Then and now we also listen to friends, colleagues and bosses and learn from them. This is – important phrase for a process often unconscious – lifelong learning. A recent voluminous study by the Economic and Social Research Council found that, despite a plethora of reports on the "learning society", we still know very little about how people,



whether in classrooms or informally, do actually learn – to be in the same room as a lecturer, white board and professor is no guarantee at all. Despite that, all the weight of policy and spending falls on formal institutions of teaching and learning. We will spend the next week earnestly debating Sir Ron Dearing's report on the future of higher education – rightly, since, one way or another, his work touches all our futures. Yet it is hard to escape a sense of imbalance between his unassailable proposition that the only stable source of comparative advantage for modern Britain is the quality of our people and his focus on the universities.

Of course there is a case for continued expansion of higher education. The American example above helps make it. Wherever it is Americans learn in order to become more productive, it surely does them no harm that so large a proportion of the young age group enters higher education and that so large a proportion of other ages return to learn. But we have to note how fragile the evidence remains that pursuing three years of study for an undergraduate produces identifiable results, either in terms of values imparted or knowledge gained, let alone skills acquired. It is not philistine to wonder whether an arts degree is indeed an adequate preparation for a commercial career. For too long higher education planners have fobbed

us off with generalisations about the qualities of mind which studying the humanities imbues. Three years of history or Spanish may well be a "good education" but that proposition needs to be specified a lot more tightly than the Dearing Committee has done. Are universities "learning institutions"? The evidence is more inference than deduction.

Which is not to surrender to the old argument by Ivan Illich and such Sixties types that institutional learning is somehow malign. On the contrary there does seem to be a positive relationship between the learning habit inculcated early and matured in universities and both further education and educability. The phrase you hear this time of year from final-year undergraduates about never having to read another book turns out, thankfully, to be an untrue prediction. Dearing envisions a student's relationship with their university lasting "for decades", popping back for short courses, advanced degrees and so on. It's an attractive picture, with the added advantage of further justifying the Dearing argument that there needs to be a fairer division of the cost of higher education between those receiving and the employed population at large. But it must not masquerade as life-long learning. In that, universities and lecturers are a part, an important part, but nothing like the whole story.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Wider consultation needed in Government defence review

Sir: Polly Toynbee, in her polemical attack on the defence review ("A Boy Scout motto: prepared for what?", 14 July), is correct to identify, amongst all too many senior officials, a continuing cold-war mindset and a reluctance, verging on a refusal, to open their minds generally. She is completely wrong, however, to believe that we can secure a better and fairer life at home and do good in the world without having effective, fully equipped military capabilities.

Sir: Michael Alexander (letter, 16 July) can fairly and properly defend ministers' intentions to make the review process as open as possible and bring in contributions from all with something to contribute. But the lists of those actually invited to the two seminars held so far undermine his implicit claim that participation was fully representative.

It was, in fact, highly selective, largely composed of a particular favoured few, amounting to less than 5 per cent of the 150-200 academics doing serious work on defence and security issues in this country and almost entirely ignoring those

working on strictly military issues – which is what the review is actually about.

Officials (and ex-officials like Sir Michael) will have to do much better than this if the review process is to justify the open government objectives to which ministers rightly attach such importance. HUMPHRY CRUM EWING  
Research Fellow  
Centre for Defence and International Security Studies  
Lancaster University

Sir: Having read Polly Toynbee's comments on the Strategic Defence Review Seminar and the response of its chairman, I would like to offer a suggestion. Clearly the review has been prompted by the amount of money that the armed forces consume. The solution is so obvious, I cannot understand why it has not been proposed before.

The answer is competitive tendering. In a world of increasingly fast communications and multinational businesses, all that aggressors or defenders need do is to define the terms of the contract, and

then invite applications from those who would like to undertake the task. The contract would be awarded to the group who tendered the lowest price.

There would have to be safeguards. Without the idea of "nation", motivation would have to be supplied by a system of incentives (perhaps an extra payment for winning a war, and so on). One would also have to ensure against a monopoly situation: clearly there would be a need for at least two competitors (and preferably many more) in a World Conflict Market.

Of course there will be the predictable reactions to such a suggestion, but we experienced similar responses, from those with vested interests, to Margaret Thatcher's reforms of the Eighties. In today's society, where Tony Blair seems to be building on the foundations of his illustrious predecessor, I am confident that my above idea will be taken seriously. BRIAN MOORE  
Topsham, Devon

Sir: Out running in the beautiful Eden Valley on Monday morning, my ears were assailed by the horrendous noise of combat aircraft preparing for war in our skies.

We were told in advance that the Labour government's defence review would exclude Trident and the Eurofighter. The certainties of the Cold War over, the military strategists were left with the difficult task of identifying and defining new threats to justify continuing public expenditure on projects already committed to. International instability and unpredictable rogue states would take the place of Soviet expansionism. Trident would be deployed to replace Polaris and the Eurofighter would replace Tornado. Polly Toynbee is right to suggest that imperial delusions hobble rational decision-making and that our politicians are corrupted by defence contractors and trade unions.

Quite soon I expect to hear the sound of the first Eurofighter above my home in the Eden Valley. NIGEL CHAMBERLAIN  
CND Regional Worker  
Penrith, Cumbria

### High price for students to pay

Sir: Deciding how to solve the funding crisis in higher education will indeed be "the most difficult policy decision on education faced by the Government", as you report (17 July). It is, however, plainly ridiculous to suggest that this can be done in an equitable way by making students pay upwards of £1,000 for their tuition.

Introducing tuition fees and abolishing maintenance grants, an option also said to be included in the Dearing report, would undoubtedly deter those from less privileged backgrounds from going on to higher education. It would ensure that many students finished university with debts of £20,000 plus.

The Government must address the fact that Britain has significantly lower rates of participation in higher education than, for example, France and Germany and has the lowest level of government expenditure on higher education as a percentage of GDP of any country in Europe.

The only solution that will guarantee access to education is for government spending to be increased in line with the increase in student numbers. That might require progressive taxation and a thorough review of government spending priorities. But it would maintain Labour's contract with millions of present and would-be students and their families who were told Labour opposed fees before the general election.

MARK TWEDDALE  
President Elect, Bradford College  
ADAM MATTHEWS  
President, Sheffield University Students' Union  
LIZ HUTCHINS  
Women's Officer, Sheffield University Students' Union  
SOPHIE BOLT  
Academic and Welfare Officer, Goldsmiths' College Student Union  
DES MINTON  
President, Bradford College  
PAUL CORNELL  
Education and Welfare Officer, University of East London  
EMMA NEVILLE  
Welfare Officer Elect, Bangor University  
RAJ JETHWA  
Dearing Watch

Sir: As two professionals maintaining our daughter at university, your article "Students forced to live off their parents" (12 July) held few surprises. Although we enjoyed the relatively generous grants of the late Sixties, we do not object to funding her, but as a consequence have been forced to support her unemployed boyfriend as well.

He was denied unemployment and social security benefit when he admitted that his girlfriend, with whom he lives, was in receipt of £80 per week from her parents. This amount was adjudged by social security officials as being sufficient to keep them both.

If our daughter were also unemployed and in receipt of no student "income", the state would support them both. Alternatively, if she had evicted her boyfriend he could have claimed both unemployment benefit and rent allowance. K G AND C W BUCKLEY  
Oldham, Lancashire

### Trap the trappers

Sir: David Lamming (Letters, 16 July) points out that if I warn drivers of a police speed trap I can be prosecuted. Can someone explain the difference between this and the signs warning drivers of speed cameras? Both warnings are acting as a deterrent, which is the overall objective of radar and camera traps. Should the authorities responsible for the signs also be prosecuted? FRASER YATES  
Ipswich, Suffolk

## LETTER from THE EDITOR

Child pornography; anti-Semitism; satanic rituals; criminal conspiracies; libellous commercial rumours; neo-Nazi assignments; and an arrogant, nerdy new language of abuse... these are among some of the delights of the Internet as reported in *The Independent* and other papers in recent days. Hardly a week passes without new nasties reported in some dark corner of cyberspace. So many people will have been rather cheered to think that, however briefly, big chunks of it crashed in the US and Europe this week. Thus, as Charles Arthur, our science editor, nicely put it, "the information superhighway turned into the information hrideway".

Yet it's clear that the Internet is here to stay, an ever-hurging realm of the electrical and digital civilisation we belong to. It defeats censorship and spreads liberal, consumer culture as well as the bad stuff. To be against it is like being against printed books in the later 1500s. But, although it is true that the printing press quite quickly spread political and religious dissent (think of Tyndale's Bible), it is perhaps a melancholy reflection on our civilisation that, with print, it was the Bible whose message spread and with the Internet it has been the Spice Girls.

Oh yes, and good newspapers, too: though internet missionaries kept telling me that "we will bury you", I don't believe that. One of this paper's founders, Matthew Symonds, used to fantasise about an alternative world where everyone used only computer screens and laptops. Into that world, Matthew speculated, an inventor would come with a daring new product which could be folded up, carried, didn't require cables or batteries – and yet which told you what you needed to know about the world. The inventor of the newspaper, he reckoned, would be an instant global hero.

Robin Cook's announcement on his commitment to an ethical foreign policy, which he discussed in yesterday's paper with Rupert Cornwell and Steve Crawshaw, has been described, even by admirers, as a rod for his own back and a risky move.

Andrew Marr

### QUOTE UNQUOTE

You try to arrive at the truth by telling a pack of lies if you are writing fiction, as opposed to trying to arrive at a pack of lies by telling the truth if you are a journalist – *Melvin Burgess, author, winner of the Carnegie Medal for children's fiction with 'Junk', his book about teenage drug addiction*

I can claim to have been present at the precise moment when Prime Minister John Major went completely off his trolley – *Kelvin MacKenzie, former editor of 'The Sun', who was called into Downing Street over a complaint that his paper had reported the Premier's hair was turning white*

The trouble is that when one is politically invulnerable, that is when carelessness wallops you over the back of the head with a large wet hooter – *Jerry Hayes, former Tory MP*

For Charles and Camilla to be remarried in church would mean the complete collapse of any marriage discipline and chaos in its attitude to the behaviour of its clergy. How could the Church seem to condone adultery by a prince and condemn it among lesser people? – *Dr George Anstey, Archdeacon of York*

I am not interruptive and partisan. I am never bloody-well rude – *John Humphrys, broadcaster*

Our music is painfully, insufferably earnest – *Bono of U2, rock star*

### The spiral from poverty to violence

Sir: David Mepham (Letters, 17 July) is right to find the causes of war in poverty but it runs even deeper than that. Helder Camara, an archbishop who championed the poor in Brazil in the 1970s, wrote about the spiral of violence.

Poverty, with its hunger and ill-health, is the violence of the comfortable against the poor. The second stage is the violent revolt of the poor against the injustice of their poverty. The third is the violence of the forces of law and order financed by the comfortable when they put down the revolt. It would be economically and socially less costly to tackle poverty in the first place.

In the United Kingdom there are signs that we are already in that violent spiral. The poorest 10 per cent have experienced a real reduction in their income and their expectation of life over the past 18 years. The reasons given for the

diminishing life span are malnutrition, stress and inadequate health care. The difference in life expectancy between the richest men and the poorest men in our society is about seven years. Violence and its violent repression is increasing.

The Government has set up committees to consider the relationship between taxation and benefits and to examine ways of combating the effects of poverty on health. I hope they will both address the relationship between violence and poverty and act soon, effectively and radically enough to increase the expectation of life of the poorest and close the gap of life between them and their richer fellow citizens.

The Rev PAUL NICHOLSON  
Trustee  
Zacchaeus 2000 Trust  
Henley-on-Thames, Oxfordshire

### Royal Ballet School is a leap behind

Sir: As he is Chairman of the Governors of the Royal Ballet School, it was predictable that Lord Sterling's letter (17 July) would defend the school's staff and pupils, but he was also profoundly wrong about the standards they achieve in world-class ballet (terms). He claims that former pupils are "now some of the brightest stars in the international ballet world", but only Darczy Bussell truly falls into this category.

Anyone who – as I do – regularly sees performances by the schools of New York City Ballet and the Paris Opéra Ballet will know that they are a quantum leap ahead of the current Royal Ballet School output. This is confirmed by the astonishing technique and maturity of the

younger members of the NYCB and Paris companies: those of the Kirov, now astonishing and delightful London audiences, are no less impressive.

Incidentally, it is extremely rare for an Industrial Tribunal to award the maximum compensation – as it did to Linda Goss – merely "because her redundancy was not handled correctly on technical procedural grounds". The tribunal may have dismissed the rest of her allegations but almost certainly had them in their minds when awarding the maximum amount.

Lord Sterling clearly protests too much; the Royal Ballet School is not what it was. MICHAEL VARCOE-COCKS  
London W6

### Debt in itself cannot lead to prison

Sir: The headline "Catalogue debt sends women to prison" (17 July) is misleading. Because of the 1974 Consumer Credit Act, having a catalogue debt in itself cannot lead to imprisonment.

The power to imprison for debt is used by magistrates as a last resort against people who refuse to pay fines, council tax or child maintenance. This will only occur once the debtor has been given many opportunities to pay by instalments.

People with debt problems can always receive help in coming to an agreement with their creditors by visiting their nearest Citizens' Advice Bureau.

MIKE HERSHELL  
Money Adviser  
South Shropshire  
Citizens' Advice Bureau  
Ludlow



Nineties look from Smith



Forties look from Miller

### Max Miller: fashion icon for the Nineties

Sir: The "Aristocrat Debut" collection by Paul Smith, featured in *The Long Weekend* (12 July), with its npholistic fabric suits for men, is not a new look. Max Miller, the

comedian, was wearing exactly that on stage in the 1940s, always with a snappy white hat. K J CARTER  
Blaenauferch, Dyfed

### Junk fiction

Sir: When the late Robert Westall (twice winner of the Carnegie Medal) won the Federation of Children's Books Award for *Gulf*, his novel inspired by the Gulf War, read both on the BBC's *Jackanory* and Radio 4's *A Book at Bedtime*, a 13-year-old judge wrote: "Each book of yours, Mr Westall, opens the door a tiny bit further, lets another ray of light peep through. That light is an ability to see the world through the eyes of others. The door is intolerance, and the doorknob? Fiction."

If *Junk* ("Heroin novel wins children's book prize", 17 July) fulfils those criteria, should we not all be delighted? MIRIAM HODGSON  
Editorial Director – Fiction  
Reed Children's Books  
London SW3

### Leaks could be worse

Sir: Imagine a pipe long enough to stretch around the world one-and-a-half times. Imagine this same pipe contains 10 million separate joints and is buried deep below ground. Now imagine the pipe springs a leak. That's the problem facing the country's 18 water supply companies ("Six firms losing war on leakage", 17 July).

Ian Byatt, the director-general of the Office for Water Services, suggests that the smaller water companies may be being complacent in tackling leaks in their pipe network. I would suggest that real complacency by the companies would mean leakage levels dramatically higher than we are seeing today. PAMELA TAYLOR  
Chief Executive  
Water Companies Association  
London SW1



# Memories are made of this

A glamour queen, a fabulously rich tycoon many years older, holidays on a luxury yacht in the Med. Sound familiar? Reggie Nadelson recalls when Jackie Kennedy went sailing with Aristotle Onassis

Consider a modern fairy-tale. Once upon a time a beautiful woman, still young, still vibrant, a woman once married to the leader of her country, is spotted on a huge yacht off the southern coast of France in the company of the man who will be her second husband. It is his yacht. He is rich and powerful and foreign. He is decades older than she is; he is also shorter. Her in-laws purse their lips and lift their eyebrows. The press pursues her with ruthless ferocity; she tries to keep them away from her two children who are also with her on this yacht in the Med where she is sometimes spotted.

There is no respite for our glamour queen, though, and it's not clear that she really wants it as she toys with the press: now angry, her privacy invaded; now a coquette, promising revelations. This is not just some society beauty, either, not just a Jet Set Superstar. She is the most photographed woman in the world. She is a national icon. An international totem. Her possessions sell at auction for millions. Diana, Princess of Wales? Or Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis?

I look at the pictures of the Princess of Wales and Mohamed Al Fayed on his yacht, and I can't help it, I'm reminded of Jackie Kennedy and Aristotle Onassis. I know, of course, that Al Fayed is happily married, and Diana is a guest of his wife's; but there are visual echoes. In October 1963, Jackie Kennedy, the widowed Queen of Camelot married, depending how you saw it, a prince or a toad. Aristotle Onassis was rich and powerful and foreign, and the world of big boats seemed his natural habitat. If you glimpsed Jackie and Ari, even before they married, they were always on his yacht somewhere in the blue Mediterranean.

Remember the yacht, the *Christina*? The El Grecos? The amphibious plane? The bar stools made of, was it whale testicles? Onassis had the kind of money Jackie needed, not just to maintain her 30 grand a year habit in undies, but to make her safe and, as she saw it, free. And Onassis, at first, at least, was solicitous. He was fun.

You see the pictures of Diana on the yacht, laughing, swimming, posing, hiding, the older man hovering nearby, helpful, smiling. Like Jackie, Diana is the most photographed woman alive, the most famous, the most desired. Like her, she has two children she adores.

Diana is roughly the same age Jackie Kennedy was when she was widowed. Like Jackie, Diana is the child of divorce and the

orphan of a miserable marriage. Jackie Kennedy was well educated and well travelled, it's true. But she grew up in the Thirties and Forties and, like other upper-class girls, like Diana 30 years later, in fact, she was raised to marry and breed.

Both women found that, having won first prize, they had husbands who wandered. Worse, they'd bought into vast political dynasties, each with its own complicated rituals: Jackie hated the Kennedy passion for competitive sports, the touch football at Hyannis, the culture which preferred sport to art. Like the British Royals, it was a class ruled by a requiring matriarch: Rose was queen of the Kennedys. Like the British Royals she deeply admired from the time her husband, Joe Kennedy, was ambassador to Britain, Rose was obsessed with family and form.

Jackie's marriage to JFK "was made miserable by his obsessive womanising," wrote Godfrey Hodgson in an obituary. "Even more difficult was the way she found herself emotionally excluded by the clannish rituals of the Kennedy family."

Jackie stayed with JFK because, as much as anything, she had her own ambitions, her own agenda. Being First Lady made her famous. Gave her a canvas to develop her style. Being widowed made her a myth. By the late Sixties, Jackie was all things to all people: mommy to the presidential children; style saint; charity dame; châteline of the nation's emotional centre.

Marry Onassis? Break faith with the martyred president? Show a crack in the iconic façade? Would our queen betray Camelot for mammon, we wondered? The thing that pushed her to do it, to leave her country, though, and this is perhaps the real difference to a Diana, is that she was frightened. When Jack Kennedy was murdered in 1963, she was scared. When Bobby Kennedy was murdered in 1968, she was scared to death.

"They're killing Kennedys," she said. "I hate this country," she exclaimed the day after Bobby's funeral. "I despise America and I don't want my children to live here any more. If they're killing Kennedys, my kids are number one targets... I want to get out of this country."

The bride wore Valentino. The groom wore elevator shoes, although he still only came up to her nose. When Onassis married Jackie Kennedy, he was 62 (or possibly 68, the birthdate was never really clear). He was very, very

rich. Very foreign. Some people said he bought and sold politicians and by-passed both the conventions and the laws of a dozen countries.

Back in those relatively innocent times, the world didn't just raise its communal eyebrows at the marriage, the planet spun off its axis, and even in space, astronauts shook their orbital heads in disbelief. *How could she?*

"The Reaction Here is Anger, Shock and Dismay," cried *The New York Times*, and there was worse: "America Has Lost a Saint. Jack Kennedy Dies Today for a Second Time."

Looking back, though, it was the only possible marriage she could make unless she wanted to freeze to death on her pedestal.

"Jackie you're going to fall off your pedestal if you marry him," a friend said. She replied: "That's better than freezing there."

I see Diana and think of Jackie. It seems like *déjà vu*.

And what about the guys? What about these rich, beguiling foreign men? Have we a clue here to the kind of man Diana might eventually choose? Like Aristotle Onassis, Mohamed Al Fayed is very rich. Onassis grew up in Smyrna, an ancient, thriving port town; Al Fayed comes from Alexandria, in the commercial centre. The Onassis family lost its money when the Turks captured Smyrna and murdered most of his clan and, at 16, he set off for Argentina where he made a fortune first in tobacco, then in supertankers. From the Fifties on, there were various allegations about improprieties in business, but Onassis was too rich, too well connected. Another snapshot from his yacht was of Kennedys and kings and the hulk that was Winston Churchill, by then, parked on deck.

Onassis built his fortune and his legend. Mohamed Al Fayed's father was a school-teacher and he, too, much in the way of presidents and royals, perhaps embellished his myth: part of its dazzle is in the legendary hospitality of the man who owns the Ritz in Paris and Harrods in London, who hangs out with the Queen at the Royal Windsor Horse Show. He gives tons of money to charity. In private, he said he can be very funny.

Al Fayed, as everyone knows, has been linked to recent political scandal, one way and another, but all he ever wanted, it seems, was a British passport. Wants its legitimacy, as he sees it. And why not? Even Onassis was taken with the British idea.

"The person Onassis wanted to marry," said one source, "was Queen Elizabeth. She would have been the top, but he couldn't have her. So he settled for Jackie."

And it made her. She fought her in-laws - the Kennedys begged her not to marry Onas-



sis - and won, the way Diana would win her battles with her husband's relatives decades later. Asked his opinion of Jackie Kennedy not long before they married, Onassis said, "She is a totally misunderstood woman. Perhaps she even misunderstands herself. She's being held up as a model of propriety, constancy and so many of those boring American female virtues... She needs a small scandal to bring her alive. A peccadillo, an indiscretion. Something should happen to her to win our fresh compassion. The world loves to pity fallen grandeur."

If Jackie Kennedy had remained the national widow, she would have withered. If she had married an approved suitor - Lord Harlech, for instance, as was rumoured, or an American banker - she would have become merely another upper-class society housewife.

Jackie wanted more. She had dazzling style. She wanted freedom and privacy, wanted to control her publicity, and that took money. She liked money. Liked lots of it. The Kennedys kept her on a short leash and short of cash. Onassis pampered her. Onassis took her dancing at New York nightspots with Nureyev and

Fonteyn. He paid attention to her kids. He gave her big jewellery and probably some big laughs. Marrying Onassis, most of all, kept the myth of Jackie alive, and Jackie always believed in myth. After all, it was Jackie who reinvented JFK's presidency as Camelot. (After his death, she mentioned to a reporter that it was his favourite musical and made the connection with the Kennedy years at the White House.)

Marrying Onassis made Jackie Kennedy, widow, into Jackie O. She became the Beautiful People's Beautiful Person. She could breathe out and be a bad girl, the "American Geisha" as Truman Capote called her. "Every-one knew she was not cut out for dignity," said Coco Chanel. "You mustn't ask a woman with a touch of vulgarity to spend the rest of her life with a corpse."

Remember the image? The headscarf and dark glasses, the capri pants and Hermès bag? Jackie O was always stepping out to a yacht or off a private plane. We hated her. She became the had Queen. We hated her for a while, but we thought about her all the time.

Princess Diana with Mohamed Al Fayed on his yacht (top); Jackie Kennedy and the Greek shipping magnate Aristotle Onassis leaving his ship in the Sixties (bottom). Photograph (top): Sime/Rex

## Men's Bones Matter



It is certainly not only women who need to look after their bones. Now special attention is focusing on the need for men to take action to maintain strong bones.

Nutrition plays a key role, with calcium, magnesium, zinc and vitamin D all essential to bone health. Osteocare's unique formula contains each of these nutrients. Developed by experts, it's designed for both women and men. So, cut out smoking, take regular weight bearing exercise and safeguard your diet with Osteocare.

**Osteocare®**  
The science of good bone structure

Available at Boots, chemists, Superdrug, Tesco, health stores, Holland & Barrett and GNC. For more information call Vitasource FREEPHONE 0800 989 90 60.

## karen krizanovich

Weddings. Spare me. The last time I caught the bouquet, it was on fire.

Nevertheless, this morning I'm off to a big one at a family manse in the country. I'm already sweating like a racehorse. Men don't have a clue what a pain in the neck it is to "get it right" at weddings. They think they've got it tough.

Men get ready like this: it's the morning of the wedding. The man rushes to the wardrobe and yanks out either a morning suit or the only suit that doesn't have a pattern of dog hairs all over it. Moth holes are toyed with, then ignored. He throws a hissy fit because some bastard's stolen his clean shirt. Once found, he makes special. "Would you iron this for me?" eyes at his spouse. A minor panic sets in for cuff links, then a major one when he remembers he's forgotten how to attach his collar. This would never happen to James Bond.

Half an hour later he stands, a perfect look-alike for Cary Grant (ignore the navy socks). He, the lucky swine, is ready to quaff champagne and bray with his wretched friends.

For women, every wedding is a cat-walk event. The bride has it the worst, of course. It is her big day and there are usually plenty of mothers, sisters and friends there to ruin it. A bride must, at least once, combust into tears and want to call the whole thing off before she walks down the aisle to sickness and death, or, eternal happiness.

It's the poor female guests I feel for. We have to wear something different - and new - every single time. It can't be black or white and it has to suit the ever-changing weather. (Alas, rubber dresses are not allowed unless you're a rock star or newly freed from the loony bin.)

There's the shoe issue. Low heels do nothing for your legs but are great for grassy marquees. High heels look terrific but sink into mud and can give off the vibe that you're gagging for it. The latter is OK if you're going to the wedding to snag a man. Otherwise, girl, no.

On to hats. Big ones get sat on. And in the eye. Little ones get sat on. And you can't wear the same one twice because even people with Alzheimer's remember them. I tried sidestepping the whole issue by wearing a hairpiece. Made the error of wearing it twice in a row, though. A "friend" came up at the second wedding and quipped, "Oh, I thought that was you. You're wearing the same hair."

However, I think I'm sussed today. Got the gift, got the tights, got the hat. Been waxed, manicured, coiffed and the dog hairs were sucked off the passenger seat last night. All that's left to do is pick up ye olde frock from the seamstress. Wait, there goes the phone. Hi, I was just coming over to get the dress. What?! Exactly what's "Something awful" happened?" supposed to mean?

Take your pick: see Michael Jackson grab his crotch at Wembley Stadium or

watch a whole bunch of baggy-clothes-wearing, soap-aphobic, stubble-sprouting delinquents try to top themselves at Wembley Arena. I know which one scares me the most: "Give me an M, give me an L..."

The World Championship Skateboard Finals - officially called Vans Generation '97 (see) - is the largest competition ever held for skateboarding, the only sport (excuse me, lifestyle) that takes pride in bad spelling. Grown men should know better. But these members of the great unwashed do such amazing things with skateboards that afterwards I had to go home and change my shorts.

Kitted out with vertical ramps, tracks, iron handrails and a ramp-bound Jaguar saloon smack dab in the centre, friendly old Wembley Arena was transformed into Mad Max, except no jokes or Mel Gibson. More than 90 gritty, grimy competitors whizzed around the ramps one at a time, slipping, falling, tripping manfully away. The arena heaved with speeding insects - or so it seemed.

Just as I was about to yell over the tannoy, "Oh, All of you! Grow up!", a skater - dressed like a pizza delivery boy in mufti - zooms up on to an iron handrail. He rides the metal spine of his board across the whole length of railing, then - whoomp! - lands perfectly. This is much more impressive than it looks on TV. Get that move wrong, matey, and it's the boy's choir for you. His "ollie" (skate slang for jump) and

"grind" (slide) was so "phat" (good) that all of Wembley went "cookoo" (cuckoo). So what if they have rotten tails? This is Serious Athlete City.

In the throng, I finally see someone I know who washes - Phil Young, editor of the boarding/BMX magazine *Ergo Sum* and one of the presenters for Channel 4's *Boardslides*. Phil's a hardcore skater who's amazed that Vans Generation '97 hasn't turned into a riot. If skating loves anything more than poor grammar, it's anarchy.

"Skateboarding at Wembley," he says looking over the horde of fans. "Five thousand kids who couldn't give a monkey's. Fanatical. Serious. Their commitment to skate is tremendous. You have to hurt yourself an awful lot to learn tricks like that. It looks easy."

Noting that I am one of the few women here watching a sport females have yet to infiltrate (Phil says they have too much good sense for that), I feel I've seen it all. The ollies. The boardslides. The broken arms. Not hardly. Vans Generation '97 culminated with overturning the trashed Jag then flicking cigarette ends on to the pool of petrol bleeding from its tank. On those boys.

Like good ol' Jacko, skaters have a world of their own. You can't run out, slap on a pair of Vans (skateboard trainers that look, sort of, melted), buy a board and be one of 'em. Skateboarding isn't for kids anymore. Gosh mum, it's for addicts.



## Mir mortals

We send them miles above the Earth in an 11-year-old Russian rust-bucket - why do we do it?

david aaronovitch

I have not had an easy week. But whenever I have felt it all becoming too much I have consoled myself with the thought that, at any rate, I am not on the Mir space station. I am not cowering with two other chaps in the escape pod at the end of a malfunctioning heap of patched up metal and badly soldered wires. And it was not I who accidentally pulled out a vital plug on Thursday, suddenly shutting down what Sci-fi films used to call "life support systems".

It is, of course, amazing that anyone is up there at all. We do not watch Russian televisions, drive Russian cars or eat in Russian fast-food joints. Let alone (if we are even moderately nervous flyers) commit our safety into the hands of Aeroflot or Air Tashkent. Should the Russians build a Siberian answer to Disney World, complete with scary rides (the Anna Karenina train journey in Tolstoyland, or the Chekhov adventure, where you don't move for two hours, for instance) I for one will not be risking my children's lives there. Yet we happily dispatch men and women by rocket, to sit miles and miles above the Earth's atmosphere in an 11-year-old Russian rust-bucket, much of which is held together by pieces of chewing gum and coat hangers. Why do we do it?

As we know, in the early 1960s Russia was "ahead". A paradise for scientists and engineers, the foothills of the Urals were dotted with happy colonies of white-coated brainboxes: colonies with names like Akademgorodok, Magnitogorsk and, of course, Tefelsk. From these wonderful concentrations of intellect emerged the Russian space effort (and the military effort too), the Sputnik, Laika the space-dog and Yuri Gagarin, the space-hunk. The Russians were both technically advanced and - a modern corollary - very sexy.

Then, bit by bit, this image dissipated. The Yanks got to the Moon, and - at the same time - those actually encountering Soviet technology face-to-face became disenchanted.



Queues for such luxuries as silk or potatoes might be a sign that this was one anti-consumerist society that had got its priorities broadly right, but it didn't tell us why the hotel looms didn't work, nor why the luggage racks on internal flights would occasionally drop off. This was not, we realised, insouciance. Russia was (in the Rastrian sense) crap.

So this explains Mir, doesn't it? Well no. It is certainly true that if Mir was American, they'd have junked it long since. Having no history, the Transatlantics are uneasy with anything of any antiquity, and unashamed about trading in. The probable reason why we haven't heard much about the Mars buggy this week, is that they've got bored with it already and are now asking Mr Clinton for a new one ("Tell the President this one keeps hanging into rocks, for Chrissake!").

By contrast Mir has suffered 1,500 breakdowns in 11 years, 60 of which have not been repaired. And, because it is a long way from the nearest B&O, it has had to be mended in a peculiar variety of ways using "local" materials, ie. what the visiting crews had in their pockets at the time, or could be fitted under the captain's seat in a shuttle.

The basic structure of Mir must be pretty solid then; like the good ol' wartime T34, it does its job well. But its survival is therefore, I would argue, a triumph of improvisation - something that Britain used to be very good at (remember the small ships at Dunkirk and the Squeezie bottles on Blue Peter?), but which immense wealth almost always destroys. If you want to see how a society can get by on nothing more than its wits, then look at the way the Russians have maintained their ancient Oldsmobiles and Chevrolets in the face of the US trade embargo.

The conclusion to be drawn from this is that we need to preserve a few poor but clever societies on the planet. Should we send real people to Mars - or even further - they will have to make do with what they can find. "Help will be with you in three light years" won't do the trick.

# Who will be the master of the science genie?

by Trevor Phillips

The nerds are out of control; but it's not their fault - it's ours for being stupid, lazy and credulous about science. This century has been dominated by the creation of atomic and chemical weaponry, transformed by the design of reliable birth control and revolutionised by the silicon chip. The planet has been shrunken by the satellite, the internal combustion and jet engines. Yet we still don't seem to get the point. The unprecedented speed and spread of technological discovery is the only thing that matters; yet we do not, will not, treat it seriously or take control of it.

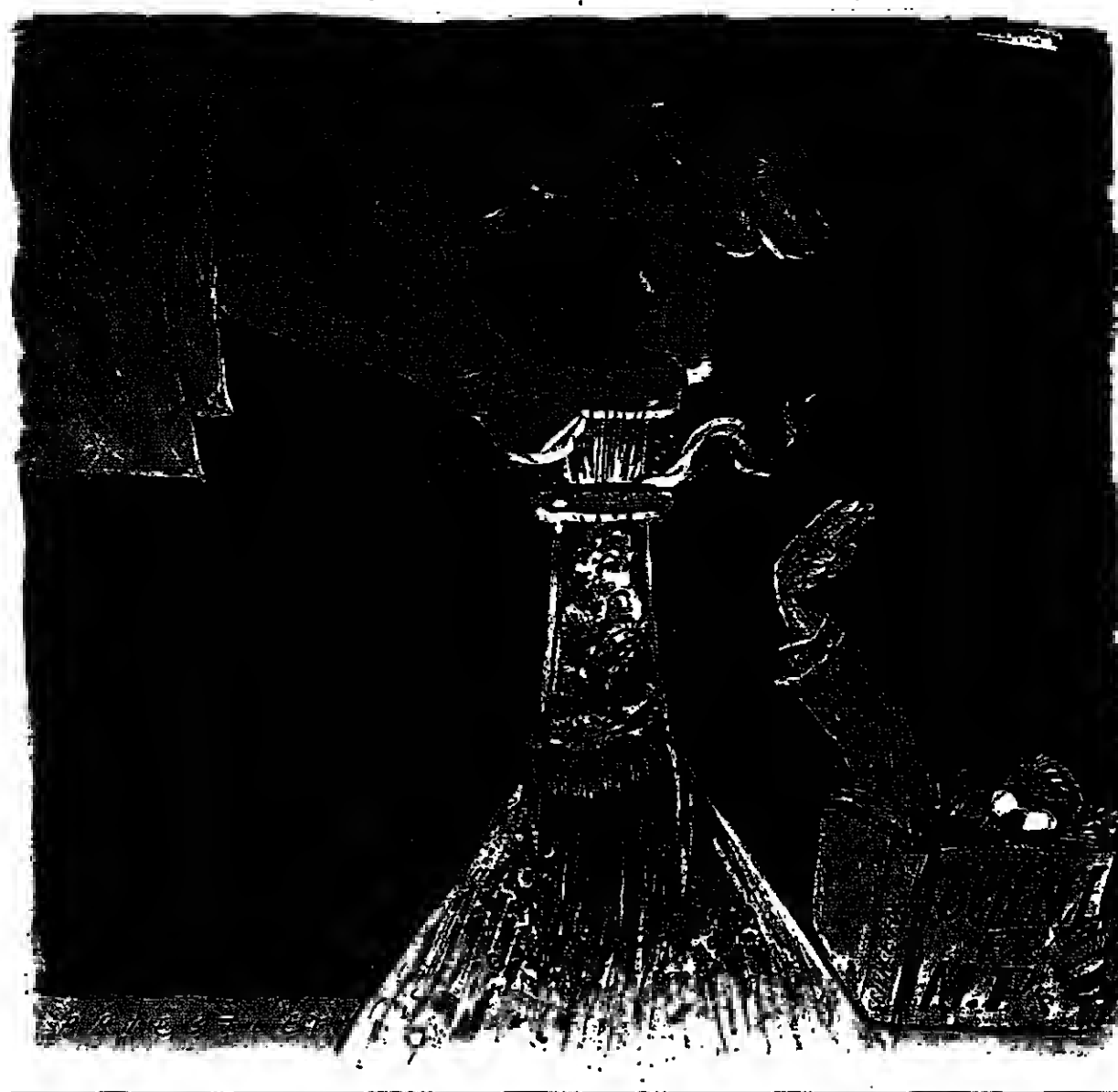
Did many of us care that the Internet virtually crashed this week? Not really. But give it three years, when Bill Gates of Microsoft promises (threatens?) that half of all Americans will be wired up, and doing their business, shopping and being paid through the Net; get ready for ructions. Closer to home, the Norwich Union Building Society discovered to its embarrassment this week that rumours circulated on e-mail were not, as the correspondents probably thought, the Nineties equivalent of coffee-machine gossip; they were, instead, nearly half-a-million pounds' worth of libel. And let us not even contemplate the extent to which the interactive media are becoming the highway for anti-human pornography and racism; let us merely note that things which could never have found an audience of a hundred before can now be made available to millions at the touch of a mouse.

This week's advance for science is the so-called artificial womb produced in Japan, which will no doubt trigger yet another dumb and ill-informed "moral" debate about scientists' right to play God. The facts don't actually support that this is what's happening - the "womb" is really just a superior piece of intensive care kit - but it carries the echoes of Frankenstein's doomed attempt to animate life without divine intervention.

We shudder, and say that it can't happen here - but we've said that about virtually every scientific advance since the war. If things get too sticky, as in the case of fertility techniques or BSE, our elected representatives throw up their hands in despair and cry "don't know what's going on" and turn it over to a committee of philosophers, who have even less clue than the politicians. Last and most desperate of all, it falls into the hands of the lawyers, whose very rationale is to make the issues unintelligible. The poor naive scientist, whose only interest is in understanding why some little corner of the universe works, and to try to explain it to the rest of us, is left carrying the can for public policy.

Our problem as a society is that scientific discovery is moving along so fast - we have turned out more new inventions in the past 50 years than in the whole of previous human history - that our culture can do little more than consume its products. Our democracy has no tools by which to give the people real choices about how best to use new knowledge. Yes, the market will ultimately provide a crude measure of the people's assent or otherwise; but it will not do the other things that a proper democracy does - such as protect the rights of the vulnerable, or try to combat a debasement of public tastes and morals.

Few of us have much clue how the machines we use work, what makes them go wrong or what impact they have on the wider environ-



Society's problem is that scientific discovery is moving so fast ... the scientists have to be forced by the media and the Government to be more open about their work

ment - until the damage is done. In relation to the motor car, for example, we are only now closing the door on the stable years after most of the horses have bolted. And we blame the scientists.

As a society we are still ambivalent about scientists. Having served my own time at the bench in our leading temple to science and technology, Imperial College, I can confirm that those who labour to create latter-day miracles are no more or less remarkable than anyone else. They like football, go to movies, have children and moan about their bosses. Yet our culture carries two hugely oversimplified pictures of them. One is Indiana Jones - wearing learning so lightly that you wouldn't notice the horn-rimmed spectacles and white coat, and given to glamorous adventures on the edge of the unknown. Into this category we can put handsome doctors who produce new treatments and techniques to confound disease and death. We can also point to the astronauts who risk their lives to see if The Truth Really Is Out There. Our Man on Mir must already be on his way to his first million from the movie rights to his story alone.

But there's another image of the scientist which is more disturbing, and in some ways closer to the truth. This is not because scientists are bad guys, but because we fail to care enough about them and their work. This image is that of the super-brainy, hyperactive child, endlessly curious and intrusive, poking his or her fingers into every dark hole just to see what's there. With children, we erect a protective framework, making the

home a little safer, being a smidgeon more vigilant. But with atom-smashers, or gene therapy, or space vehicles, you can't just say "That's far enough". With the sums involved and the huge promises made for the enhancement of the human condition, who could say no?

I don't go all the way with those who say that scientific advance is the new religion. Religious belief does not, by and large, involve true revelation or discovery; prophets

home a little safer, being a smidgeon more vigilant. But with atom-smashers, or gene therapy, or space vehicles, you can't just say "That's far enough". With the sums involved and the huge promises made for the enhancement of the human condition, who could say no?

I don't go all the way with those who say that scientific advance is the new religion. Religious belief does not, by and large, involve true revelation or discovery; prophets

home a little safer, being a smidgeon more vigilant. But with atom-smashers, or gene therapy, or space vehicles, you can't just say "That's far enough". With the sums involved and the huge promises made for the enhancement of the human condition, who could say no?

I don't go all the way with those who say that scientific advance is the new religion. Religious belief does not, by and large, involve true revelation or discovery; prophets

tend to tell us what we want to hear in terms that we already understand. But science does demand faith and it does have its high priests. Scientists introduce us to things we didn't even know were there, and in doing so they transform our way of living. Without the steam engine and railway, there would be no great cities. Without the printing press, there would have been no revolutions. Without the Pill, there would be no march towards equality of choice for women. Mostly science has made things cheaper, better or simply more widely available. Occasionally it has offered a completely new human experience - being able to talk to someone you can't see or hear with the unaided voice via the telephone is possibly the best example of the latter. But all these changes come to most of us accidentally, or at the behest of clever, powerful or rich people.

For a democracy, this is not good enough. We are not all equal in talents; but we should all have the right to a say in the shape of our culture. However, we can't use that right without three things happening. The scientists have to be forced by the media and the Government to be more open about their work; the days of the refusal to publish for commercial or professional reasons should be numbered under the Government's Freedom of Information plans. Second, we have to be educated in the language of science. That means tougher standards in maths, and more hours given over to science in the curriculum, either by extending the school year, or by dropping other subjects.

Third, the task of deciding on how we handle the consequences of scientific discovery should be kept out of the courts if at all possible - lawyers are neither equipped nor able to guide us by themselves. How one might do this is hard to say, and it would be an issue that the Prime Minister or the Home Secretary, both lawyers themselves, might turn over to someone with the right qualifications. The name of the distinguished physicist Lord Flowers comes to mind. Or, if they wanted a scientist with a keen mind, legal training and vast experience of public life, with lots of time on her hands, they don't have to look very far. Step forward, Baroness Thatcher.

## Wrong-footed by the Welsh question

Those opposing devolution are living in a political *Jurassic Park*. The words of some wild-eyed nationalist? Left from the script of a Welsh version of Michael Dobbs' *The Final Cut*? Not a bit of it. The put-down came from Tory peer Viscount St Davids when devolution enthusiasts met earlier this month in Llandrindod Wells to launch the campaign for a "yes" vote in September's referendum for a Welsh assembly. In Tory-free Wales it takes a bit of courage to stand up in front of an audience of Labour, Liberal Democrat and Plaid Cymru supporters even if you're about to break ranks with the party you once whipped for in the House of Lords. But there was nothing synthetic about the standing ovation that rang round the mid-Wales town's Metropole Hotel, owned somewhat ironically by a leading Tory family.

More importantly perhaps, political nous comes into Lord St Davids' conversion. Thoughtful Tories are waking up to the fact that should the assembly come into being their opposition could for ever leave them on the sidelines of politics west of Offa's Dyke. The party has 60 Welsh MPs and only 42 local councillors to Labour's 730. Opposition to devolution could empty the



**Tony Heath**  
With falling support there, Tory opposition to Welsh devolution could see the party permanently sidelined if an assembly goes ahead

water from a bath already baby-free.

And unless the Tories achieve some representation in a Welsh assembly their long Celtic goodbye will be complete.

But first there's the referendum which is to be held on 18 September - two months after next Tuesday's White Paper comes out.

The line-up is beginning to look a trifle one-sided as opinion polls edge up in favour of a "yes" vote. All political parties except the Tories pushed for devolution in some shape or form in their election manifestos. Ron Davies, the Welsh Secretary, says: "Labour won a huge majority and we have a clear mandate to bring in devolution in the form we pledged." That involves a 60-member body, 40 - one for each Westminster constituency - elected on the first-past-the-post system and 20 by proportional representation with four drawn from party lists in each of Wales's five Euro-constituencies.

If it seems likely Wales votes "yes" it would be inconceivable for the Tories to stand aside in assembly elections. After all, their candidates collected just under 20 per cent of the poll at the general election against Plaid Cymru's 10 per cent. Yet they were wiped out while the nationalists won four seats. A compelling case for PR? That

policy is not on William Hague's agenda but the statistics are causing heads to be scratched.

An umbrella "yes" campaign has signed up a cross-section of Welsh society ranging from the Archbishop of Wales, Alwyn Rice Jones and the Archdruid of Wales, Dafydd Rowlands, to the actor Philip Madoc and Tyrone O'Sullivan who led the successful workers' buy-out of Tower colliery. Wales's last deep coal mine. David Jenkins, secretary of the Wales TUC, a clutch of academics and dozens of local councillors are also on board. The pro-devolutionary political parties will also run their own campaigns. Tony Blair has promised to go on the stump in Wales as well as in Scotland.

The Tory party fights for a "no" vote. William Hague has pledged to participate, presumably in company with his party's strongest Welsh card - his bride-to-be Ffion Jenkins, a daughter of the Welsh establishment.

From his tax haven in Jersey the nonagenarian Sir Julian Hodge promises to spend some of his £60m to thwart devolution. He describes himself as a socialist but not a member of the Labour Party. Lord Tonypan (formerly Mr Speaker George Thomas) is in opposition along with Llew Smith, the left-wing Labour MP for

Blaenau Gwent. After his spat with the Welsh Secretary, Smith has been granted the freedom to state his objections. A handful of Old Labour MPs, notably Allan Rogers (Rhondda), Alan Williams (Swansea West) and Ted Rowlands (Merthyr Tydfil and Rhymney) are less than enthusiastic chiefly because of the PR element.

Opponents point to the debacle of 1979 when Wales rejected devolution by 4-1. Neil Kinnock, who played a prominent part in the "no" campaign 18 years ago, is today a convinced supporter of an assembly which *inter alia* would bring under its control the quangos responsible for overseeing the expenditure of some £2bn of public money. Back in 1979 the Callaghan government was out on its feet. The gloom swirling around Britain hung heavy over Wales, political smog that on 3 May 18 years ago saw Mrs Thatcher sweep to power. The Tories won 11 Welsh seats and the long devolution rethink began.

Today the situation is markedly different. The Government's honeymoon persists and Tony Blair hawks in the sunshine of a huge majority. Wales observes the success of regional government in the European Union. Cardiff would love to be another Barcelona or Stuttgart, a cap-

ital city fit for the millennium, although there may a little way to go before it catches up with these examples.

Will an another tier of government be heaped on an already overburdened people? Perhaps not. Last year Wales lost a tier when its eight county councils and 37 district authorities were abolished, and a mere 22 all-purpose bodies arose from the ashes. Twenty-two plus one is less than half of 45.

And how much would an assembly cost? Officially we await the White Paper. But Michael Ancram, the Tories' constitutional affairs chief, who visited Wales earlier this week, put the annual running cost at £15m. The Conservative Jonathan Evans, who lost his Brecon and Radnor seat in May, swiftly corrected him: "No, £30m." It seems you take your choice over the money.

Opinion polls put support for an assembly at 39 per cent with 27 per cent against and 34 per cent undecided. Can the "don't know" be herded into "Jurassic Park"? Lord St Davids believes that would be disastrous: "If we do not take this opportunity to govern ourselves we lose the moral right to be considered a nation." If even Tory peers see it this way, can there be much doubt that Wales will be voting yes this year?

**We conduct patient research into**

**Patient Care**

**Will you support us?**

The Royal College of Physicians sets the standards and controls the quality of medical practice in hospitals throughout England, Wales and Northern Ireland.

Research plays a vital part in this work. Not laboratory research - but research that evaluates the most effective ways of caring for patients.

- Such as how to maximize the quality of life for those sick with cancer.
- Or how best to provide sensitive long term care for older people.
- Or what guidelines should be laid down for the best management of asthma.

Funding this never ending programme is a real problem. We rely on the donations, gifts and legacies of generous supporters to augment our independent income. Only in this way can we continue to seek out new and better methods of caring for patients in hospital.

Will you help us to improve the care of patients by making a contribution to one of our research projects? We will gladly send you details.

Write to the Appeal Director or Telephone 0171 935 1174.

Help Medicine's Appeal Fund  
ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS  
11 St Andrews Place, London NW1 4LE  
Registered Charity No. 210808











# business & city

**FINANCIAL JOURNAL  
OF THE YEAR**

 Business news desk: tel 0171-293 2636 fax 0171-293 2096  
 BUSINESS & CITY EDITOR: JEREMY WARNER

## United News set to drop challenge on digital TV

**Cathy Newman**

United News & Media and the cable company NTL look set to drop their legal challenge against the Independent Television Commission (ITC) over the award of the three digital terrestrial television (DTT) licences to British Digital Broadcasting (BDB) after signing a deal to enter the digital terrestrial pay-TV age through the back door. The two companies have agreed to take a stake in S4C Digital Networks (SDN), the company bidding for the remaining DTT licence.

United's move means that the three biggest ITV players are now committed to digital terrestrial pay-TV, which will provide hundreds of extra channels to paying customers. Carlton Communications and Granada Group jointly own BDB. United has agreed to take a 30 per cent share of SDN, a group bidding for multiplex A, which carries the Channel 5 and S4C - Welsh Channel 4 - digital services, and has half of its capacity spare for new programming. NTL will have a 19 per cent interest, while S4C, the Welsh Channel 4 broadcaster, which previously

owned SDN, will take a 51 per cent share. As revealed by *The Independent* last month, United had first shown an interest in multiplex A after Yorkshire Tyne-Tees Television pulled out of an agreement to take a 40 per cent stake in SDN. United is to pay £1m for the equity stake in SDN, and is understood to be planning to spend £20m to get the service up and running. However, City analysts said yesterday the investment required could rise to more than £25m. SDN's proposals were sent to the ITC on Thursday and are expected

to be ratified on Monday. Neither United nor NTL was available for comment last night. The news will come as a relief to the television watchdog, which had feared it might be hauled before the courts over its decision to hand the three licences to BDB. However, while the expectation now is that neither United nor NTL will mount a legal challenge, it is understood that an appeal to the competition authorities about the award to BDB has not been ruled out. BSkyB was forced to drop its equity stake in BDB over worries about the

satellite broadcaster's dominance in the pay-TV industry. But Rupert Murdoch's company succeeded in securing a long-term programming deal with BDB - a move which has worried Ofcom, the telecommunications regulator, in particular. United had only belatedly decided to get involved in commercial digital television, when it pledged to take a 30 per cent share of the NTL-backed Digital Television Network if it won its application for the three digital terrestrial licences. City analysts expressed relief last night that United - which is controlled by the Labour

peer, Lord Hollick - had secured a stake in the digital pay-TV future. Details of SDN's programming proposals are scant at present, but it is thought that Scottish Media Group - which itself had talks about acquiring a share of SDN - is interested in developing a Gaelic programming strand. United would also be well-placed to offer Welsh programmes in conjunction with S4C, as it only last month agreed to buy HTV, the Welsh ITV company, for £372m. It is also likely that United will use features from its Rapture youth cable channel, in which it has a substantial stake.

## BZW under scrutiny by SEC

**Nigel Cope  
City Correspondent**

The American division of BZW, the investment banking division of Barclays, is under investigation by the US Securities and Exchange Commission regarding allegations that it improperly absorbed trading losses caused by client errors in return for future business. BZW confirmed yesterday that it had sacked four traders in its New York office in January and February after discovering errors made in the first half of 1996. The bank said: "This is an isolated incident and as far as we are concerned the matter is closed." The bank said there was no evidence of personal gain or loss. The bank's losses on the errors are thought to be less than \$100,000.

It is understood that there were two separate incidents where traders incorrectly completed order slips. These are forms which traders complete when there has been a dispute between the bank and the client about a particular trade. A BZW spokesman stated yesterday that "BZW under no circumstances has or will take trading losses on behalf of clients." However, with banks needing to maintain good relationships with key clients it is thought to be reasonably common City practice to complete an error form in a client's favour when disputes arise. The incidents were picked up by BZW's compliance procedures and passed to the regulatory authorities.

SEC is specifically examining whether BZW covered certain losses in exchange for future business from favoured customers. The allegations have been made in a confidential testimony by Kate Evans, a former senior BZW trader.

## Moore's family attacks Littlewoods store sale

**Nigel Cope  
City Correspondent**

Littlewoods' decision to sell 19 of its prime high street shops to Marks & Spencer has caused a split among the group's family shareholders, who claim they were not consulted fully on the alternatives.

The dissident faction have launched a stinging attack on Littlewoods chairman James Ross's strategy just 24 hours after he announced the £192.5m deal. A group of the Moore's family members, who control the Littlewoods empire, have written a four-page memo to the other shareholders complaining about elements of Mr Ross's plans for the pools to catalogue company.

However, analysts say the opposition is unlikely to place Mr Ross's position as chairman in doubt. The disgruntled group of family shareholders say the board ignored a rival bid of £540m for the entire high street chain which would have involved fewer redundancies and would have seen the Littlewoods business trade as a "going concern." The

Moore's clan is due to discuss the matter on Tuesday when they meet for one of their regular "forum" meetings on the same day. Littlewoods is due to report its annual results. The hostile memo, which challenges Mr Ross's strategy at every turn, states: "The management of our company has a duty to inform shareholders of all material facts concerning the attempted sale of the stores business. This does not appear to be the case."

It claims that there was a £540m bid for the whole of the stores business from a "team of well respected and successful retailers, many of whom were responsible for the dramatic improvement at BHS". It says the bid would have been backed by "the largest venture capital group in the UK" together with a well known international bank. Under the terms of this offer, it says the stores and head office staff would have been retained and the business would have been bought as a going concern.

The note goes on to make a series of criticisms about Mr Ross's strategy to retain the

rumour of the high street business, saying it is risky, expensive and will generate low returns. It says: "The business will not generate sufficient funds to meet shareholders' expectations." The plan will have substantial capital expenditure requirements. The proposition to trade smaller stores selling predominantly ladieswear is a "serious financial risk as this market is one of the most competitive in the UK."

The revised proposition has not been sufficiently tested. Too much management time will be required at a time when the group should be concentrating on improving its core home shopping business.

The memo goes on to criticise the current business performance, the high levels of stock and the track record of the current management team.

Littlewoods disputed the facts of the note, saying the board never had a bid for £540m cash on the table. There were also thought to be a number of other conditions attached to the offer. The company said the bid

had been discussed by the board and that James Ross's strategy had the "broad support" of the Moore's family.

"We communicate actively with the shareholders and James Ross has their broad support," the company said. Littlewoods admitted that there might be one or two family shareholders who were unhappy with the strategy and said that the memo had come from just one family member.

It is understood that no complaints were made when the Moore's family was told about the plan to sell certain stores to Marks & Spencer.

One analyst said: "There may have been questions about the financing of the other deal. And when you have got Marks & Spencer sitting there with an offer it is not surprising the decision went that way."

However, one Littlewoods insider said that if Mr Ross had not made the Moore's family sufficiently aware of the various alternatives, he risked alienating some members of the family. "He should have taken more soundings."



James Ross: A memo from Moore's family members criticises his strategy Photograph: FT

## OFT assaults mortgage lenders' record

**John Willcock**

The Office of Fair Trading yesterday announced a crackdown on lenders who provide unsecured mortgages to people with poor credit ratings and which operate "oppressive" dual interest rate schemes and "inappropriate" penalties for early settlement.

John Bridgeman, Director-General of Fair Trading, said lenders and brokers who ignore his new guidelines published yesterday will risk losing their credit licences.

"The guidelines highlight some of the main practices which I consider to be deceitful or oppressive, or otherwise unfair or improper - whether unlawful or not - and which, if continued, will lead me to take regulatory action against those involved," he said.

The director-general singled out dual pricing, where the monthly repayment on a mortgage rises if the customer misses a payment.

Mr Bridgeman also said the use of the "Rule of 78" for the early settlement of loans, which is used to "front load" charges on a mortgage, so that even if customers repay the loan early they have already paid enough interest to service the entire original term of the mortgage, was "inappropriate".

Mr Bridgeman's action follows criticism of City Mortgage Corporation (CMC), a non-state mortgage lender which

has attracted a number of complaints due to its relatively high rates of interest on its dual-priced loans.

Politicians and the press zeroed in on CMC this month when William Hague's office declared that David Steene, CMC's chief executive, had made a private donation of £20,000 to Mr Hague's campaign for the leadership of the Conservative Party.

David Steene, managing director of CMC, welcomed the OFT report yesterday. "I welcome wholeheartedly the fact that the OFT has issued these guidelines... We expect to lead the industry in the adoption of best practice and clear communications for the benefit of our customers and, over recent months, had had extended discussions on standards with the OFT. CMC said a month ago that they will not be using Rule of 78 on new business from 1 August."

A rival non-state lender, Transamerica Lending Company (TLC), said that the OFT report does not go far enough. Brian Robinson, director of retail operations at TLC, said that dual pricing and Rule of 78 "are wrong and should be made illegal for mortgages".

Mr Bridgeman said in the OFT report that, after a warning in February, he continued to receive complaints. These included claims consumers were being persuaded to take out loans beyond their ability to repay.

## Carpenters pour £1.8bn into remaining building societies

**John Willcock and  
Magnus Grimmond**

A £1.8bn wall of money flooded into the remaining mutually owned building societies last month, apparently from "carpenters" hoping to cash in on the next wave of society flotations.

The sum, the largest inflow to hit the movement for over 10 years, prompted renewed calls yesterday for at least a temporary halt in the rush of conversions to banks as both the Nationwide and the Birmingham Midshires revealed that it may be only a matter of time before they are forced to convert. Adrian Coles, director-general of the Building Societies Association, said press speculation had "created an atmosphere akin to a feeding frenzy in some branches... The disruption that this intense speculation brings is not a situation that should be allowed to continue."

The BSA drew back from following the Consumers' Association in suggesting a moratorium on conversions, but said it was consulting with Helen Liddell, economic secretary to the Treasury, over possible moves to tighten up building society legislation.

The £1.84bn net receipts picked up by societies in June, which excluded the now converted Halifax for the first time, was more than twice the £878m received in May. The BSA suggested there was evidence that some of the money flowing in was due to investors in the new banks, such as Alliance & Leicester and Halifax, switching to the higher rates available from the remaining mutuals.

Committee meets early next month. Equity investors rode a roller-coaster ride yesterday. After coming within an ace of the pay-off, the FTSE 100 index went into negative territory after Wall Street opened. The Dow slumped 145 points at one stage, dragging the Footsie down by just over 100 points at 4,848.3 by mid-afternoon. The index ended 71.8 lower on the day at 4,877.2. Microsoft was the main cause

of the decline, reporting less than its usual sparkling figures after the US market closed on Thursday. Traders were less worried by strong UK borrowing and monetary figures.

The British Bankers' Association, the trade group for the main clearing banks, said a four-year high in mortgage lending was behind the new record rise in personal borrowing, which was just above the unparallelled £1.41bn rise notched up in May. The BBA said the property figures were likely to have boosted by attempts to beat

the expected rise in stamp duty in the Budget earlier this month. But the signs were that the housing market remained strong, a spokesman said.

Separately, the Bank of England released statistics showing that growth in M4, the broad measure of money in the economy, had edged up from an annual rate of 11.3 per cent in May to 11.6 per cent last month. David Bloom of brokers James Capel, suggested that monetary growth was likely to become increasingly important in setting interest rates.

of the decline, reporting less than its usual sparkling figures after the US market closed on Thursday. Traders were less worried by strong UK borrowing and monetary figures.

The British Bankers' Association, the trade group for the main clearing banks, said a four-year high in mortgage lending was behind the new record rise in personal borrowing, which was just above the unparallelled £1.41bn rise notched up in May. The BBA said the property figures were likely to have boosted by attempts to beat

## BT may be able to reshape merger

**Michael Harrison**

British Telecom may be entitled to renegotiate its £20bn takeover of MCI because of the sharp deterioration in prospects for the US company's core long-distance telephone business.

This emerged last night as a team of top BT executives, led by chief executive Sir Peter Bonfield, prepared to fly out to Washington on Monday to begin a detailed review of MCI following its shock \$800m profits warning last week.

It appears that under the merger agreement with MCI, BT is not entitled to renegotiate the price of the merger because of deepening losses on MCI's attempt to enter the local US market - the cause of last week's profit warning.

But institutional investors in BT have been told by advisers in the US that the worsening position of MCI's \$15bn long-distance telephone business does constitute grounds for renegotiation. MCI is the second largest long-distance operator in the US.

But in its profits warning it said: "Ongoing competition in MCI's core business continues to intensify with pricing trends continuing to decline. Furthermore, MCI is experiencing negative impacts on its core business due to redeployment of marketing, operations, and product development resources."

from the core business to local. According to some estimates, as much as half the increased losses MCI is warning of may be linked to the situation in its core business rather than the local loop.

James Dodd, telecoms analyst with Dresner Kleinwort Benson and a long-standing critic of the MCI merger, said the worsening in its core business was to real problem. "This is the substance of the BT purchase, not the local business. BT should walk away because it is going to get much worse."

He estimates that if the merger goes ahead then the enlarged company, to be known as Concert, will lead to a dilution in earnings of 20 per cent compared with BT's initial estimate.

BT continues to argue that material changes in MCI's performance constitute grounds for renegotiation - something which appears to be disputed by MCI. The two companies are also in disagreement over precisely when it became apparent that MCI's local network losses would be worse than expected.

One large BT shareholder said: "The process of disseminating information has not been handled at all well. What we need to know, preferably by the end of this weekend, is whether BT is going to renegotiate and if so on what basis. This is a test of BT and at the end of week one it has not come out smelling of roses."

STOCK MARKETS					
FTSE 100		Dow Jones		Nikkei	
4877.20	-71.80	8040	-1.5	21000	-0.5
4880	-16.00	8040	-0.2	21000	-0.2
4880	-29.50	8040	-0.2	21000	-0.2
4880	-6.80	8040	-0.2	21000	-0.2
4880	-27.42	8040	-0.2	21000	-0.2
4880	-99.00	8040	-0.2	21000	-0.2
4880	-308.88	8040	-0.2	21000	-0.2
4880	-269.99	8040	-0.2	21000	-0.2
4880	-135.89	8040	-0.2	21000	-0.2
4880	-30.78	8040	-0.2	21000	-0.2

INTEREST RATES					
Short sterling		UK medium bill		US long bond	
7.25	7.25	7.25	7.25	7.25	7.25
7.25	7.25	7.25	7.25	7.25	7.25
7.25	7.25	7.25	7.25	7.25	7.25
7.25	7.25	7.25	7.25	7.25	7.25
7.25	7.25	7.25	7.25	7.25	7.25
7.25	7.25	7.25	7.25	7.25	7.25
7.25	7.25	7.25	7.25	7.25	7.25
7.25	7.25	7.25	7.25	7.25	7.25
7.25	7.25	7.25	7.25	7.25	7.25

CURRENCIES					
£/\$		£/DM		£/¥	
1.6744	+0.016	1.5456	-0.011	0.8470	-0.011
1.6744	+0.016	1.5456	-0.011	0.8470	-0.011
1.6744	+0.016	1.5456	-0.011	0.8470	-0.011
1.6744	+0.016	1.5456	-0.011	0.8470	-0.011
1.6744	+0.016	1.5456	-0.011	0.8470	-0.011
1.6744	+0.016	1.5456	-0.011	0.8470	-0.011
1.6744	+0.016	1.5456	-0.011	0.8470	-0.011
1.6744	+0.016	1.5456	-0.011	0.8470	-0.011
1.6744	+0.016	1.5456	-0.011	0.8470	-0.011
1.6744	+0.016	1.5456	-0.011	0.8470	-0.011

### THE INDEPENDENT

#### Win a Year's Travel Insurance with BUPA TravelCover

Leading travel insurer BUPA TravelCover is offering three lucky Independent readers the opportunity to win a year's complimentary insurance with a Premier Annual TravelCover policy.

leave your answer to the question below, together with your name and address.

What was last year's most popular long haul destination from the UK?

a) Alaska  
b) Dominican Republic  
c) Singapore  
Call 0930 563 829

Plus, all Independent readers are eligible for a 10% discount on BUPA's Premier Annual TravelCover Policy from now until the end of August 1997. Call BUPA TravelCover on 0930 563 829, and quote "The Independent".

To enter the competition, simply dial the number, and

Call our helpline at all times. Winner picked at random after 1st July 1997. Local Newspaper Publications rates apply. Reader's decision is final.



# Clean: fuel-frugal but big on fun



Greener than most: the dream-drive MGF (top) and the Ford Ka (right), a style statement with substance



You don't have to be boring to be socially acceptable – even sports cars can pass the gas guzzler test, reports Gavin Green

Driving a car these days seems about as socially responsible as packing a chainsaw in your luggage for a holiday to the Brazilian rain-forests. But not all cars are the environmental wrong-doers that the Green and the Good like to pretend. For our green top 10, we haven't just chosen the most fuel-efficient vehicles: that throws up some real dynamic duffers, cars that give about as much pleasure to own as a fridge. Rather, they're fuel-frugal cars that are fun to drive, well designed, and capable of giving some emotional satisfaction. They all exceed 35mpg in the new EU combined fuel ratings – the closest official figures we have to real-life motoring.

If diesel cars are picked, they have "new wave" diesel engines that produce considerably fewer exhaust pollutants than the smoky engines fitted to older cars. All new petrol cars sold now must have catalytic converters, which reduce exhaust pollution by about 90 per cent. They are the main reason why total pollutants from cars have fallen by 25 per cent or so since 1992 – the year before catalysts became compulsory.

Starting at the bottom – in both size and price – is the Fiat Cinquecento Sporting (45.3mpg), the only really small car on sale that is any good. (The Mini, while undoubtedly fun, is too old, too cramped, and too noisy.) The Cinquecento Sporting looks cheeky, and is a hoot to drive, offering an immediacy and a sharpness that set it apart from all bigger cars. Its smallness also makes it a terrific city car.

Ford is the car maker that has improved most in the past few years. The one-time disseminator of dullards from Dagenham has been transformed. None is more intriguing than the Ka (47.9mpg), the style statement that has some substance. Its handling, steering and general responsiveness put it at a level above the usual small hatch, and its styling makes it stand out on the street. It is a like-it-or-loathe-it car, rather like a Paul Smith suit (I still can't come to terms with the tail), but it is certainly different.

Still with Ford, the new Puma coupé (38.2mpg) makes the list thanks to its musical, energetic yet frugal new engine, and to its sharp handling. OK, it's not as tough and macho as Steve McQueen's old Mustang, despite what the TV ads say, but it is the perfect new-age coupé: economical, yet fun.

Escort-sized family hatchbacks used to be almost universally dull (and not all that economical, either), but there are some good ones just now. The five-door Peugeot 306 XSi (37.7mpg) is the sweetest-driving of all medium-sized hatchbacks, owing to Peugeot's magical suspension qualities (soft ride, sharp handling). As with all Peugeots, the 306 looks good, too. The 2-litre engine is the weak link – the French are hopeless at building petrol motors – but it is tolerably economical and the performance (122mph top speed, 0-60mph in 9.2 seconds) is almost sports-car good.

Talking of sports cars, we have two. The Lotus Elise (39.4mpg) proves that good sports cars do not have to be multi-cylinder, fire-breathing behemoths. The Elise gets its considerable performance from a minimalist body, rather than a massive engine. The light weight helps braking and steering feel, as well as straight-line driving, and helps to make the driver feel "at one" with the car. It also helps the fuel economy, for, even more than engine size and vehicle length, weight contributes to gas guzzling.

Heavier, slower but just as likeable is the MGF (41.3mpg). Easily the best car that Rover makes, the MGF is also proving one of the company's biggest successes, winning over buyers in Europe, Japan and Australia. It drives in a beautifully fluent manner and the open roof is a cinch to put up or down. Pity MGFs are now so ubiquitous in Britain's more affluent areas. To some, their styling is also too bland and innocuous. (Some blokes also find them a bit girly.) Still, they are fabulous to drive, reliable and economical.

The diesel versus petrol ecology argument still rages. As a general rule, petrol cars use more fuel and therefore produce more carbon dioxide, the

non-toxic gas that is associated with the greenhouse effect, and diesel cars (which tend to be more economical) produce more of the toxins that are associated with respiratory difficulties. In small cars, the best bet is still probably an efficient, catalysed petrol engine. But for bigger cars, the economy improvement offered by diesel is compelling.

The 110bhp 1.9-litre turbodiesel engine fitted both to the Volkswagen Passat (53.3mpg) and the Audi A6 (49.6mpg) is one of the world's best. It is not as fast or quite as smooth as the petrol equivalent, but it is not all that far behind – and it is miles more frugal. The Passat is a handsome, roomy, beautifully built car – all round, it is now the world's best family saloon, outstriking the latest Ford Mondeo and Peugeot 406. If your budget is bigger, and you want a larger, more prestigious car, the new A6 is unbeatable: slightly quirky in appearance, as well made as a Rolex, and great to drive. I would buy one over the BMW 5-series or the Mercedes E-class.

For cheaper family motoring, it is hard to go past the new Renault Scenic 1.9 JT (40.9mpg), the five-seater, one-box Renault that walked off with last year's European Car of the Year award. The French may not make good petrol engines, but they make great diesels. The turbodiesel Scenic moves along sweetly and offers terrific comfort and versatility for the typical British family. But if you want one, it is best to wait a few months: a better turbodiesel motor, featuring direct injection, is imminent.

If the Scenic is not quite big enough for your people-carrying needs, try a VW Sharan tdi (41.5mpg). It uses the same turbodiesel motor as the Passat and A6, and is such a well-made, likeable and civilised seven-seater. You can order a similar car with a Scat badge (the Alhambra) or a Ford moniker (the Galaxy), but there is probably a bit more kudos in owning a Volkswagen. Besides, the Sharan uses a slightly better motor than the (also VW-sourced) turbodiesel currently fitted to the Galaxy.

## Mean: the dirty dozen

These are not necessarily the 12 thirstiest cars on sale in Britain: rather, they are the most needlessly profligate. These fiends of the Earth are mostly big 4x4s, because these are easily the most consumptive, wantonly wasteful cars on sale in Britain. In any case, few buyers really use their 4x4s' mud-cleaving abilities.

In the main, I've avoided listing stylish supercars such as Ferraris. Sure, they're thirsty (although no worse than 4x4s) but at least they're beautiful. They offer buyers a definite plus. Besides, as collector's cars, they invariably do small mileages.

In every case, the official combined EU fuel figures are listed. In most cases, they're probably a little optimistic – especially if you're driving in the congested South-east. The cars are listed with the most profligate first.

**Bentley Turbo R (15.9mpg)** The turbo-charged Bentley is a fabulous car, and I love it. But you can't help feeling a pang of guilt every time you pump another 40-odd quid of unleaded through the nozzle and realise you've gone only a couple of hundred miles since the last fill-up. This high-speed heavyweight is the Prince of Whales, the King of Consumption. At least the natural leather seats are environmentally more friendly (though not to cows) than the synthetic alternatives offered by most rivals.

**Nissan Patrol 4.2 SE (17.5mpg)** The thirstiest 4x4 by far – and given the fuel efficiency of most off-landers, that's saying something. Vast, ugly, imposing, and apparently popular in the Australian outback and other sparsely populated parts of the planet where its size and toughness may come in handy. But in Britain it is about as useful as a sheep shearer in suburban Surrey.

**Aston Martin Volante (17.6mpg)** Most supercars are exempt from this list, but not the Aston. For starters, it is especially thirsty. Second, although beautifully hand built, it really isn't all that good to drive. Nor does it feel especially fast. If you're going to burn a lot of fuel, you expect some sort of kick for your money. At least with the onset of global warming, you'll be able to enjoy the sunshine with the convertible roof.

**Mercedes-Benz CL600 coupé (17.9mpg)** Gross, and ugly to boot, the CL is one of the world's most pointless cars. Its vast V12 engine hauls around a car which is almost as long as a football pitch – and yet can seat only two in comfort. Fortunately, for both the planet and for car lovers, it is a rare sight.

**Jeep Cherokee 4.0 (18.2mpg)** Appealing, in an Honest Injun sort of way, the Cherokee is relatively cheap to buy – but not to refuel. Its old-slogger engine is about as hi-tech as a mace.

**Land Rover Discovery V8 (18.9mpg)** Its big brother, the Range Rover 4.6, is in fact slightly thirstier – but at least the Range Rover has the distinction of being the world's best all-round 4x4, and by some margin. The Discovery V8 was good, when launched in 1989, but since then its crudeness, unreliability and on-road rollypolyness have seen it drop down the 4x4 rankings. Its V8 engine, which is based on a 30-year-old American motor, is also well beyond its "best before" date, not least in its extreme thirst for fuel.

**Mitsubishi Shogun V6 (19.5mpg)** Japan's car makers are renowned for making fuel-efficient, precisely engineered cars. This is not one of them.

**Toyota Landcruiser 4.5 VX (20.5mpg)** A vast vehicle, one of the most intimidating sights on British roads. Designed primarily for America, needless to say, where it is considered small.

**Ford Galaxy/VW Sharan 4x4 V6 auto (20.5mpg)** The combination of guzzling V6 and high friction 4x4 automatic transmission means that you and the six friends you haul around will be spending rather a lot of time on the garage forecourt. Mind you, per person it represents reasonable energy efficiency, I suppose.

**Ford Explorer (20.6mpg)** Another US import which, like the Jeep, guzzles gas the way fat American kids consume



Coke. Vast, gluttonous and totally useless on narrow European streets.

**Chrysler Voyager 3.3 (23.0mpg)** Another friend of the oil industry – imagine how you'll rack up air miles on your Shell Smart Card! – the Voyager is a car

designed for a land where gasoline costs just over a dollar a gallon. But at least it's big and roomy.

**Ford Maverick/Nissan Terrano 2.4 (23.7mpg)** This off-road orphan – hardly anybody ever buys it – has just a four-

cylinder engine, and feels slow. Yet, amazingly, it guzzles petrol like a good V8. If Ford and Nissan can make the package work in reverse, they may have a winner.

Gavin Green



Wantonly wasteful: the Jeep Cherokee 4.0 (left), and the Ford Explorer (above)

## motoring

### Motor Services

Did you Breakdown last year?

**NO**  
Then save money with  
**RESCUE**  
**AUTONATIONAL**

The breakdown service with a 25% Bonus  
Car Rescue from £24  
Total Superservice from £49.50

LocalCall Brochure Line  
— 0645 100 345 —

To join ring  
**0645 755 000**

Please send me a FREE brochure  
Fax: 01277 280716 Anytime

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Postcode: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

Expiry Date of Current Cover: \_\_\_\_\_

Send to: Autnational Rescue, FREEPOST CL 266,  
Brentwood, Essex CM14 4YW

### Cars for Sale

**MITSUBISHI COLT GLI**  
**FOR SALE**  
'94 M Reg. Metallic Midnight blue,  
only 18,000 miles, 1300cc, taxed and  
excellent condition throughout. Full service  
history with one lady owner.  
Very reliable car but genuine reluctant sale.  
**£6495 o.n.o.**  
**Tel: 01473 270904**

### Registration Numbers

25 DAY MILE DRIVE, CHOLEY, PRO-212	25 DAY MILE DRIVE, CHOLEY, PRO-212	25 DAY MILE DRIVE, CHOLEY, PRO-212	25 DAY MILE DRIVE, CHOLEY, PRO-212
AK 888	3,200	HA 204	1,000
AK 888	3,200	HA 204	1,000
AK 888	3,200	HA 204	1,000
AK 888	3,200	HA 204	1,000
AK 888	3,200	HA 204	1,000
AK 888	3,200	HA 204	1,000
AK 888	3,200	HA 204	1,000
AK 888	3,200	HA 204	1,000
AK 888	3,200	HA 204	1,000
AK 888	3,200	HA 204	1,000

### Mazda

**MAZDA**  
**Choice**  
best choice sensible prices  
used MXT range etc.  
**FREEPHONE**  
**0800 323 626**

### SAAB

SAAB Largest Selection in East  
Anglia, Buckingham Stanley  
Cambridge.  
222558/04002 01223

To  
advertise  
in this  
section  
please  
call the  
**Motoring**  
**Team**  
on  
**0171 293**  
**2338.**



## sport

# Hamed set for stay on plateau

**Boxing**  
GLYN LEACH

The evidence suggests that the honeymoon period in the love affair between the British public and Naseem Hamed, the World Boxing Organisation and International Boxing Federation featherweight champion, has come to a close.

Hamed, who tonight defends his titles against unknown Argentinian, Juan Gerardo Cabrera at Wembley Arena, might even be in danger of being taken for granted. Hamed's previous London appearance in 1997, the IBF title-winning victory over American Tom "Boom Boom" Johnson in February, drew a capacity crowd to the London Arena. Hamed's promoter, Frank Warren, optimistically projects a 9,000 crowd this evening for the Sheffield southpaw's seventh WBO title defence. But advance ticket sales have been slow for Wembley Arena's first boxing show since Lennox Lewis was stopped in two rounds by Oliver McColl in September 1994. As with Hamed's 93-second blow-out of Billy Hardy, two months ago in Manchester, tonight's fight, and more particularly the opponent, has failed to capture the public's imagination.

The momentum of the 23-year-old Hamed's meteoric rise to stardom over the last three years has slowed. A devastating puncher and a flamboyant performer, Hamed is as attractive as he has been, but difficulties in arranging meaningful fights have left him stranded high on a plateau, staring up at a summit that is beginning to look beyond his reach in the immediate future.

This was to be the year in which Hamed unified the four major versions of the world nine-stone championship, but it seems increasingly unlikely that he can achieve his aim. Frank Warren admits he has been frustrated at being unable to arrange fights with the World Boxing Association and World Boxing Council champions, Puerto Rico's Wilfredo Vazquez and the Filipino Luisito Espinosa.

Vazquez is talking telephone numbers and Espinosa suffered a terrible cut in his last fight that will take a long time to heal properly," Warren explained. "On top of that, the IBF are insisting that Naz's next defence must be against their mandatory contender, Mexico's Hector Lizarra. Otherwise they'll strip him." With only four months left in the year, Hamed and Warren's problems are apparent.

Hamed's sizeable ego is driven by achievement. He is undefeated to 26 fights (24 knock-outs), and has won four championships in three weight divisions since turning professional in April 1992. Without doubt, Hamed is the dominant fighter in and around his weight class and is on the brink of worldwide stardom. Six of his previous contests have been shown by American TV, but tonight, for the first time, Hamed's fight will be screened live in the United States by ABC, the nation-wide terrestrial network.

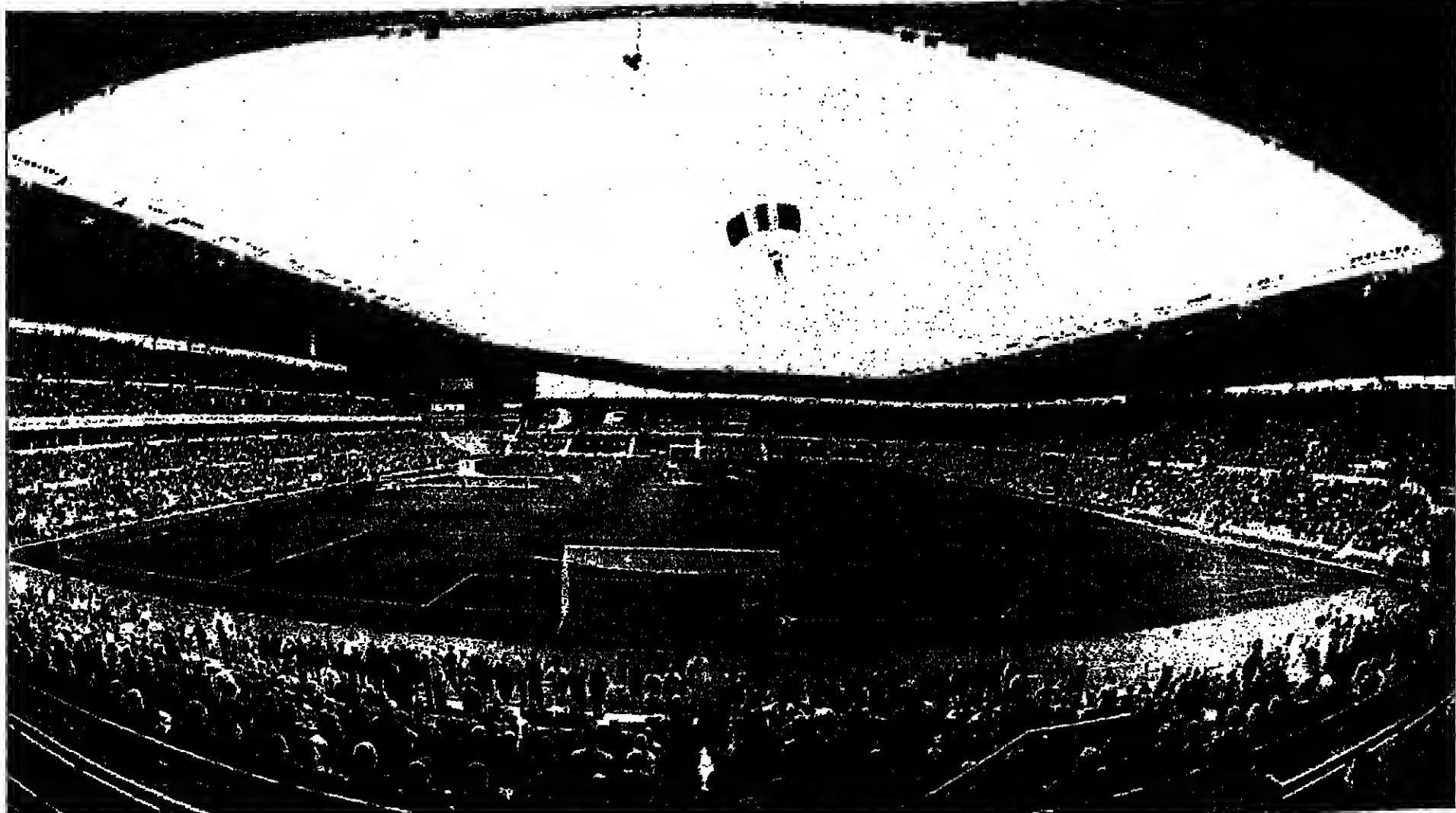
However, there is a fear that without the motivation of major fights, Hamed's career might come off the rails. Over the past year he has seen three worthy prospective opponents - Marco Antonio Barrera, Wayne McCullough and Azumah Nelson - surprisingly beaten in relatively routine contests. The danger is that the same fate might befall Hamed.

Tonight's challenger Cabrera, a 23-year-old from Cordoba, is a late substitute and would have to get extremely lucky in order to beat Hamed. But the Argentinian, beaten twice in 26 fights, has displayed unusual confidence for a Hamed opponent and, with 20 of his 24 wins coming by knock-out, his hard enough to cause concern.

Cabrera will be Hamed's third Argentinian opponent, his predecessors having met early defeat, but the challenger warns that he must not be taken lightly. "My countrymen came to lose," Cabrera said. "I know those fighters well and they were beaten before they left Buenos Aires. But I am not frightened. I can hit as hard as Hamed and I'm as strong as he is. I believe I will knock him out before the sixth."

Cabrera has never been stopped. But perhaps worryingly in light of recent events, one of the two losses on his record came by disqualification for low blows. The other defeat was on a technical decision, when Cabrera was badly cut due to accidental head clashes. But Cabrera has not been in this class before and the strong likelihood is that he and not Hamed will be stopped before half-way.

Tonight's undercard features two first-class British title contests between champion Kevin Lucchesi and Geoff McCreech for the welterweight title, while David Starie makes the first defence of his super middleweight championship against Deao Francis. In both fights the champion is expected to retain his title by late stoppage, but the challengers, like Cabrera, punch heavily enough to cause upsets.



The entertainment for the opening of Derby County's new 31,500-capacity ground yesterday included the Red Devil sky-divers.

Photograph: Peter Jay

## Queen (and Mickey Mouse) go to Derby

As Jim Smith introduced the Queen to his Derby County squad, lined up as if on FA Cup final day, the Pride Park Stadium's first capacity crowd could only speculate about what was making the manager and the monarch titter.

Perhaps, given the penchant of the modern player for partying, one of them had asked for a reciprocal invitation to Charles' 50th birthday bash for Camilla. Or maybe Her Majesty had simply enquired: "So which one is Roberto Baggio?"

Derby's ambitious attempt to procure one of the prince's of Italian football may not have borne fruit, but yesterday's opening ceremony provided a vivid demonstration of how

their ability to compete for such players will be enhanced by the move to a new home.

Some 31,500 people - around 14,000 more than they could fit in the confines of the Baseball Ground - had made their way to the site which barely nine months earlier might have passed for a Martian landscape. More than 20,000 have brought season tickets, increasing Derby's financial muscle at a stroke.

The Queen's tight schedule meant an early start to the celebrations. By 8.00am, two hours before her arrival, a marching band was entreating busloads of school children. Later, with the atmosphere building nicely, a "warm-up" set to work on the crowd.

A capacity crowd saw Pride Park's official opening. Phil Shaw reports

"I've got Stefano Eranio with me," he bellowed, introducing Baggio's former Milan colleague to his new supporters.

"What do we shout? One, two, three!" The baffled spectators failed to respond. Udaunted, he announced the newcomer just wanted to say one word. "Hello, everything." Eranio muttered, seemingly equally bemused.

Before long the Red Devils sky-divers were parachuting in with Derby's new home kit. Even on royal occasions, clubs never miss a marketing trick. So when the Queen arrived in a

burgundy Rolls-Royce, one half expected to see "Windsor" and "1" emblazoned on the back of her yellow jacket.

After meeting the players, officials and dignitaries, she was ushered to a table on the pitch to sign a picture that will doubtless adorn a boardroom wall. It was if Smith had told her: "Now I just want you to sit in on that left wing, Ma'am."

After pulling a cord to unveil a commemorative plaque, Her Majesty was presented with Derby shirts for Princes Harry and Wills (reputed to be Manchester United fans) and a

miniature Ram embedded with sapphires and diamonds. She then climbed into a vehicle resembling an open "Popemobile". With Prince Philip, Smith and the chairman, Lionel Pickering, she did a circuit of the ground.

It was only last November that Pickering, who rescued Derby from the debris of Robert Maxwell's reign, laid the first brick at a desolate site on a wet and windswept morning. What has sprung up, at a cost of £23m, is not unlike Middlesbrough's Riverside Stadium, the wrap-round stand roofs proving a unified feat.

Smith, who delivered the Premiership status without which the development might have put an unbearable strain on Derby's

resources, was understandable effusive. "When you think what's been achieved in such a short time, it's fantastic," he said. "Everyone in Derby and Derbyshire can be proud of it. I hope to make them proud of the team too."

After the Royals departed, to be replaced by Mickey and Minnie Mouse at the head of a parade of Disney characters, there was the incongruous sight of Derby's owner being besieged by autograph bunters.

Persuading Baggio to sign has proved more a forlorn hope, though Derby's followers have the chance to see other leading Italians, as well as Jürgen Klinsmann, when Sampdoria visit for the inaugural match on 4 August.

## England theme underpins Pearce's new Toon

NICK HARRIS

Stuart Pearce is expected to make his debut as a Newcastle United player today after completing a free transfer from Nottingham Forest last night.

The 35-year-old England defender signed a three-year contract and immediately joined the Newcastle squad in Birmingham where they play a friendly match this afternoon.

Pearce sees the move as a necessary way of maintaining his international ambitions. He said:

"Playing for England means so much to me, and I'd love to be able to make it to the finals next summer. To stand any chance of doing that I need to be playing my club football at the highest possible level."

Pearce will replace the left-back Robbie Elliott, who was sold last month to Bolton.

Martin Edwards, Manchester United's chief executive, has defended his club as it emerged that Ryan Giggs, Gary Neville and David Beckham will be absent for tomorrow's 40,000 sell-out against South China in Hong

Kong. With some fans demanding a refund, United might be investigated by Hong Kong's consumer watchdog, the Consumer Council, but Edwards said: "We've got 15 internationals here out of a squad of 20."

Fabrizio Ravanelli could become the most expensive player in the Nationwide League after turning down a £7.5m move from Middlesbrough to Everton. However, Bryan Robson, the Boro manager, is reluctant to rule out the move until he hears from Ravanelli's agent. "As far as I'm concerned it's only sheer

speculation that the Everton deal is off," he said.

Boro have taken Andy Dible on a fortnight's trial as cover for Gary Walsh. Boro's first choice keeper, Mark Schwarzer, has a knee injury, and the England Under-21 keeper, Beo Roberts, has an elbow problem. Both players will miss the start of the season.

David Hopkin finally committed his future to Leeds United yesterday, telling Crystal Palace that he wanted to go ahead with a £3.25m transfer. The Palace chairman, Ron

Noades, said that the club had offered to match Leeds' terms.

The Football Association has dismissed reports that they are holding up the £12m transfer of Juninho to Atletico Madrid.

A Spanish newspaper had questioned why the FA had sent a letter to its Spanish counterpart on Thursday saying that it could not process the 24-year-old's transfer. But FA spokesman Steve Double denied that it was anything more than an administrative problem that would be resolved as soon as they had notification from Middles-

brough that Juninho's contract with them had been cancelled.

Brighton will not be allowed to join the Vauxhall Conference should they be thrown out of the Football League. The club face an extraordinary general meeting of Football League chairmen next Thursday after failing to meet the deadline for a £500,000 bond to secure their Third Division status.

Conference secretary John Moules said: "Our rules are quite clear. We're only allowed to operate with 22 clubs and we currently have 22."

30 minutes

100 minutes

200 minutes

with so much free time to talk, no-one offers you better value

Whoever you want to have a One 2 One with, no other mobile phone service offers you more. For just £17.50 a month, you get 30 minutes of free time. Or for £29 a month, you get 100 minutes of free time. And, for only £40 a month, you get a massive 200 minutes of free time. Or, if you prefer, you can still have free local calls all weekend. You choose.

one 2 one

0500 500 121

the people to have a One 2 One with

For details on local calls and free time see our "why should you have a One 2 One with One 2 One?" leaflet. Prices quoted assume payment by direct debit.















## sport

## THE 126th OPEN

## Clarke enjoys heat in the kitchen



Early leaders are not supposed to be like this. Darren Clarke, if he had conformed to type, would have popped his head into the glare yesterday and disappeared as fast as his trepidation would let him.

The history of the Open is full of 18-hole heroes who have shot to the top and then disappeared faster than Nick Faldo's bonhomie. Bobby Clampett did it at Royal Troon in 1982; Greg Turner at Turnberry three years ago and Bill Longmuir is the high priest of the breed having twice been ahead on the road to nowhere. You can have your slice of fame but you are not supposed to linger.

Clarke, though, clearly had not read the script. On a day so still the big names were supposed to tear Royal Troon apart it was the teddy bear shape of the 28-year-old Northern Irishman who dominated the second

round. We waited in vain for the Tiger and got him instead, it was a bit like Winnie the Pooh becoming a man-eater when every one was watching out for Shere Khan.

With Troon still shaking the sleep from its eyes, Clarke grabbed hold of the second round and refused to let go. On four under overnight, he rolled in a putt from 20 feet at the first at just past 8am, holed from 10 feet at the second and got his third birdie at the fourth while most of the nation was thinking about another piece of toast. What had happened to the frightened rabbit we had anticipated? He was seven under and miles ahead of the field.

"I was calm," Clarke said, who finished the day nine below regulation. "It didn't make any difference that I led. It was the first round of the tournament, you know?" We knew, and so should he.

There are people who spe-

## Guy Hodgson follows the leader who has bucked the trend of 18-hole heroes

cialise in watching disasters that happen to people presumptuous to lead the Open. They are called journalists and they were astonished that there were no grisly remains to mull over.

"I was fine today, very relaxed," he added as if he had just finished reading the papers after a stroll along the beach instead of hitting a five-under-par 66. "There may be pressure, certainly on Sunday, but at the moment I'll go out and enjoy myself. I've enjoyed the first two days and I hope I'll enjoy the next two." The man can have no blood in his veins.

Just for while did the tell-tale sign of stress seem to appear. Clarke was not taking his driver out of his bag which usually means a player is beginning to appreciate the significance of what he is doing. Elbows began

to nudge neighbours, whistles began to hiss.

"The nerves are beginning to show, he's getting scared," someone said *sotto voce* in the crowd, in which case he had a funny way of exhibiting it. Three more birdies were accrued by the turn and if it were not for trip-ups at the two par-threes on the outward half he would have got to the turn in the rarefied air of 30.

It transpired that his reluctance to take out his longest club had more to do with intelligence than fear, another characteristic not normally associated with Open upstarts. "The wind wasn't blowing too strong," he said, "and some bunkers were in range with mis-hit drivers. I thought I'm better off playing them out."

Short did not mean shy. He saved par from the nerve-jangling distance of six feet at the 12th and with positive confirmation that he could still hold his putter without it shaking uncontrollably, he rolled in two 20-footers at the 14th and 16th. Clarke is not known for opening himself up on the course but he trumped the air enthusiastically with his fist.

"He now realises he's a good player," Andrew Chandler, his manager, said as he wandered proudly in his charge's wake. People were telling him he was, but he didn't believe it.

"I was sent out to get the fish and chips last night, and he had one beer. All the players that I manage know how to party, but they also know when to party. Darren works his ass off, and he's the perfect role model for the other up-and-coming guys like Lee Westwood, Andrew Coltart and David Howell. "I've been saying for months

that the next stage of his development would be in contention in a major."

Well, he is experiencing the heat of the kitchen now - his 133 equalled the record for two rounds at Troon - and on line to emulate two other members of his Northern Ireland club who won the Open, Fred Daly (now deceased) and Max Faulkner. Expect the queue to join Royal Portrush this morning to be headed by one C Montgomery Esq.

Which led to the most startling revelation of them all yesterday: the man leading the Open was given lessons this week by someone lagging a long way behind the expectation. No, not Tiger Woods, but big Monty, who took Clarke under his wing this week and showed him the pitfalls of the course.

An unusual case of the pupil surpassing the master if ever there was one. But Clarke was an unusual leader yesterday.



All eyes are on Nick Faldo's (far left) tee shot at the fourth at Royal Troon yesterday. A seven at the par-five hole did not improve his humour. Photographs: David Ashdown

## Fiddler on the hoof takes a late tumble



Nick Faldo's moods are determined by the outcome of his efforts. This is not an unusual trait among tournament golfers but just by looking at Faldo's face you can tell what sort of a day it has been at the office.

If yesterday was not one of the worst, it did not come up to Faldo's high expectations. Going off at level par he finished his second round two over, which prompted the accurate prediction that he would be grumpy in analysis.

Faldo's 40th birthday (the gallery sang to him on the first tee) was just another flick at the calendar. It brought no inspiration. Quite clearly put out by unfortunate experiences, he chose not to show up for interrogation: just a few words outside the scorer's tent then off to the practice ground. "Sometimes you hit a good shot

only to get punished by a bad bounce," he complained.

To be fair, Faldo admitted that a seven at the par-five fourth was self-inflicted. He went from rough on the left to rough on the right and then into a bunker. Three putts after coming out short did not improve his humour. "It was a while before I got that out of my head," he added.

Faldo fiddles so much in preparation for a shot it can be imagined that he would welcome computerised club selection. His caddie, Fanny Sunesson, is guaranteed to pick out movements in the crowd and draw them to his attention. Nobody dares to speak even in a whisper for fear of reprisal.

Only one of Faldo's six major championships, three Opens, three Masters, was won in anything like spectacular fashion. At St Andrews in 1990 he annihilated Greg Norman in

## Ken Jones follows the progress of Nick Faldo, whose two-over-par second round failed to satisfy expectations and soured his 40th birthday celebrations

the third round to make the outcome a formality.

In more familiar mode Faldo grinds down the opposition. Boldness rarely enters his calculations. That double-bogey apart, yesterday's round was a good example: 16 pars, one birdie.

That can work when the opposition is crumbling but not when Faldo finds himself well adrift of the opposition. Unable to move his act forward, 11 shots behind the tournament leader, Darren Clarke, he is unlikely to be in contention.

"I didn't scramble as well as I did yesterday," Faldo said. "Couldn't hole a putt. If I'd got one here and there it could have made a big difference.

Maybe a 69 or a 70. I had a good half-dozen chances from 20 feet or less but I didn't make any. I made a mistake at the fourth and put myself under pressure.

"The weather was better today but that does not mean you will score better. That's golf. Every day is different."

Watching Faldo set up for a shot you can almost feel yourself growing older. A fiddle here, an adjustment there, a study in concentration. In Faldo's mind the thinking is high technology.

On one tee, Nick Price could be seen studying Faldo's address position intently. Unable to repair the damage of a first-round 78, the 1994 Open

champion was having one of those days when a sight of the clubhouse cannot come too quickly. Playing partners may feel the need to check that they are indeed in the same match as Faldo, because they do not get anything from him in the way of idle conversation. Price could have done with some encouragement because at eight over he was on his way out.

Tommy Tolles, who has yet to win on the US Tour but has made enough in prize-money to figure prominently in the Ryder Cup rankings, improved on his opening round, shooting 68 to ensure further participation.

Faldo is still in the field and refuses to concede that he is out of it. "I must shoot two very good scores," he said, "and if that happens you never know. If the weather gets tough I might get a shot at it." As for birthday presents he claimed not to have received any. It can be tough out there,

tougher than perhaps the galleries imagine. Jack Newton, who lost his right arm in an accident some years after Tom Watson defeated him in a playoff for the 1976 Open at Carnoustie, rates Troon an extremely difficult course. "I reckon on Troon and Carnoustie to be the toughest on the Open circuit," he said. "Here you can hit a great shot and be unlucky with the undulations. If you find a flat lie it's a bonus. No matter what the weather it's still hard to score well out there."

Faldo did not have to be told that, but his experiences yesterday confirmed the assessment. Coming down the last, a par would have seen him at three over. Instead he took three putts and left the green scowling. Somebody shouted encouragement but Faldo was not listening. Unlike Price he did not have to think about packing his bags, but he was not in a position to think about winning.

## Howard shows serious bottle

Barclay Howard survived to the final rounds at the Open Championship yesterday bringing a novel meaning to a word he knew too well. Having been half-cut for much of his adult life, making the cut at Royal Troon was something special, writes Guy Hodgson.

Howard, 44, hit a 74 yesterday which left him two over for the championship and ahead of such luminaries as Tiger Woods, Bernhard Langer and Tom Lehman. As far as the Scot was concerned, just to reach the last two days was worth an Open victory. "I'm just delighted to be playing four rounds with these superstars," he said.

To be at Troon at all is a triumph for Howard whose glittering early amateur career included Walker Cup caps. Then came the many lost years as an alcoholic, and his golf bag used to bulge with cans of beer and his ambitions extended no further than the next shot of alcohol. Only when he got to his

thirties did Howard pull himself together, his return to society being crowned by qualifying for this tournament.

On the first day he was one of 10 players below par and yesterday he shot to three under when he holed putts of three and 50 feet at the fourth and 50th.

Then the heart-racing realisation of what he could achieve hit him. "I was fine until I came off the 13th," he said, "and suddenly I realised I was so close to making the cut and I froze."

"In the first round I was going for things but today I became very defensive. I felt the pressure."

From reaching the leader-



Barclay Howard lines up a putt on his way to a 74 yesterday

Howard said. "The crowd were fantastic. I could hear shouts of 'dig in Barclay, dig in.' They kept me going."

He chose a safety-first putt to get his ball near and then rolled in a putt from six, nervy

feet to survive the cut by three shots. His prize will come tomorrow when he will win the silver medal as the top amateur. For a man who gave up the bottle, he will be rewarded for showing it.

## 'Dumb' mistake hurts Lehman

It would be an embarrassing mistake at any time but Tom Lehman's absent-minded blunder on the second green was magnified by occurring in the championship of which he is the holder, writes Andy Farrell. The American forgot to replace his marker, after moving it out of Vijay Singh's line, and the error cost him a two-shot penalty.

"I have not done anything dumb like that before," Lehman said. "This was a bad time." He had bogeyed the hole anyway so he ended up with a seven. Lehman responded with three birdies on the rest of the front nine, although a bogey at 17 left him at four over.

No one had spotted the champion's mistake and Lehman only realised after he had teed off at the third. "At first I thought I would be disqualified and that it would be an embarrassing walk in from there," he said.

"I had seen our referee, Tim Taylor, looking at his rules book and wondered what someone in

nur group had done to cause him to do that. Then I thought, 'Shoot, I didn't move my mark back.' But he hadn't noticed, maybe he was just boning up on the rules. Vijay felt bad about it but I said it was not his fault."

Lehman said that it was checking with his playing partners about getting his ball, which was cut, changed which caused him forget to replace his marker. "I was mad at myself and a little ticked off at my caddie. For two of us to miss that was nearly incalculable."

Lehman two-putted from off the green at the par-five fourth for the first of his three birdies in five holes. Then he holed from six and eight feet at the two short holes, the fifth and the eighth, to be out in 36. His only deviation from par came when he missed the green at the 17th.

The recovery allowed the defending champion to make the cut, but he is unlikely to be taking the claret jug away with him again.

## Troon Talk

BY JAMES CUSICK

## Runaway on the Railway

The ill-wind which blew hard on Troon's back nine on Thursday broke a few hearts - and a few wallets. The London-based spread betting specialists, Sporting Index, had gauged before the Open that the notorious Railway hole, the 463-yard 11th, would inflict damage on the professionals.

Offering six points for a double-bogey, seven for a triple and so on, Sporting Index put their spread for the field, for the entire four days at between 170 and 180 points. On Thursday the professional ranks were seemingly crushed on the 11th with 219 points of bad play scored just that day. And the

cost to the betting firm? Well, (honest, that's his first name) Pyrah of SI said: "The boys in the office are not all happy. It was our fourth worst day ever and we lost £150,000 just on that hole. This was one we got completely wrong." The spread has now been moved for all new bets to between 455 and 475.

The other sporting disasters, just for the record, were Brian Lara's record innings and the New Zealand All Blacks crushing of Japan 142-18 and a complete equation of 18 and a complete equation of goalscorers at a Newcastle-Liverpool match. Mr Pyrah claimed his company has now renamed the 11th 'The Railway to Hell'.



## R&amp;A ko USGA OK

Does the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St Andrews bear a grudge which they seek to vent this week at Troon? The calm and cool Mr Secretary of the R&A, Michael Bonallack, would merely say: "Well, they are the legal guardians for America." But he would have no talk of placing 'usurpers' in their place. He told the diary: "We saw that advert. It didn't bother us. Quite simply we make decisions independently of each other and we also work closely together." So will there be a British advert to plug the R&A? One Troon insider commented: "Does God take TV ads to plug the Ten Commandments?"

Surely the R&A and the old town of St Andrews were the historical guardians. Shouts of heresy were surely heard. So was revenge being planned this week at Troon? The calm and cool Mr Secretary of the R&A, Michael Bonallack, would merely say: "Well, they are the legal guardians for America." But he would have no talk of placing 'usurpers' in their place. He told the diary: "We saw that advert. It didn't bother us. Quite simply we make decisions independently of each other and we also work closely together." So will there be a British advert to plug the R&A? One Troon insider commented: "Does God take TV ads to plug the Ten Commandments?"

## Your round, No 1 in the bar

Who will be the world No 1 after this week? Here are the official permutations: if Colin Montgomerie wins and Tiger Woods is not in the top five, Monty goes top, providing Greg Norman stays out of the top two. Norman goes top if he wins and Woods stays out of the top four.

However, over strong malts in the clubhouse smoke-room, a few members calculated their own rankings. Here are their permutations, unofficially of course. "Malcolm here becomes world No 1 if all professionals retire after Troon and he mysteriously breaks 100 and turns pro." Howls of laughter and a further round of drinks ordered.

## QUOTES OF THE DAY

■ My caddie Billy Foster has joined me after a stupid row last year and we're getting on very well. Darren Clarke reveals the secret of his nine-under-par 133.

plauded. Barclay Howard, the Scottish amateur, enjoys his Open debut at the age of 44.

■ I was sent out to get the fish and chips last night, and he had one beer. Andrew Chandler, Clarke's manager.

■ I had two bad holes at the wrong times. I still love the course, though. I love being able to play creatively. Tiger Woods, the world's No 1 and 13 shots off the lead.

■ I'm mad at myself and my caddie, Tom Lehman, the defending champion, on the ball-marker blunder that cost him a two-shot penalty.

■ It's a very maddening game. It drives me mad all the time. It is definitely a tough game to do for a living. Jesper Parnevik.

■ It doesn't matter now if I finish last - just being out there for the experience is enough. The crowds are fantastic. Even if you tapped in a 12-inch putt, they ap-

plauded. Barclay Howard, the Scottish amateur, enjoys his Open debut at the age of 44.

## THE NUMBERS GAME

8 The shots it took Tiger Woods to master the par-four 10th hole.  
35 The feet covered by Scottish amateur Barclay Howard's putt before it sank home on the fifth.  
3 The Swedes who have holed in one so far - Dennis

Edlund, Daniel Olsson and Pierre Fulke.  
15 The improvement in Keith Eriksson's score over his first-round 85.  
4 The players who did not start the second round - Ian Baker-Finch, Chris Perry, Yoshinori Kaneko and Joe Ozaki.

## TV TIMES

TODAY: Live coverage: BBC1: 1.05pm-5.10pm in Grandstand (except for coverage of 1.30, 2.0 and 2.30 races from Newbury). BBC2: 5-7pm. Highlights: BBC2: 9pm.  
TOMORROW: Live Coverage: BBC2: 1pm-6.45pm. Highlights: BBC2: 8.50-9.30pm.

## WEATHER FORECAST

Morning calm but in afternoon north-west sea breeze will reach 15mph. Sunny periods, temperatures up to 20C.









**On the brink**  
Surrey poised to beat Hampshire  
in County Championship, page 23

# sport

**Following the leader**  
Ullrich takes command in the  
Tour de France, page 27

**THE 126th OPEN:** Ulsterman follows Montgomerie's advice to take second-round lead as the leading lights are dimmed

# Clarke sets the Troon standard

ANDY FARRELL

reports from Royal Troon



Colin Montgomerie has had to concede he will not win the 126th Open Championship at his home club. Instead, he may have given Darren Clarke the help he needs to capture the game's ultimate prize. "Too much help, obviously," Mooty said.

Clarke, the joint leader overnight with Jim Furyk, shot a 66 in the calm of the morning to take the lead on nine under. His 133 total matched Bobby Clampett's 1982 record half-way score for Opens at Troon and put him two ahead of the American. Justin Leonard, who also shot a 66, as did Jesper Parnevik, 60 six under, while Fred Couples was one further back.

Other stars continued to struggle despite the lack of the previous day's wind. Tiger Woods took a quadruple-bogey to put him in danger of missing his first cut of his professional career. Nick Faldo's backward progress matched his tortoise-like progress around the course, according to Nick Price, while Montgomerie trailed the leader by 12 strokes despite a 69.

Clarke had not seen Troon before this week. He learned what he needed to know in practice from the local man, Montgomerie, although he and Paul McGinley had to hand over "a small consideration" to the Scottish duo of Monty and Sam Torrance. "The way I was playing, I may have expected us to be the other way round," said Clarke.

"He's a good friend and he gave me a lot of advice about the course - which shots not to take on, where the flags go, what side to miss the greens on." With his lead likely to hold up all day, the 28-year-old set about using up all the time on his hands by heading to the driving range to work on his driving.

"I am comfortable in this position," he said of his lofty perch. After four finishes in the top four this season, including being runner-up at the Volvo PGA, Clarke is due a win. "I am delighted to see Darren on the leaderboard," said Montgomerie. "If he stays patient and plays his own game, he can make a strong push at a major championship. He's got more talent in his little pinkie than most European Tour players."



Darren Clarke celebrates a birdie putt at the 14th hole during his second round of 66 at Royal Troon yesterday

Photograph: David Ashdown

His eccentricity, which usually displays itself in his individual dress sense and liking for lava sand, came to the fore after he banished from his bag the putter with which he became the only player to come home under par on Thursday. The replacement worked well enough as he eagled the fourth and holed a 50-footer for a par at the last to continue his mastery of the back nine with an unbeaten 12 holes.

Two holes to one before elevenses suggested the conditions were much improved, Dennis Edmund acting, the Postage Stamp eighth with a nine-iron and his fellow Swede Daniel Olsson, the European Amateur champion, the fifth

with a five-iron. The Jekyll and Hyde nature of the course continued as Swindon's David Howell went out in 31 (five under) and came home in 42 (seven over).

Montgomerie also journeyed to the turn in 31. The Scot needed to conjure the dramatics that eluded Woods, Ernie Els, Tom Lehman and Nick Faldo. He did so by bolting putts such as the one from off the green at the sixth for an eagle. "It was totally determination," Monty said. But his homeward 38 included a double-bogey at the 17th.

"I wasn't playing well. I only hit four fairways. That's not good enough. You can't score if you don't hit fairways. If someone had told me I'd have 23 putts, I'd expect to break the course record. At Wimbledon, you can pick the semi-finalists, but favourites in golf are not always favourites. The game comes and goes."

Once again, Woods' round was undone by one huge number, although he had hardly threatened to race up the leaderboard. He went to the turn in level par, twice three-putting for bogeys, and before he could get to the Railway (the 11th), where he took a seven on Thursday, he was set adrift on the Sandhills (the 10th).

Woods' eight was caused by missing the fairway on the left. He then got a flir with his eight-iron second shot and ended

over the green in a prickly spot.

He did not actually finish in a gorse bush, but it was certainly adjacent to his posterior, a fact that caused him to completely miss the ball. At his next attempt, he advanced the ball six yards and, now playing with a speed that could cover a distance of play, he chipped over the green with his fifth. His next chip finished 12 feet short of the hole and he took two putts.

"It was a good enough lie to get a club at it," Woods said of his third shot, "but I hit the little bush right behind me and my club went right under the ball. I had a worse lie for my fifth shot and I was actually quite proud of that one."

With his triple and his quadruple-bogeys, Woods is seven over for two holes and

three under for the other 34.

"I'm not playing that badly," he said. "I just happen to have had two bad holes at the wrong time."

Woods looked like parring in for the rest of the back nine until he holed a long birdie putt at the last, just as he had in the first round, to ensure his participation over the weekend. Yet apart from the 18th, he has failed to birdie any other par-four or any of the par-threes which suggests he has not yet fully figured out how to extra the maximum benefit from this course.

Undaunted, Woods quoted the AT&T Pro-am at Pebble Beach earlier in the year. Then he was more than 13 shots back after two rounds but lost by one. "Hopefully, if I can get off to a good start tomorrow, I can post a better number," he said.

More reports, page 26

## Tigermania still rules - but very quietly

A second before Tiger Woods drew back his putter for a birdie attempt at the 18th, a lone American voice called out: "You're the man, Tiger." Fortunately, he made the putt.

The caller was in stark contrast to the rest of the 5,000-strong gallery following Woods. In the same way they have revered Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus and Tom Watson, they offered the same respect to Woods - quietly.

As Woods completed a 20-foot putt to make the cut, the gallery of predominantly Scottish fans roared and then geographically applauded the expert finish. There were some loud

whistles, but the fans stayed well in control and then focused on the next threesome coming through.

Woods' impact has been comparatively low key. Organisers provided extra security but made sure it did not spoil the fans' enjoyment. Woods was followed around the course by four members of the British Army Golf Club, serving soldiers who play golf but were unarmed and wore the official tournament uniform.

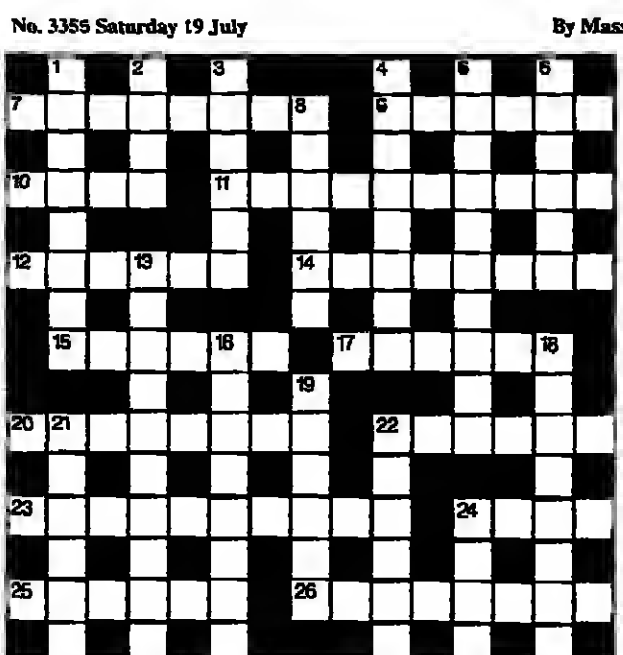
Their task was to make sure he could move through the crowds without being held up. In the event, they did not have a lot to do.

### The ups and downs of yesterday's second round at the Open

Hole	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	Out	In	Total
Par	4	4	4	5	3	5	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	3	4	5	3	4	33	33	66
Woods	3	4	4	5	3	5	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	3	4	5	3	4	33	33	66
D Clarke (N Irl)	3	3	4	4	4	4	3	4	3	5	4	4	4	2	4	4	3	4	32	34	66
J Leonard (US)	4	3	4	4	3	4	3	3	4	4	4	4	4	3	4	4	3	5	31	35	66
J Parnevik (Swe)	5	4	4	3	3	5	3	2	4	4	3	4	4	3	4	4	3	4	33	33	66
F Couples (US)	3	4	4	4	3	5	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	3	4	5	3	3	34	34	68
C Montgomerie (Scot)	4	3	5	4	2	3	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	3	4	5	4	3	31	38	69
J Furyk (US)	4	4	4	6	3	5	5	2	4	4	4	4	4	3	4	4	3	4	37	35	72
N Faldo (Eng)	4	4	4	7	3	4	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	3	4	5	3	5	37	36	73
T Woods (US)	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	3	4	5	3	3	38	38	74

Statistics supplied by Unipoint Information Services for Sport

### THE INDEPENDENT CROSSWORD



Friday's solution

Last Saturday's solution

ALPINE STOCK	ACME	WELLWORN	ASLAN
ARABIAN	ACQUAINTANCE	TAHITI	AND
STRATFORD	DANCE	RECEIPT	IMPETUS
SEDGE	STADIUM	EMIGRATE	TABLE
U-G-N	A-W-L	S-E	G-N
PLENITUDE	MOAMY	PURSE	SATURATE
LUNCH	SIDESTEP	J	Y
ABSOLUTE	CLOSEUP	FREEASSOCIATION	
TRIUM	FEARLESSLY	SUITER	SENTINEL

ACROSS

- HO? (4-4)
- Gaudy vessels, the Spanish (6)
- High School year (4)
- Touch of marquetry in baroque patterned bureau (10)
- Open prison gets studied (6)
- TO? (8)
- Green Party's first measure (6)
- Deity observed by a nucleus on isle (6)
- JO? (8)
- Sulphide, last of which is added to compound (6)
- A wee dram? (10)
- Consumed with black rage (4)
- Snapped wading-bird, out of river (6)
- BO? (4-4)

DOWN

- Girl leading group in Spanish dance (8)
- Uncertain for a moment, discarding Jack (4)
- Audible party with pop and trifle (6)
- A stock figure, you might say (8)
- Straggling a bit, in mile? Exceptional... (10)
- ...number, in a state, flag (6)
- Food's concerned with life (6)
- Extraction, first of incisors, to give relief in time (10)
- Fish on end of good line that's snarling (8)
- Leader of seamen, number in mutiny (8)
- Lift a finger (6)
- Pump's wrong, by the sound of it (6)
- Insect project (6)
- Small boy stuck in tree (4)

The first five correct solutions to this week's puzzle opened next Thursday receive handbuck copies of the Oxford Dictionary of Quotations. Answers and winners' names will be published next Saturday. Send solutions to Saturday Crossword, P.O. Box 4018, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 3BH. Please use the box number and postcode and give your own postcode. Last week's winners: H&J Sparks, Barnstaple; M. Wilmet, Lancaster; M. Cahn, Richmond; L. Sturges, Wood Street Village; S. Kershaw, London NW7.

### EARLY SECOND-ROUND SCORES

133 D Clarke (N Irl) 66, 67, 66	137 J Parnevik (Swe) 66, 68, 68	139 J Furyk (US) 67, 72	140 A Garmy (Arg) 70, 70	141 J Reed (US) 72, 70	142 D Burrell (US) 72, 71	143 J Leonard (US) 72, 71	144 J Parnevik (Swe) 72, 71	145 J Reed (US) 72, 71	146 J Reed (US) 72, 71	147 J Reed (US) 72, 71	148 J Reed (US) 72, 71	149 J Reed (US) 72, 71	150 J Reed (US) 72, 71	151 J Reed (US) 72, 71	152 J Reed (US) 72, 71	153 J Reed (US) 72, 71	154 J Reed (US) 72, 71	155 J Reed (US) 72, 71	156 J Reed (US) 72, 71	157 J Reed (US) 72, 71	158 J Reed (US) 72, 71	159 J Reed (US) 72, 71	160 J Reed (US) 72, 71	161 J Reed (US) 72, 71	162 J Reed (US) 72, 71	163 J Reed (US) 72, 71	164 J Reed (US) 72, 71	165 J Reed (US) 72, 71	166 J Reed (US) 72, 71	167 J Reed (US) 72, 71	168 J Reed (US) 72, 71	169 J Reed (US) 72, 71	170 J Reed (US) 72, 71	171 J Reed (US) 72, 71	172 J Reed (US) 72, 71	173 J Reed (US) 72, 71	174 J Reed (US) 72, 71	175 J Reed (US) 72, 71	176 J Reed (US) 72, 71	177 J Reed (US) 72, 71	178 J Reed (US) 72, 71	179 J Reed (US) 72, 71	180 J Reed (US) 72, 71	181 J Reed (US) 72, 71	182 J Reed (US) 72, 71	183 J Reed (US) 72, 71	184 J Reed (US) 72, 71	185 J Reed (US) 72, 71	186 J Reed (US) 72, 71	187 J Reed (US) 72, 71	188 J Reed (US) 72, 71	189 J Reed (US) 72, 71	190 J Reed (US) 72, 71	191 J Reed (US) 72, 71	192 J Reed (US) 72, 71	193 J Reed (US) 72, 71	194 J Reed (US) 72, 71	195 J Reed (US) 72, 71	196 J Reed (US) 72, 71	197 J Reed (US) 72, 71	198 J Reed (US) 72, 71	199 J Reed (US) 72, 71	200 J Reed (US) 72, 71
------------------------------------	------------------------------------	----------------------------	-----------------------------	---------------------------	------------------------------	------------------------------	--------------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------

Published by Newspaper Publishing PLC, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 3BH, and printed at Mirror Colour Print, St Albans Road, Watford. Back issues available from Historic Newspapers, 01981 840370. Saturday 19 July 1997. Registered as a newspaper with the Post Office.

**YOUR PENSION: IN YOUR OWN TIME, IN YOUR OWN WAY.**

A Merchant Investors pension is an easy, convenient and flexible pension. The charges are low. You can vary your contributions without charge. Pay no commission when you buy direct. No sales person will bother you.

**Merchant Investors**  
ASSURANCE

Regulated by the Personal Investment Authority and part of Alliance - one of Europe's largest insurers.

Mail this coupon to: Merchant Investors Assurance Company Limited, Prospect House, 6015, Strand, W1A 2JZ. MR / MRS / MISS / MS (please tick as appropriate)

INITIALS SURNAME

ADDRESS

POSTCODE

Are you EMPLOYED or SELF EMPLOYED? (please tick as appropriate)  
IF EMPLOYED, are you in your company pension scheme?  
YES or NO (please tick) (LIFE 19/97)

CALL NOW ON 0800 374857 FOR A BROCHURE



هكذا من الاصل



**IMAGE OF THE WEEK** There is more than just a touch of a lowering Constable sky as a farmer races to gather in the first of the winter barley harvest near Saffron Walden, Suffolk, before the rain falls. Photograph by Brian Harris. Taken at 1/500th of a second at f5.6 with a 35mm lens on Kodak 160 ASA film.

To order a print of this picture - price £15 - phone 0171-293 2534



# the long weekend

THE INDEPENDENT • SATURDAY 19 JULY 1997

## WORDS OF THE WEEK

Lily and Rob were sitting at the table. Rob was shaking something on to a strip of foil.

"Oh, yeah," said Gemma. Rob handed the foil to Lily. She lit a match and held it under the foil. There was this thick, sweet smell and a curl of white smoke. Lily held the foil to her mouth and "Glop!" she said. She sucked down that curl of white smoke and clamped her lips down. And held her breath for ages. Then she breathed slowly out. She smiled like a snake.

"Now I feel good," she said. "What is it?" I asked. Lily waved her fingers in the air like it was spooky and magic and she said, "Heroin, yeah!"

"Is it? Is it really heroin? Is it?" I said. I was horrified. Rob was doing another lot. I was thinking. She's a junkie, she's a junkie; she's a junkie ...

You know those stories. You take one little sniff and that's it, you're hooked for life; you end up on the streets robbing old ladies and putting your hands down old men's trousers for a few quid for the next fix. Rob held out the foil for Gemma and she grinned at me and struck a match and "Glop," she said. I watched her letting the smoke ooze out of her nostrils. But she must have been doing it wrong because Rob and Lily jumped up and shouted at her, "Don't let it go, don't let it go ...!" And Gemma chased the smoke she'd let out with her mouth.

"That's pretty important smoke," said Rob.

I was thinking. Oh my God, oh my God ... Then he did one for me but I shook my

## 'Think like a junkie if you want to be a junkie'

Melvin Burgess, right, proved a shocking winner of the Carnegie Medal for children's fiction with his book *Junk*. It meets head on the excitement and tragedy of drug culture. Here is an extract.



MELVIN BURGESS  
**JUNK**

head. Rob laughed and sucked it down himself.

"Hey!" Lily was angry. "Hey, that's Tar's, what're you doing?" He just smiled and opened his mouth to let the smoke out. He looked like a ghost. Lily was getting seriously annoyed, but then he got out the little packet and shook it at her.

"Plenty more where that came from," he said, and Lily grinned.

"Go on, try it, it won't hurt," Gemma told me. "It doesn't do you any harm, it just feels good."

"I don't want to," I said.

Lily was amused. "Aren't you gonna be a junkie with us?" she teased. "Are you a junkie, Tar?"

"No."

"A little heroin isn't going to change you into one. YOU have to think like a junkie if you want to be a junkie."

"Yeah, you don't need smack to help you." Gemma sighed and leaned back in her chair. I looked into her face to see if I

could see anything different. She looked ... happy.

"It's all right, Tar, try it. You don't have to do it ever again if you don't want to. But try it once. Try everything once. All that stuff you hear about one little hit and you're a junkie for life is just stories, you know."

"Stories to scare the kids, stories to keep you in your place," said Lily.

Rob had done another one. He held it out for me. "Junk's the best. That's why the doctors keep it for themselves." He gave me a slow wink.

"I know what's better for me than any doctor," said Lily. I looked at the foil and I thought, God, I don't know what to do ...

"Look, he's actually going to miss the chance to feel better than anyone else in the whole world," said Lily.

"More for us," said Rob. Then I thought - what did I have to lose? Rob held the lighter to me, I lit it up and held it under the foil and I watched the white powder turn to a little blob of brown running up

and down the crease in the foil. Then I went "Glop" and ...

Sometimes maybe you need an experience. The experience can be a person or it can be a drug. The experience opens a door that was there all the time but you never saw it. Or maybe it blasts you into outer space. This time it was Lily and Rob and Gemma spending all that time to make me feel one of them, but it was the drug too. All that crap - about Gemma leaving me, about Mum and Dad, about leaving home. All that negative stuff. All the pain ...

It just floated away from me, I just floated away from it ... up and away ...

I leaned back and I looked at the hook and I looked at them and Gemma smiled at me, a big soft smile, and her eyes were like marbles.

"Better?" she said.

I just nodded. I didn't feel incredibly wonderful or anything, but it was gone. All the hurt. She came over and sat next to me and sort of wriggled under my arm.

"Tar," she said. "Will you go out with me?"

"Yeah," I said. "Yeah, I will."

"I nearly blew that, didn't I?" she said.

"You're gonna live here now, with us," said Lily. "Yeah, both of you. Aren't you?"

What could I say? I felt I was just beginning to learn how to live.

"Yeah!"

*Junk* is published in hardback by Andersen Press, £12.99 and in Penguin for £4.99.



## INSIDE

John Walsh meets Kerry Fox page 3

Shankar, the mantle is passed on page 5



## Travel & outdoors

Wild times in Zimbabwe.....9  
Days out: Flights of fancy.....11  
Okinawa: Viking islands in the mist.....13  
From Lisbon to Minho country...14, 15  
Country: on the road at 25mph.....16  
Gardening: nursery tale.....17

## PLUS

Games, crossword.....2  
Arts, reviews.....4&5  
Books.....6, 7, 8  
All Consuming.....18, 19  
Motoring.....20, 21  
Money, property.....22-26  
TV, radio reviews.....27  
Today's TV.....Back page



"For £12 a day\* you could have had them on the wheel."

**25% off**

each additional day after the first week's rental at £108 in Spain.

Check out this amazing offer for prepaid holiday car rental in Spain for rentals starting before 20 September.

Rent a Ford Fiesta for a week in Malaga and it'll only cost £108! Then, for each additional day's rental after the first week, we'll give you a massive 25% discount!

If you combine our unbeatable price and service, it's hard to imagine that you'll find a better deal for holiday car rental.

And if you're travelling to the USA, then check out these great prepaid weekly rates:

FLORIDA	\$90
CALIFORNIA	\$116

For these and other amazing offers, simply call your local travel agent, or Hertz direct on:

0990 90 60 90

**Hertz**  
Holidays

The world's #1 car rental company



Particularly susceptible to draughts

When computers meet draughts players, the results can be surprisingly exciting, as William Hartston discovered in a new book

One can hardly imagine anything sounding less promising as a holiday read than a book on draughts. Unless it's a book about computer programming. Jonathan Schaeffer's *One Jump Ahead* (Springer, £25.50) is a book about programming a computer to play draughts, and it is the most gripping and enjoyable games-related book that I have read for a long time.

If you followed the recent encounter between Deep Blue and Kasparov, the basic plot will be familiar: human intelligence battling against machine computational ability. The principal characters will be familiar too: the single-minded obsessive, determined to reach his goal of being the best in the world, and the quiet academic, searching only for truth and understanding. Only this time, the modest academic is the world draughts champion, Marion Tinsley, and his ruthless foe is the man telling the story - and recounting it with a delightful openness and self-deprecating humour.

Before he became professor of computer science at the University of Alberta, Jonathan Schaeffer was a master-strength chessplayer, and he brought the keen competitive spirit of the player into his work in writing computer chess programs. Here is his description of his feelings during a computer chess tournament:

"What's it like to watch your creation compete, without any chance of influencing the outcome? First, I get nervous, which means I make frequent trips to the washroom. As long as the game's outcome is in doubt there is a knot in my stomach... the observant watcher will see me occasionally chew my nails, a sure sign that I'm nervous. Sometimes my leg will start vibrating up and down uncontrollably. It amazes me how fast a leg can move through unconscious control. I can't consciously move my leg that fast."

After reaching a dead end in his work on computer chess, Schaeffer, by an inspired chance, moved on to draughts. He had never taken the game seriously himself, but it offered a challenge that could not be matched by chess: there was a possibility that draughts could be solved by computer in a way that chess could not. In chess, a programmer might hope to beat the world champion - as the IBM Deep Blue team recently managed - but the prospect of playing perfect chess is not on the menu even of their dreams. The trouble is that chess is simply too huge. With something like 10<sup>14</sup> possible chess positions, there is no prospect of any machine ever providing a definite solution to the game by working out every possibility. Draughts has a theoretical maximum of 500,995,484,682,338,672,639 possible positions (a figure, calculated by Joe Culbertson, including a large number of positions that cannot possibly be reached in a real game). That's less than the square root of the number of possible chess positions - a puny figure by comparison.

There was another feature that attracted Schaeffer to the problem of draughts: the mistaken belief among many of his colleagues that the game had been solved by computers long ago. Indeed in 1962 a small sensation was created in the worlds of computing and board games when a program written by Arthur Samuel defeated a strong human draughts player. This result soon became enshrined in the mythology of computing. The loser, Robert Nealey, was upgraded to "former champion of Connecticut" (not even if it had been true, a state renowned for the quality of play in its draughts championship) and no mention was made of the fact that he had fallen into a well-documented trap. That game, however, promoted the fallacy that computers could play perfect draughts, so later generations of programmers went unquestioningly on to chess, leaving the simpler problem to fade into obscurity.

As Jonathan Schaeffer discovered, however, when he chose computer draughts as his research topic, there was still a good deal of work to do. He was soon able to write a program (which he called Chinook, after the draughty warm winds from the Pacific that affect Calgary in autumn) that could beat himself easily enough, and any other colleagues who strayed near his terminal, but when he began to



The two greatest draughts players of all time: Marion Tinsley beating off the challenge of Chinook in their 1992 Man against Machine match

meet serious draughts players, he increasingly realised that they knew things his machine didn't. And when the machine lost games, it was not so easy putting things right, even when he knew which move had been the fatal mistake.

"Chinook computes for three minutes and comes up with what it considers to be the best move, but it turns out to be a loser. During that time roughly 3 million positions are considered. Are some of the positions evaluated incorrectly? If so, which ones are in error? Is the search result correct? Are we properly eliminating inferior lines? It makes looking for a needle in a haystack seem easy."

With the help of some sympathetic draughts grandmasters, Schaeffer gradually improved his program until it was ready to compete against the very best in the world. And that is when the book becomes even more interesting. For as Schaeffer reveals for the first time, the world of top draughts players is one of the great undiscovered havens of eccentricity and just pure oddness.

One of Chinook's opponents - among the top handful of players in the world - is a man so shy that he will never permit himself to be photographed. He disappeared for 18 years between 1960 and 1978 and was listed as dead in at least one encyclopedia of draughts. Another world class player is so competitive that he is not above nudging an opponent's man off the board in the slim hope that its absence will not be noticed.

One man, however, towered above all this. When Jonathan Schaeffer first came across a collection of games played by the world champion Marion Tinsley, he assumed it was vanity that had caused the author to include only ten of his losses among thousands of competitive games. Later he discovered that Tinsley had indeed only lost that number of games in his career. In over 40 years as the best player in the world he lost only three games.

This was the man that Schaeffer knew Chinook had to beat in order to attain his objective, yet when Chinook was set to analyse Tinsley's games, it was hard-pressed to find a single error in any of them. The man seemed to play perfectly. Tinsley was also, as Schaeffer discovered to his surprise when he first met him, utterly charming and supportive, and totally lacking any of the arrogance he had expected in a man who had dominated his chosen field for most of his life.

An account of the first match between Chinook and Tinsley takes up the middle section of the book - not a move-by-move analysis of the games (though all the games are to be found in an appendix) but an account of the fluctuating emotional state of the programmer and the calmness of the human champion. At the start of the match, Tinsley was modestly confident of victory: "because I have a better programmer than Chinook. His was Jonathan, mine was the Lord." A deeply religious man and lay preacher, Tinsley sincerely wanted "not to let my programmer down".

His opponent, however, was close to

Games people play

Pandora Melly discovers the comedy and drama of television panel games

Nerys Hughes, actress, wife and mother

My father was brilliant at games; very inventive and fun. My mother would be doing the cooking, and he'd be the one who organised all those raucous events like musical chairs and pass the parcel. In those days, we didn't watch the telly so much.

I'm not at all competitive. When I play *Scrabble*, I want to get good words. I don't think highly about a high score entering into it. My family really mind about winning. We sometimes play a stock-marketing game called *Wealth of Nations*. It's a bit like *Monopoly*, but instead of hotels and houses, you buy national products such as corn or salt, and then you bankrupt the countries. I like playing it, but I'm wary because it can lead to strong feelings. It's lethal. Not a *Happy Families* game at all, and it goes on for ever.

As a family, we are incredibly busy, so we play games when we're together and don't have anything else to do. I love that, but it's very rare now.

I will say this: my career has been comedy and drama, very often playing harassed middle-aged women, so it's an absolute treat for me to do panel games. I know people think: "Oh my God, cookey shows and panel games," but I've done *Give Us a Clue* and a couple of *Call My Bluff*, and I just adore it. The players are usually quite intelligent, so it's not one of your silly, thoughtless-type panel games; you have to think on your toes.

My answer to you about games in general is that if they're stimulating and fun, and they make you laugh, then I think they're wonderful. If they're mocking, then that's awful. All games have their place, even *Wealth of Nations*. It's a chance to muck in and have a bit of a laugh.

We have not been able to track down *Wealth of Nations* but *Call My Bluff* may be seen on BBC2 at 8pm next Tuesday. The teams will be captained by the usually quite intelligent Alan Coren and Sandi Toksvig.

Name watching

Camilla Parker Bowles was 50 this week and the occasion was marked by a story on the PA news wires headed: "Camilla Beats Diana in the Headline Stakes". The story claimed that in the first six months of this year, Camilla had had 6 per cent more coverage than Diana and 10 per cent more than the Spice Girls. We have checked those figures on our own newspaper database, which delves deeper than the headlines, and a rather different story emerges.

	Jan-Jun '96	Jan-Jun '97
Spice Girls	1	2,696
Princess Diana	1,880	1,942
Camilla	407	527

As the above table shows, occurrences of "Camilla" have risen by more than 29 per cent in the first six months of 1997 compared with the same period last year, while the "Princess Diana" count has gone down by 2.4 per cent. If this trend is continued, Camillas will overtake Dianass around the end of 2002. Or they would, if our newspapers were not totally overtaken by references to the Spice Girls by then, which, at an annual increase of 269,500 per cent, will soon leave no room for anything else.

Clearly extrapolations based on these six-monthly figures are not to be relied upon. So here is a month-by-month breakdown from July 1996 to June 1997.

	Jul	Aug	Sep	Oct	Nov	Dec	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun
Spice	26	33	26	71	127	336	277	372	626	469	529	423
Diana	529	338	337	293	306	327	389	267	263	282	307	434
Camilla	136	155	178	74	57	141	131	72	58	72	60	134

Here the figures expose the true situation. The Spice Girls clearly peaked in March and, if we extrapolate a three-monthly moving average of their scores, it becomes clear that they will probably be back to their 1996, one-month-once-every-six-months level around the end of December. The current boost in Camillas is only a return to the levels of January, and appears to be a seasonal fluctuation.

Chess William Hartston

The most significant chess event of the year - in a far-reaching metaphysical sense - was the match between the Academics and the Philistines last weekend held at the old Pizza Express at London Wall.

The question at issue was whether education is good for your chess and in the matter two teams were assembled comprising on the one side players with degrees from Oxford and Cambridge and on the other those players who had somehow bypassed a proper education.

Altogether it was one of the strongest matches ever contested in England.

With David Norwood and myself as captain and vice-captain of the Academics, it should come as no surprise that the Oxbridge side romped home to an easy victory. Norwood and I both lost our games, but that only showed what faith we had in the inherent superiority of our cause. Indeed, Norwood even went so far as to match Michael Adams glass for glass with the Chianti which they quaffed during the game.

Norwood had been doing rather well early in the game, after forcing a black knight to make a complete round trip from b8 to c6, b4, a6 and back to b8, but he became confused when Adams stuck a bishop outside on a4. It was clearly not the sort of move to

Concise crossword

No.3355 Saturday 19 July

**ACROSS**

- 7 Perplex (6)
- 8 Ill-felling (7)
- 10 Annoying (6)
- 11 Reflected (5)
- 12 Finished (4)
- 13 Beverage (5)
- 17 Dance in 3/4 time (5)
- 18 Prohibition (4)
- 22 Poison (5)
- 23 Set aside for a purpose (7)
- 24 Bold (6)
- 25 Nearer (6)

**DOWN**

- 1 Fruit (7)
- 2 Out prophet (7)
- 3 Inundate (5)
- 4 Flower (7)
- 5 Diver (5)
- 6 Actor's whispered confidence (5)
- 9 Affianced (9)
- 14 Accord (7)
- 15 For the reason that (7)
- 16 Cuisine (7)
- 19 Avoid (5)
- 20 Trap (5)
- 21 Faithfully (5)

**Solution to yesterday's Concise Crossword:**

ACROSS: 1 Fender, 4 Shovel (Fin de siècle), 7 Grenadier, 9 Flee, 10 Nail, 11 Tiger, 13 Langed, 14 Neat, 15 Absent, 17 Oddy, 19 Sorry, 20 Abet, 22 Bear, 23 Rankier, 24 Sated, 25 Runder. DOWN: 1 Firth, 2 Drive, 3 Raveled, 4 Sadder, 5 Even, 6 Laddie, 7 Going-over, 8 Ram-rider, 11 Tears, 12 Rectly, 15 Abacus, 16 Docket, 17 Oration, 18 Yorker, 21 Darso, 22 Bend.

Bridge Alan Hiron

Game all; dealer West

North ♠ J 10 9 7  
♥ 5  
♦ Q J 9  
♣ A Q 10 9 2

West ♠ A 9 8 5 4  
♥ A 9 8 3  
♦ K 6  
♣ J 5

East ♠ K J 10 7 6 4  
♥ 8 5 4 3  
♦ 7 3

South ♠ K Q 2  
♥ Q 2  
♦ A 10 7 2  
♣ K 8 6 4

It is always embarrassing when you let your opponents make a contract that is two off in top tricks. East-West are still arguing about their combined efforts, but how would you apportion the blame on this deal?

West opened 1♣ and after two passes South bid 1NT, suggesting 11-14 points. West and North passed and East, with a second chance, tried 2♥. Rather feebly, West passed this and, even more

Bridge Alan Hiron

feebly, passed again when North competed with 2NT. As you can see, East-West would have made ten tricks in a heart contract.

Worse was to come. West led ♥3 and East, after winning with his king, returned ♥J to the queen and ace. Next came ♥9, and, placing his partner with only three cards in the suit, East overtook with his ten and was horrified to see South show out. The hearts were now blocked and when East, not unreasonably, switched to a spade (yes, the defence would still have been all right if he had tried a diamond), declarer had eight tricks.

Apart from West's over-cautious bidding, East missed an inference in the play. If, as he had feared, declarer had started with ♥Q, x then surely he would not have gone up with the queen on the second round of the suit. East could hardly hold both ♥K and ♥A, and if West had led from ♥A, x, the suit would have been blocked if declarer had allowed ♥J to win.

**Perplexity**

Losswords: Our dictionary has been malfunctioning, omitting the letters of each defined word, in the right order, from the definition, then closing up the gaps and adding, in brackets, the missing word length. So, for example, "puzzle", defined as "purely quizzical game" appears only as: "relyquicagame (6)". But what are these three?

oreacoatohilication (7)  
eronallinas (6)  
mayeavayweller (5)

The answers, incidentally, are loosely connected. A prize of the *Chambers 21st Dictionary* will be awarded to the sender of the first correct answer we open on 31 July. Answers to: Perplexity, *The Independent*, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL.

5 July answers:  
Lords-a-leaping (galloped rains)  
Downing Street (lowering dens)  
Green bottles (strong beetle)  
Connection: the number ten  
Winner: A.J.Lobo (Bradford)

Backgammon Chns Bray

In the early stages of tournament games, doubling decisions are normally the same as they would be for money. The key differences come in one of two situations: either when one player has a very large lead, for example leading 10-1 in a match to 13, or the match is very close and one or both players are within four points of winning the match.

As an example let's study the position above where Black has opened with a 64, playing 24/14 and White has rolled 55, playing 8/3(2), 6/1(2). Black now rolls 63 and stays on the bar. Should White double, should Black accept? It all depends on the match score.

Firstly as a benchmark let's consider the cube action in a money game. This is a well-known position where the correct action is double/take. Now suppose the score is 3-3 in a match to 7. In this instance White should double and Black should drop. Why drop? Because White is offering an optimally efficient double. If he wins a gammon - and a lot of his wins in this position will be gammons - then he will win 4 points - precisely what he needs to win the match. Black does better to decline and play from 3-4 down.

What if White leads 10-1 to 13? Then he should not double but should play on for an undoubled gammon - note that the Jacoby Rule does not apply in tournament play. (The Jacoby Rule states that a gammon cannot be won if the cube is still in the centre). If he does double, Black will accept with alacrity and on the merest excuse redouble to 4. If Black then gets lucky he could win a gammon making the match score 10-3.

How can we prove that these answers are correct? The answer lies in the concept of match equity tables, a topic we shall broach next week.



# Maid of stern stuff

**A**rt-house moviegoers who have seen Jane Campion's ground-breaking film *An Angel at My Table* will remember the heroine with awful clarity: an unprepossessing, fat pubescent with an off-putting frizz of orange hair and a nasty cardigan, trying to conquer her many social disabilities and become the writer Janet Frame. Fans of *Trainspotting* who have checked out its producer-director team's earlier work, *Shallow Grave*, may recall, of the three Glasgow flatmates who bury Keith Allen's dismembered body, the woman called Juliet, who flashes her tits at the camera with splendid unconcern, gets beaten up by averting thugs and tries to abscond with the money at the end. And television viewers with a fondness for Joanna Trollope's novels surely cannot forget the squire's lesbian daughter, Clodagh, in *A Village Affair* (ITV, Easter 1995) who seduces the sweet young *bourgeoisie* played by Sophie Ward, one hot afternoon after she's put the baby off to sleep. Extraordinary to think that all three characters – the shy gawky, the cool ghoul, the sapphic siren – should all have been played by the young women sitting beside me in the empty Circle Bar of the Donmar Warehouse theatre, Covent Garden.



**John Walsh meets Kerry Fox... the 'Shallow Grave' star who gets what she wants**

Kerry Fox is 30, a New Zealander now living in London after years of traversing the globe, chasing work from Australia to Bosnia by way of South Africa and the Philippines. She is blithely insouciant about this restless travelling, as if boxing the hemispheres were a perfectly normal way for a husky young actress to live. Tall and solidly-built, she radiates intelligent self-confidence, with occasional whimsies of incomprehension at one's more pretentious lines of questioning. She is, as everyone points out, neither pretty nor plain but can suggest a creamy sexiness or a threatening nullity just by turning her head. It's all to do with the eyes, which are her best feature. In repose, they're large and unliking; on celluloid, they can flash with a cold, Lamia-like snakeskin or snoulder with calculation.

Ms Fox and Niamh Cusack are currently packing the Donmar stalls for their joint impersonation of *The Maids* in Jean Genet's perverse, mercurial play of that name. Every night, Solange (Fox) and Claire (Cusack) shed their servile encumbrances to act out a series of traumatic relationships – master-slave, mother-child, monster-victim – until the game turns sour and they resolve to kill their worldly employer, played by the gorgeous black actress Josette Simon in figure-hugging *haute couture*. The role of Solange gives Ms Fox a chance to move through a succession of wildly shifting emotional extremes. She can be droopily submissive one moment, and frighteningly belligerent the next, then pathetic and crumpled, then businesslike and homicidal. It is, amazingly, her first-ever appearance on a British stage.

Did she feel that (unlike most critics) she understood what Genet was on about? "I think a lot of people come to the play with preconceived notions, mostly because they're stuck on Sartre's essay, where he says the play was written for men. It just wasn't. Genet turned round after Sartre had written a whole chapter about his theory, and said, 'I never said that.' It's all a myth. But if people come to see it without expectations, they start to see similarities with their own lives and what they've done to other people."

She admits to feeling "completely knackered" after eight performances a week of this shape-changing melodrama in which all the characters are acting other characters all the time. "Often when I'm playing a part, I have an image in my head of what the character's like, I have a picture of her and try to adapt myself to fit it. But in *The Maids*, I had to toss that way of working right out the window. Here, everything comes from the other actor. Whatever you're doing is a direct response to what they've just done. My performance is defined the moment Niamh opens the door [to enter the bedroom, at the beginning of the play]."

She has theories about the characters and their interchangeability, their way of turning into each other and confusing whom they're talking to. Didn't it drive her mad, all this hurrying of iden-

titles? "Well you're obviously baffled about how to take it," says Ms Fox severely. "It's a matter of what seems real to different people. When I've spoken to people in the past who've had delusions, their delusions are very logical and make complete sense". Had she researched the role? "Only to the extent of reading Genet."

She hadn't fancied becoming a paragon of a fortnight? "No. In fact, I kept thinking, I don't know anyone like these women. You just have an image from the TV about how maids should act. But we didn't want to get into that area, that class business."

Being from New Zealand helps, she thinks, to suggest an undercurrent of colonial oppression in the play, as does Niamh Cusack's Irishness. The actresses have clearly become very close, in rehearsing their nightly battles for mastery. "We share a dressing room, so it's very easy to talk about things, if we think something's missing or something's wrong. And we have some wine after each performance and talk about how it went. And there's the accents..." Accents? "Well you wouldn't have noticed," she says, "but we've tried to merge our two accents. Niamh tried to flatten her Irish accent to become more like mine and say 'bid' instead of 'bed', and I've added some of her rhythms, so I say 'Claire' rather than 'Clair'..." And what gets picked out in the reviews? "How New Zealand I sound..." She was originally turned down for the role by the director, John Crowley. "He didn't want to cast me because he thought I was too young. So I had to convince him I said, how could I possibly be too young, that it was up to me and Niamh to play it as if I was older..." And in the end he had to cast me. She lights a cigarette calmly. "You've got to make other people believe in you. You have to say if you really want something."

It's been a curious flight path that's landed this persuasive Kiwi in Covent Garden. She was born in Stubbs Valley, a suburb of Wellington, New Zealand. "Did you see *Heavenly Creatures*? [the movie set in Christchurch, NZ, in the Sixties, in which two schoolgirls murder one of their mothers against an atmosphere of stifling ennui]. It was just like that. I grew up in complete suburbia, a quarter acre of it, surrounded by the bush. There were hills in the background. We could walk to school without any fear of danger." Her family was "very straightforward", her father an accountant for a firm of kitchenware exporters. "He had strong views about behaviour. He'd never shout at anyone, never swear or hit us. He understood that people make mistakes all the time. And he'd avoid confrontation, which is a very New Zealand trait..."

The youngest of four children in a family characterised by shyness, Kerry stuck out as a noisy show-off. "My father told me later, after I'd been to drama school, that I was the bossiest person he'd ever met, and the most aggressive – and I think that stubbornness, and always thinking I'm right, is probably both my best and worst feature." (Kerry, in case you're wondering, was not in *Heavenly Creatures*. She was, she says, "too old" and no amount of acting rhetoric could change that.)

After being involved in drama groups at school, she dropped out of university and embraced the New Zealand Dramas School with rapture. "It changed everything. It was like the opening of my life. That's why I related so much to Janet Frame in *An Angel*, as she finds out she's a writer. I'd done a lot of acting before – but to be with a group of people who spoke the same language as you, and wanted to understand about people in the same way..." She lied, tried stage management, acted in fringe productions, did an ad for the *New Zealand Listener* ("like your Radio Times") and "some terrible auditions" for theatre directors. The prevailing smallness of post-college life might have killed her spirit. But then she read the script of *An Angel at My Table* – "and I knew I could do it, and that I'd have to do a really good job, because if I didn't, it would mean I'd just been wasting my time." Thus Ms Fox sprang, virtually fully-formed, from drama school into moviedom without any of the usual descent interval of juvenile roles in provincial towns followed by crap television sitcoms.



*Angel* was filmed in New Zealand. It, Jane Campion and Ms Fox were loudly praised – but Kerry got no work for a year, as casting directors failed to see beneath the marmalade frizz she'd worn to play Janet Frame. She was rescued by another Antipodean woman director, Gillian (My Brilliant Career) Armstrong, who put her in *The Last Days of Chech Nais*, filmed in Australia, then by Elaine Procter who gave her the lead in *Friends*, a hand-wringing little drama about interracial loyalties, set in South Africa. "Nelson Mandela was out of prison, though not in power, at the time, so the film was already dated when it came out," she says. "I thought some of South Africa was gorgeous, but the people – the way they speak to other people... If they introduced someone, it would be, 'This is so-and-so, his background's Jewish and his family came here in 1947...' There's this baggage of family trees, so people can't relate to each other immediately and directly."

Kerry Fox's big break, however, was meeting Danny Boyle, the Mancunian director. They met in London at her agent's office. Boyle was auditioning actresses for *Mr Wroe's Virgins*, the television version of Jane Rogers' novel about a 19th century preacher with a seraglio of querulous maids. "I knew the one I wanted to play, of the four girls, but he didn't want to offer me it. I said, 'I'm not going to play any of the others.' Eventually, I went back to Australia – and later, he offered me the part I wanted." How did she get her

own way? "By being utterly convinced I'm right." Boyle called her up when he moved on to direct *Shallow Grave*. "When I read the script, I thought, 'I don't wanna do this, it's gratuitously violent,'" she says with distaste. "But at least we tried to make the violence real, not dress it up in stunts, going 'biff' and 'whack!'. I recalled a moment in the film when Ewan McGregor drunkenly sprawls on the floor of a restaurant, with Kerry Fox's shoe grinding into his face, and the camera (shooting from below) captures a snarl of sadism on hers. There's a coincidental echo in *The Maids*, when her character kneels to kiss Niamh Cusack's shoe. Was she drawn towards perversity? There was a long silence. "I'm drawn to oppression and trying to understand how people can be so cruel to each other. I'm trying to expose cruelty, not allow it to be explained away in some mystical fashion..."

She will next be seen on screen in *Welcome to Sarajevo* (to be released in November). Michael Winterbottom's moving record of siege conditions in the Bosnian town, as it was bombed and shot at by its neighbours. "It's shocking about how destructive and violent people can be, but it doesn't glamourise it the way Hollywood likes to. It's more honest." She plays a television producer in the war zone, "who starts out kind of naïve and desperately trying to do the right thing, and has to toughen up, and ends up very bitter and twisted. But the best thing about making the film was watching Stephen Dillane, who plays a war journalist and is really amazing." Fox and the

crew spent a fortnight in Bosnia just days after a wobbly ceasefire was declared. "It was easy to imagine what it must have been like – this really groovy café society. The women were incredible, so big and tall and elegant, while the men just sat around in cafés all day with their kids. You could see the women really ran the show." She sighed. "That's why it's so horrific to see it so devastated."

Meeting the Sarajevans wasn't an entirely happy convergence of moneyed western and war-torn eastern Europe. "Most people paid no attention to us at all. They had far more important things to concern themselves with than a movie. And it's hard to ask people from a war the kind of things you'd like to ask – like 'Did you kill anyone?'. But people wanted the film to be honest about their horrible personal experiences. They wanted the world to understand, so, yeah, they talked to us and told us all the terrible stories..."

Ms Fox's feline eyes flash briefly. For a moment, her chronic diffidence, and her breezy self-confidence about getting what she wants, are invaded by a moment of genuine human sympathy. After 10 years of impersonating awkward misfits, schemers, virgins, seducers, bruised neurotics, embittered media types and murderous domestic, she sounds like she could do with a break from inspecting human misery and cruelty. Is there a comedy out there someone could offer her? *The Maids* is at the Donmar Warehouse, London WC2, to 9 Aug (Booking: 0171-369 1732)

I fear I have two pieces of information for the government's ongoing investigation into museum charges that may not be entirely helpful to supporters of free admission such as the Culture Minister, Chris Smith. (His new official title, Secretary of State for Culture, Media and Sport, takes up too much newsprint.) The much stated and utterly admirable justification for free admission by the National Gallery director Neil MacGregor is that the pictures belong to the nation, therefore the nation cannot be charged to see them.

But how many of the National Gallery's visitors are actually "of the nation", so to speak. Surprisingly, the Gallery has never until now undertaken any research on what percentage comes from



**David Lister arts notebook**

abroad. But I hear that the first research has now been done and the figure is exactly half. It is a statistic that should be made known to the government review on charging.

The second piece of information has also been kept rather quiet. Sir Denis Mahon, the octogenarian benefactor, who has loaned masterpieces

## Goodbye to all VAT

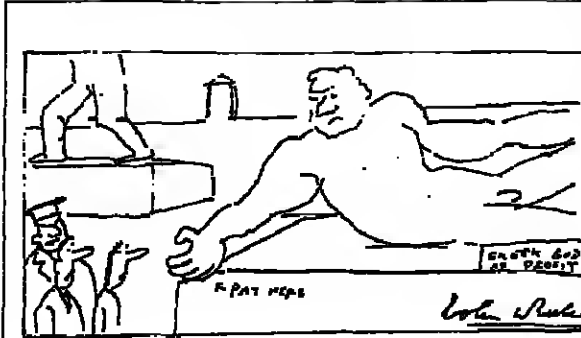
to several galleries and promised the same pictures as bequests on his death, has made it a condition that these galleries do not charge admission. Indeed, the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool has lost three paintings from his collection in the National Gallery of Ireland because they have introduced charges. But I gather that while Sir Denis has loudly insisted on free admission for galleries exhibiting his paintings, no such stipulation has been written into the terms of his bequest. The National Art Collections Fund, which admin-

isters the bequest, would have nowhere to store the paintings for a start. Sources at the Fund are also privately worried that after Sir Denis's death the government will clamp an export stop order on the paintings going to Ireland.

Mr Smith might have chosen to tackle a rather more tricky area than he first believed. One thing he can do, though. End the absurd VAT anomaly, by which museums and galleries that charge admission can claim back the VAT on all their expenses, whereas those that allow free admission cannot. Allowing the National

Gallery to claim back their VAT would give them an extra £1m a year. A simple remedy, which would neatly avoid grappling with more difficult philosophical issues such as finding out and publicly stating who our museum and gallery visitors actually are.

An etiquette problem for actors: when on a TV chat show to plug a playdo you tell a famous interviewer she doesn't know her *Endgame* from her elbow. Or do you politely nod and drink your tea? Ben Kingsley was the guest on the *Richard and Judy*



show to plug the new production of *Waiting for Godot*. Judy was chuffed because she had studied *Godot* for A-level, but didn't understand why Sir Peter Hall's production did not have the characters in dustbins. Mr Kingsley could have pointed out that that was

another play; he could have mused on A-level English teaching. But, a scholar of actorly etiquette, he simply poured himself another cup.

Postmodernism has few champions as redoubtable as Professor Simon Frith, professor of

English at Strathclyde University and the leading academic specialising in rock music. (He must explain one day why rock and pop come under the English department rather than music, electronics or gender studies.) Anyway, Professor Frith is chairman of the Mercury Music Prize, which has included the Spice Girls on its shortlist. Professor Smith, or Bratney Spice as he may henceforth be called in Glasgow, now says he would readily lecture to students on the girls' significance in the evolution of pop. The music industry trade journal *MusiC Week* meanwhile pontificates that giving the Mercury to the Spice Girls would be like giving the Booker to Jilly Cooper. Rubbish. Jilly Cooper would never get on the curriculum at Strathclyde.



# arts & books

Best of the summer fiction  
with Mary Flanagan and  
Joanna Briscoe.....6, 7  
In praise of the Jack  
London.....8  
Paperbacks.....8

## Howling across the borderline

Phil Johnson meets Jeff Nuttall, Sixties survivor and enduringly cherubic icon of the confrontationalist avant-garde

In his latest exhibition of landscape paintings, whose surfaces are raised into the third dimension by stuffed nylon appendages – sometimes suggesting a hill or a hedge, sometimes a limb or an intestinal tract – it's perhaps possible to read the whole of Jeff Nuttall's rumbustious career. They aim, he writes in a statement accompanying the exhibition, "to synthesise a vocabulary of gross eroticism with a full-blooded baroque romanticism". In their swollen forms, you can almost see the rubicund, air-blowing cheeks and Michelin-man body of a libidinous cherub. And you can detect the vestiges of a cherub in the appearance of Nuttall himself, too, despite the ravages of time.

Writer, painter, polemicist, founder of the pioneer performance art group The People Show, author of the Sixties text *Bomb Culture*, peripatetic jazz cornet player and all-round Bohemian survivor, Nuttall is still – in his sixties – a rude and potent force. His boozey cupid's features, generous belly and sly, lifted eyebrows have recently helped win him a new career as a character actor in television comedies such as *Lenny Henry's Chef*, *All Quiet on the Western Front* and *Men Behaving Badly*; he was even type-cast as Friar Tuck in the movie *Robin Hood*. "For an actor, being fat has enormous advantages," he says. "Acting is such a vain profession; almost everyone is thin, which leaves room for me." The work gives him plenty of time for painting and writing back at his home in Abergavenny, near to the Welsh border country where he spent his childhood.

Nuttall has always had a day job. For many years he was a teacher and lecturer, beginning in secondary schools and ending up as head of fine art at Liverpool Polytechnic, before taking early retirement in 1984.

His career in education was at least as radical as his work in the parallel worlds of art, theatre and literature, favouring methods that were often wilfully unconventional. My father-in-law was taught art by him at a secondary school in East Finchley in the Sixties, and he recalls Nuttall putting him in a waste-paper basket when he disapproved of a drawing he was

doing. "Oh, yes," says Nuttall. "I used to do that quite a lot. I suppose I'd be put in prison for it now. I also used to get the misy children to put their heads inside their desks, but one day I unknowingly picked up a boy who had claustrophobia and it gave him a terrible migraine. The next day, I was playing the piano in the lunch break when the boy's father came in, and slammed the lid down on my fingers."

Years later, he was beaten up by a posse of feminists after trying to console one of them by putting an arm around her shoulders. Trouble with women has been, you feel, a constant thread in his life and work. At Leeds Polytechnic in the Seventies, he was, he says, always getting arrested for scandalising people with his confrontational, and occasionally obscene, performance art shows. He also used to teach his students to stalk people, as an exercise in alienation. "All my life I've been in trouble about obscenity, but I'm interested in the obscene for many reasons," he says, as we talk in the parkland outside the marvellous new gallery in Ebbw Vale that is home to his exhibition.

"We're all of us turned on by the obscene," Nuttall says. "It's a root element in eroticism, but why is it obscene? Why are we not allowed to see it or say it? There are good reasons for this, because we don't control it, and I'm interested in obscenity precisely because of that. The paintings in my exhibition are paintings of energy, pre-ethical, pre-social energy, and their political message is that we have to accommodate this, and that our social structure will start to work only when we do."

Though he has been a dedicated and confrontational avant-gardist all his life, Nuttall is beginning to mellow at last, able to see the craft of a well-made play by Terence Rattigan or a painting by Sickert; even the virtues of John Betjeman are beginning to take hold, which is somewhat shocking for someone schooled, as he says, in the impeccably impenetrable prose of Isidore Ducasse, the 19th-century ancestor of Surrealism. The current exhibition, which is built upon a series of drawings of the border hill country, has also given him a rare glimpse of joy. "I've been active in a time when a cer-

tain kind of insanity has been the norm, and I must say that making these drawings has represented a most serene and marvellous happiness, something I've almost never felt before, a sense of supernatural well-being. I'd always seen the lyrical, romantic element in my work as something separate and opposite to the aggressive element, and I suddenly saw that they could be resolved. It's like Samuel Palmer, but Palmer married to Hans Bellmer [the Surrealist creator of auto-erotic dolls], or John Masefield married to Bataille."

As a leading light of the London underground movement in the Sixties and early Seventies, Nuttall found himself pioneering performance art with The People Show, and helping to create an alternative tradition in poetry that was opposed to the metropolitan bias of the "official" canon. This continual opposition, and the context of "Bomb Culture", which engendered it, may have been, he feels now, a kind of glorious mistake. "People of my age have spent the whole of their adult lives under the probability of nuclear holocaust," he says. "For a long time it seemed that it was going to happen and that one was living in, as it were, the last days. And that licensed me to do something dreadful... to make something happen. There was the sense that we had to do something quick, violent, makeshift and new. The times weren't conducive to intelligence, but to a kind of mental disturbance. There was a sense of hysteria – and hysteria is not strange to my work. A poem such as *Howl*, a novel such as *The Naked Lunch*, a painter like Francis Bacon, musicians such as Archie Shepp and

Charles Mingus – everywhere there seemed to be a real shrieking and a howling. Then rock music was created as a playground where people could howl as hard as they liked, and it could still be sold. So now we have poor old Richey Edwards [the missing member of Welsh pop group Manic Street Preachers] – wherever he is – hacking his arms up; all those obliging suicides, but without the creativity of Edith Piaf or Billie Holiday, or Charlie Parker, or Antonin Artaud, who, without any of that extreme creativity, have felt themselves obliged to commit themselves to a course of very public self-destruction. So maybe all that hysteria was a very bad period, and maybe my work is less honourable than I hope it is, because of a mistake in the historical assessment of my time."

Some of Nuttall's feelings about what has happened since are contained in a manuscript for a new book, *The Degradation of Awareness*, that has been doing the rounds of various publishers but has yet to find a home.

Meanwhile, he cultivates his garden back in Abergavenny. "What I'm going to do now, I don't know and I don't much care. I shall continue to blow a little jazz and when I get an idea for something to write, I'll write it," he says. He's a member of the Abergavenny Writers' Collective, which organises readings and criticises each other's work. "It's local and very provincial, but I like that," he says. "After all, Erik Satie sat in his local town council."

Jeff Nuttall's paintings are on show at the Westland Centre, Festival Park, Ebbw Vale (01495 350010) to 28 July



Maybe it was all just one big mistake: Jeff Nuttall at home on the borders (above) and breaking the bounds of performance with The People Show (top) ROBERT STRATTON

## Why sign it all away?

OPERA Dokumentation | Almeida Theatre, London

Helmut Oehring was born in 1961 in what was then East Berlin. Both his parents are deaf, and his first language was sign-language. He says he became a composer, at the age of 23, after years of obsession with rock music and jazz. "by a number of coincidences and nasty accidents". For him, "the starting point of every sound is a corresponding movement... In a sense, all the music I compose is film music, a soundtrack for a film that isn't shown." He says he "feels like a handicapped film-maker". Sign-language itself is used in some 20 per cent of his compositions.

The British premiere of Oehring's *Dokumentation I* (1993-1996) was brought to the Almeida on Thursday in a new production mixing German and British performers; it is directed by Andreas Morell and conducted by Roland Kluge. Lasting barely 50 minutes, this performance borrows the floor cross and some of the visual technology used in the theatre's current production of *The Cenci*, placing around it a small instrumental ensemble.

Three deaf actresses – Gabriele Arndt, Gerlinde Deml and Christina Schöfelde

– play out a kind of abstract mime, their simultaneous threesome using sign-language and occasionally speaking as well. Either side of the stage stand a boy treble (David Newman) and a counter-tenor (Nicholas Clapton), who sing and speak in English, with a little German thrown in, and who also make gestural contributions of their own. A screen shows hands clapping, faces in close-up, a child playing, a lot of car journeys.

The music – frequently highly dissonant, sometimes sharp and acrid, sometimes obsessively rhythmic, occasionally rock-based, and employing various extended instrumental techniques – often sounds like a horror-movie soundtrack. There are also some very nasty electronic noises, some of them vocally based. While the composer's imagination occasionally proves vivid, the soundscape is scarcely engrossing.

One can appreciate why Oehring has become something of a darling of the Continental European new-music scene in the past few years. But, for me, *Dokumentation I* was highly frustrating. We were told the work has no narrative, which should have freed

it up to become a play of abstractions both literal and metaphorical. The staging, however, is perfunctory; the use of film and lighting amateurish and boring, not least by comparison with the splendid vistas offered in *The Cenci*. Though appreciating the beauty of its gestures, I am unable to read sign-language and admittedly missed an important dimension of the experience: there are, seemingly, few connections between actresses and singers on any level. But even the singers' spoken passages are often drowned out by the instrumental ensemble. I picked out only fragments: about hospital, blood pressure, injuries, some jejune philosophising.

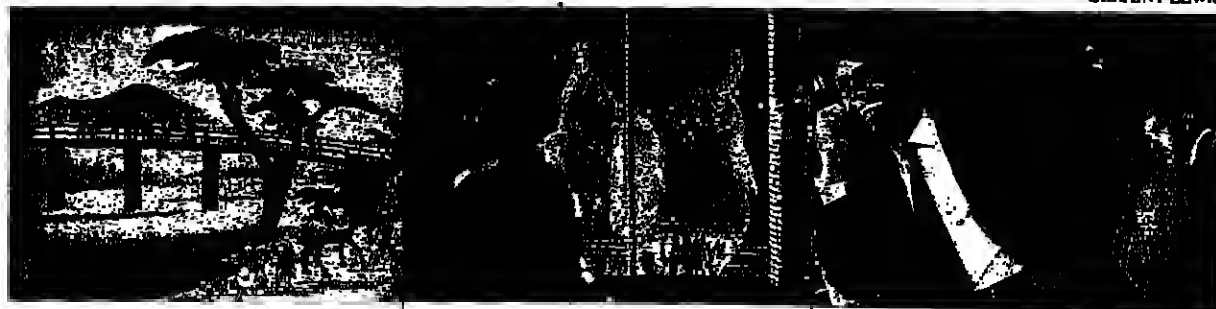
Of course all this obscurity and perhaps deliberate masking could have been contributing to some kind of allegory of communication, or rather the lack of it. But I learnt at least as much about the evident joys and sorrows experienced by people with hearing disabilities by sitting in the bar beforehand, alone and uncomprehending in a world of signers, as I did from Oehring's *Dokumentation I*.

Keith Potter

### On the Arts pages on Monday

Robert Cowan visits Terezin, the Jewish ghetto where music flourished in the shadow of the Nazi gas chambers  
Stephen Johnson reports on the First Night of the Proms

### David Benedict WEEK IN REVIEW



GERAINT LEWIS

overview

critical view

our view on view

#### THE EXHIBITION Hiroshige

"Images of Mist, Rain, Moon and Snow", a bicentenary retrospective of the woodcuts and prints of the Japanese artist Hiroshige, who specialised in stylised, abstracted landscapes collected by, and a great influence upon, Van Gogh and any number of impressionists.

Tom Lubbock admired the pictures which "each come with their distinct and piquant illumination... and yet no general light falls in any particular direction... that's Hiroshige's trick". "His daring sometimes makes him seem nearer to our era than his own, even though this exemplary show discloses the full extent of his roots in an immemorial Asian past," raved *The Times*. "Approaching the landscape in a spirit of tenderness and humility, he is the poet of ephemeral things," sang the *Telegraph*. "A designer of genius. It is his lack of sincerity that is sometimes confusing... they were always intended for popular consumption. The aura of hushed preciousness that now surrounds them at the Royal Academy is bogus," opined *The Sunday Times*.

At the Royal Academy, London W1 (0171-439 7438) until 28 Sept.

An artist of atmospheres, occasionally unclear to the Western eye, but illuminating in every sense.

#### THE FILM The Lost World

Follow-up to dino-drama *Jurassic Park* and the only Spielberg sequel to have been directed by the man himself. Goldblum and Attenborough are back plus billions of bucks worth of special-effect dinosaurs, Julianne Moore and Pete Postlethwaite. Photographed by Kaminski who shot *Schindler's List*.

Adam Mars-Jones was unimpressed by "a sequel with more than its fair share of *déjà-vu*". "Spielberg's lost it, and so have the movie-goers who paid \$90m to see it on the first four days," spat *The Spectator*. "Its direction amounts to unremitting crisis management," scoffed the *Standard*. "Logic is out to lunch... There is inanity, but moments of genius too," conceded the *FT*. "Been there, done that. One almost yawns," sniffed *The Times*. "Profoundly slick," grimaced *The Guardian*. "The comy, muddled eco-message is pap," rumbled *Time Out*. "An extended fright-ride," admitted the *Telegraph*. "Among the grossest, not to mention goriest and most sadistic films ever to have been awarded a PG certificate," fulminated the *New Statesman*.

Cert PG, 129 mins, at a cinema near you, if you must.

Spielberg has slipped from inspiring awe to "aw, shucks". *The Lady and the Tramp* has fewer animals but is more fun.

#### THE PLAY Chimps

Gemma Bodinetz directs Simon Block's new comedy with Nicholas Woodson and Fraser James as shark-like salesmen who move in for the kill on Darren Tighe and Ashley Jensen, an illustrator and a graphic designer who have just moved into a new home and have a baby on the way.

David Benedict thoroughly enjoyed a "marvellously played... very funny play" with its "thrillingly unbearable" tension. "The climactic scene, waves of dark comedy cascading, has all the excitement of a violent sporting event," cheered the *Standard*. "Fast, darkly funny and blessed with terrific dialogue (but) a weary feeling of *déjà-vu*," equivocated the *Telegraph*. "Block is destined for great things... put me in a such a state of anxiety it took real effort not to leap on stage," gasped *The Times*. "A deceptive piece about more than its surface themes... tightens like a vice in a superbly performed production," exclaimed the *Ham & High*. "Trundles on, with mildly amusing diversions, mostly provided by Mr Woodson," mused the *Mail*.

At Hampstead Theatre, London NW3 (0171-722 9301) until 16 Aug.

Less of a situation-comedy, more a ruthlessly funny situation-nightmare. A hit? A dead cert. It's as safe as houses.

EXCELLENT

GOOD

OK

POOR

DEADLY

KEY



The guru and the California girl: Ravi Shankar with his daughter Anoushka  
PHOTOGRAPH: DAVID ROSE

# Lucky chants

Flower-power guru Ravi Shankar has put the Sixties behind him. So why is George Harrison producing his new album and editing his autobiography? By Spencer Bright

Flower power, hippies, the Swinging Sixties. Ravi Shankar – the names are forever linked. The fans wanted to turn on his sitar music, but he felt only repugnance for them and their disrespectful ways. He hated it when they addressed him – guru and maestro – as “Hi, Ravi” or “Hi, Rav”, and in the end he dropped out, disappearing during the Seventies precisely so that he could escape his decadent followers.

Now he is back, preparing to appear at the Womad festival as part of a 16-week tour, but, at 77, pacing his life more carefully after undergoing a quadruple heart bypass.

He lives most of the year now in a glorious home near San Diego, with his wife Sukanya and their 16-year-old daughter Anoushka. He has always been a beautiful man, though now he is frail, his thick black locks have thinned and greyed, his cheeks have sunk, though his jawline is still strong. He talks animatedly and gestures gracefully with his hands and arms, his movements are measured and he is certainly not decrepit.

He turns down more concerts than he feels able to carry out, but the work load is still heavy. He has a new album, *Chants of India*, coming out at the beginning of September, and comprising his own original compositions based upon the traditional chants and ancient prayers and mantras of his homeland. Produced by ex-Beatle George Harrison, and commissioned by Steve Murphy of Angel Records – the company that brought you the multi-million-selling album of Gregorian chant by the monks of Santo Domingo de Silos – it aims to do for Indian chant what the Spanish Benedictines did for liturgical plainsong. He also has an autobiography, *Raga Mala*, coming out this autumn in a limited edition, complete with accompanying two-CD set.

He may be trying to pace his life better in order to preserve it, but it still sounds as if he's got a lot left that he wants to squeeze in. Does he think about death? “Now more so, because I am getting older to it. But for many years I over thought of it. It is one of those things that is bound to happen to everyone.”

“I have no fear of death at all,” he continues, “excepting that, like everyone else, I guess, I don't want to suffer physically. I would like to keep it at bay for a while because of her,” he gestures to his daughter Anoushka, sitting by his side, “and to some extent because of certain unfinished things that I feel I would like to complete.” Among those are having *Chants of India* performed live, composing a few more hallels and operas based on Indian mythology, and passing on the mantle of sitar maestro to Anoushka.

Shankar has released more than 65 albums but feels that *Chants of India* is “one of the most meaningful things I have done”. It's also one of the most unusual because, except for

some strumming, there is hardly any sitar on it. There is, though, a choir of 12 or 15 voices, and a musical backdrop made up of traditional Indian and a few Western instruments. The result, the Indian equivalent of Western plainsong, is subtle and spiritual; it has a calming quality. Shankar finds music more spiritually rewarding than he does religious ritual. He is reluctant to talk about it but admits to having had mystical experiences in the course of creating *Chants of India*.

Has he ever gone into a trance-like state? “I consider all this very personal but, as you ask, I can tell you that I have – more through my music, when I am performing, than when I am sitting and meditating.”

Is he holy? “Very unholy.” Then he retracts. “No, no. I think I am in the middle path, but slightly tilted towards the holy feelings at least. Being in this world, witnessing everything, it is very difficult to feel holy constantly. I am very much a see-saw, I go from one extreme to the other. Sometimes worldly and sometimes I feel ‘What's the use of all this?’ Very extreme feelings.”

Unlike too many supposedly pious people, he admits to his failings. That only enhances the aura of spirituality that surrounds him. As India's greatest ambassador of culture through the mystical power of the sitar, he has sought to spread the message of his music despite mailings from “so-called cultured people who have positions and talk of tradition not knowing anything about it.”

His association with George Harrison, who incorporated the sitar and raga rhythms and melodies into his song-writing for The Beatles, was the catalyst for Shankar's burst of Sixties super-stardom (although he had already enjoyed a successful career in the West, including collaborations and friendship with Yehudi Menuhin). The relationship with Harrison has endured and, except for a period of severance in the Seventies, deepened.

“George, since the day I met him, was a very introverted and very spiritual person. He was a young boy and very superficial, with a very child-like groping. Now he is very mature. He has studied and has such a deep love for our old culture, the Vedic culture especially.”

Their collaborations have included the Concert for Bangladesh in 1971, the first major fund-raising rock concert. Harrison co-produced the four-CD box set *In Celebration* to celebrate Shankar's 75th birthday and also edited Shankar's autobiography, as well as enthusiastically embracing production of *Chants of India*, which was recorded partly in India, partly at Harrison's country home.

“We have become so close really. It's a beautiful relation-

ship – like a father / son, guru / disciple – and we laugh and have fun so much together.”

The guru / disciple roles are reversed, however, whenever they go into the recording studio. “When we were mixing the sound, I let him lead because that is something which he has so much experience in, but composition-wise I made all the decisions. In fact it was my idea to utilise him, though not in a major way, just as part of the chorus, using some strums of the acoustic guitar or just a few notes on the vibraphone or auto harp.”

Shankar would like to see *Chants of India* performed live, although neither he nor Harrison would be among its performers, much as Harrison would like to be. “There comes the catch. If it is George, then the attraction becomes George Harrison being there, and it loses its whole approach. George doesn't want to exploit that. It's not fair to him either as such a famous musician and neither is it fair to the production.”

Shankar has been comfortable in the role of guru and father. His early experiences of the loss of his own father made him more detached than he feels he should have been. His father Pandit Dr Shyam Shankar, a once-wealthy landowner, left his family in poverty in India to come to the West, where he studied at the bar in London, taught Indian philosophy at Columbia University, and eventually became a member of the Privy Council.

For years Ravi had a low opinion of his father, although they eventually became reconciled. “I connected later on and maybe spent a few weeks with him. I really found him not to be the person that I thought he was. I didn't have a very good opinion about him, but the whole world respected him, he was such a learned person, wise person, a good person.”

“He was a very detached person. He was many things but never took anything for a long time and never made any money.” Shankar's surrogate father was his sitar guru, Baba Allaudin Khan. “I found my father actually in my guru, he gave me that love when I went to him and met him.” He married his

guru's daughter Annapurna Devi and they had one son, Shubhendra, who died in his forties leaving two children.

The detachment inherited from Ravi Shankar's father stayed with him. “I am sorry to say I am very detached in that way. I mean I have all the love, but I have never been able to be like a normal person because from very early childhood I have been a nomad – travelling and hotel rooms have been like my home. Only in the last few years I am feeling those things that I lost.”

The transformation has come about through the love of his wife Sukanya, 55 years his junior, and Anoushka. He is making up for the time he failed to spend with Anoushka in her first seven years after she was born and brought up alone by Sukanya in London's Willesden Green. Sukanya was in a previous marriage when she met Ravi Shankar and became his mistress. Their affair was revealed by an Indian magazine under the headline “How love conquered lust?”

They moved in together and married when Anoushka was eight and a half, moving to India for two years, then back to London for a year, before settling in California for his health. Anoushka has now become a hit of a California girl – at least her accent has, though she has agreed not to have any boyfriends until she is 17 or 18, only going out with boys in groups. You can see the devotion to her father in her eyes.

“I am working very hard with her. I wish she could work as hard as I want her to, but you know how difficult it is for a kid of 16, going to school and being a teenager, and she's also doing piano, Western music, so, poor thing, I feel sorry for her, because it's really very much strain on her and she's now touring with me. Being a teanager and being in California is very very difficult. But we have tried to maintain a balance and she is a very wise girl and I have tremendous admiration for her.”

Ravi Shankar appears this Friday at the Womad Festival, Reading. Booking: 01225 74449



Stephen Willats's 'Going Home' (detail): snapshots of urban life blitz us with data

## Reality bytes

ART Stephen Willats Victoria Miro Gallery, Cork Street, London

For more than 30 years, Stephen Willats's ethnological art has explored the politics of perception, the ways in which our social spaces and rituals are constructed and experienced. Willats has produced works on an Ipswich housing estate, neighbourhoods around Nottingham, and a tower block in west London. With the veneer of structuralist anthropology that is underpinned by a conception of the world as a flux rather than static, his work explores the different ways in which we make complex, creative decisions in everyday situations.

On one occasion, I found myself caked in mud in a field in Rowdon, Essex. *Taking the Short Cut*, Willats's resulting piece, was simply a map and a series of interviews with the locals about how they perceived and used a shortcut. This unofficial route that people had created for themselves traversed the two landscapes of their community: the commuter-belt village and the surrounding farm land.

“Street Talk” at the Victoria Miro Gallery includes a simulated walk called *Freezone*. Like much of Willats's work, it offers visual models of how we map reality. Two computer consoles (futuristic circa 1970) are separated by large panels on which a thesaurus of possible responses are available to problems presented on the screen. On the screen a scenario appears, involving different

symbolic groups of people in a series of situations. A photo of, say, a group standing outside a shop is surrounded by nine blocks of data, for example a weather report, an overheard conversation and a cigarette packet on the pavement. In order to navigate your way from Edgware Road to Oxford Circus, you have to agree with the person on the other console about how the people in the photo feel in this situation. Choosing a word from the thesaurus, you punch in the response. You have six opportunities to agree with your partner on the nature of each open-ended representation.

A philosopher once remarked that the sad thing about artificial intelligence is that it is neither artificial nor intelligent. Willats's *Freezone* is genuinely interactive, the way that society and everyday life is, and information technology geographically isn't. It offers an instructive model of how we negotiate reality collectively. That said, I did the simulated walk with my 15-year-old brother and found myself being dragged down Bond Street by a febrile teenager, only too willing to concede to his perceptions.

The accompanying exhibits *Going Home* and *Taking a Walk* are photoworks that similarly explore how we organise and process information. For *Going Home*, Willats asked eight people to film specific items en route to the Tube: people and

the space between them; people and their objects; and institutional signs like underground directions. Willats chops up the film and places each still into a grid. The result confounds the assumption of travel as a purely passive journey, demonstrating an everyday activity as kinetic, fluid and dynamic.

The stills all surround a quotation that is a pastiche of a philosopher's observation on the nature of reality. Like the following burp of pseudo-McLuhan, “What new role is created for you, the media message being applied to all your senses of perception, through the creation of this environmental wrapping.” Each piece is a snapshot of urban life as a sensorium of images – blurring, prodding and kneading us with data. Both *Going Home* and *Taking a Walk* have the sheen of scientific cartography, the way in which space is represented as flat through mathematical models. But Willats's maps are more like the spatial stories of medieval maps that represented space via icons surrounded by their legends. If, as geographer Michel de Certeau once remarked, “history begins with footsteps at ground level”, “Street Talk” suggests that Willats is a true historian of the pedestrian.

At the Victoria Miro Gallery, 21 Cork St, London W1 to 1 Aug (0171-734 5082)

John O'Reilly

## Back to Liffey, back to reality

POP Sinead O'Connor Olympia Theatre, Dublin

There is a ripple of muted applause. Several minutes' ovatory bliss from the full-house audience of her first Irish show in two and a half years have brought Sinead O'Connor back to the stage where she has just played the show of her life. And she has, perhaps inevitably, said something controversial. “This,” she says, with awareness and confidence, “is for anyone wishing to, or trying to, give up drug-taking.” The ghost of Britpop wheezes in the excesses of Columbia, raises two fingers to the world for old times' sake, and disappears up its own backside.

A truly wonderful evening draws to a close with the cathartic but hymnally gracious “I Am Not Enough” from the recent *Gospel Oak* EP, sliding into Bob Marley's “Redemption Song” and disappearing into the Celtic mist with “(S)he Moved Through the Fair”. The song is a vaguely mystical, over-familiar old warhorse, long grazing on the verges of parody but still fundamentally good – embracing angst and a generosity of spirit in equal measure. It's built to last. There is an obvious parallel, in all of this, to O'Connor herself. For the girl who used to bring her dirty linen to the laundry of the world's media has finally sorted herself out. Motherhood and love, as the content of both *Gospel Oak* and the *Universal*

*Mother* album suggest, have a lot to do with it, but no more so than simply growing up. We should forgive her the public nature of that process, for was there ever great art without pain? And at the heart of it all, as tonight proved, Sinead O'Connor is a singer, songwriter, artist and entertainer of world-class stature.

Using a six-piece band, in which pastoral cello and thick, sinewy dub-style bass loomed largest, O'Connor said little but smiled lots and exuded a mixture of relief and exhilaration at the overwhelming warmth of her reception. She reciprocated with a taut, finely-hooded set that, almost without exception, filtered her best material from recent years. Why do people feel the need to prate about with giant lemons and postmodern vacuity when there is still life in the old dog of passion, pure and simple? O'Connor has struck a balance between baring her soul and doing so in the context of pop music. Towering monoliths of dance / rock like “The Thief of Your Heart” and “Fire on Babylon” contrasted delicate, simple songs like “John I Love You”. If the four new songs of *Gospel Oak* are perhaps a touch too fey in this way, the new song not included on it – “not for practical reasons, I just hadn't finished it” – promises much. “My Hard Englishman” is, in fact, a



Phoenix from the flames: Sinead O'Connor, older, wiser and not half bad

beautiful, understated treatment of Ireland's centuries-old grievances with England. Lyrically, it is a mark of her increasing maturity both as a writer and as a celebrity with a platform to voice her views. Throughout the set, she flattered the four girls from her support

band the Screaming Orphans on harmonious vocals. It was a generous and inspired pairing with a group whose own songs and performance displayed all the facets of a real musical find waiting to happen.

Colin Harper

## Dial M for Mamet

THEATRE From Both Hips Project The Mint, Dublin

With his blithe propensity for perversity and menace, 26-year-old playwright Mark O'Rourke has certainly attracted his champions – in particular the film, TV and theatre director Gerry Stembridge, who directed a rehearsed reading of his *The Aspidochelone* at the Peacock recently. Now, director Jim Cullen's *Fishamble* company, recently reformulated from Pigsback (who, under Cullen's direction, developed Joseph O'Connor's *Red Roses and Penob*), deliver O'Rourke's latest script: a clever, biting little entertainment of absurdist anxiety, set in a trio of suburban living-rooms linked by telephones, violence and sexual intrigue.

The scenario itself – an oddly structured sequence of hackily comic, twisting subplots – dawds gradually through a suspenseful scatter

of *verité* conversational noise and Mamet-style staccato *non-sequiturs*. A working-class Dublin crime reporter for the *Echo* (a hazing Gerard Carey) has just been released from hospital, having been shot twice in the hip by a guilt-riddled and therapy-tormented drug squad police officer.

The showdown between the two steamrolls through the foolish flutter of the female characters: the cop's keen but masterfully supportive wife (Catherine Walsh), and the chaotic flock of women that gathers round the lame and loudly complaining macho reporter. Although the cautionary dramatic ironies of the male characters are a central concern, the female characters are alarmingly weaker – wry observational-comedy stereotypes who almost hail from another genre of flailing satire. Yet, if the characters seem unlikely in their actions and

nature, they are united in a spiralling absurdism. There is a constant knife-edge balance between the hilariously redundant interchanges and the threat of on-stage violence, but ultimately the comedic reality-distortions triumph.

It's a highly engaging production, with Jim Cullen ploughing much of his resources into casting, and his directorial energies into pacing the rapid-fire interchanges. Sometimes a firmer use of the blue pencil might have keyed up the march of the plot; but this is an enviable showcase for O'Rourke's unflinching and undeniably staccato. His cruel vivisection of human foibles provides for many an evil belly-laugh. *From Both Hips* runs to 26 July (00353-1-67123210). It transfers to the Tron Theatre, Glasgow from 30 July to 10 Aug

Mic Moroney

Hayward Gallery

1888

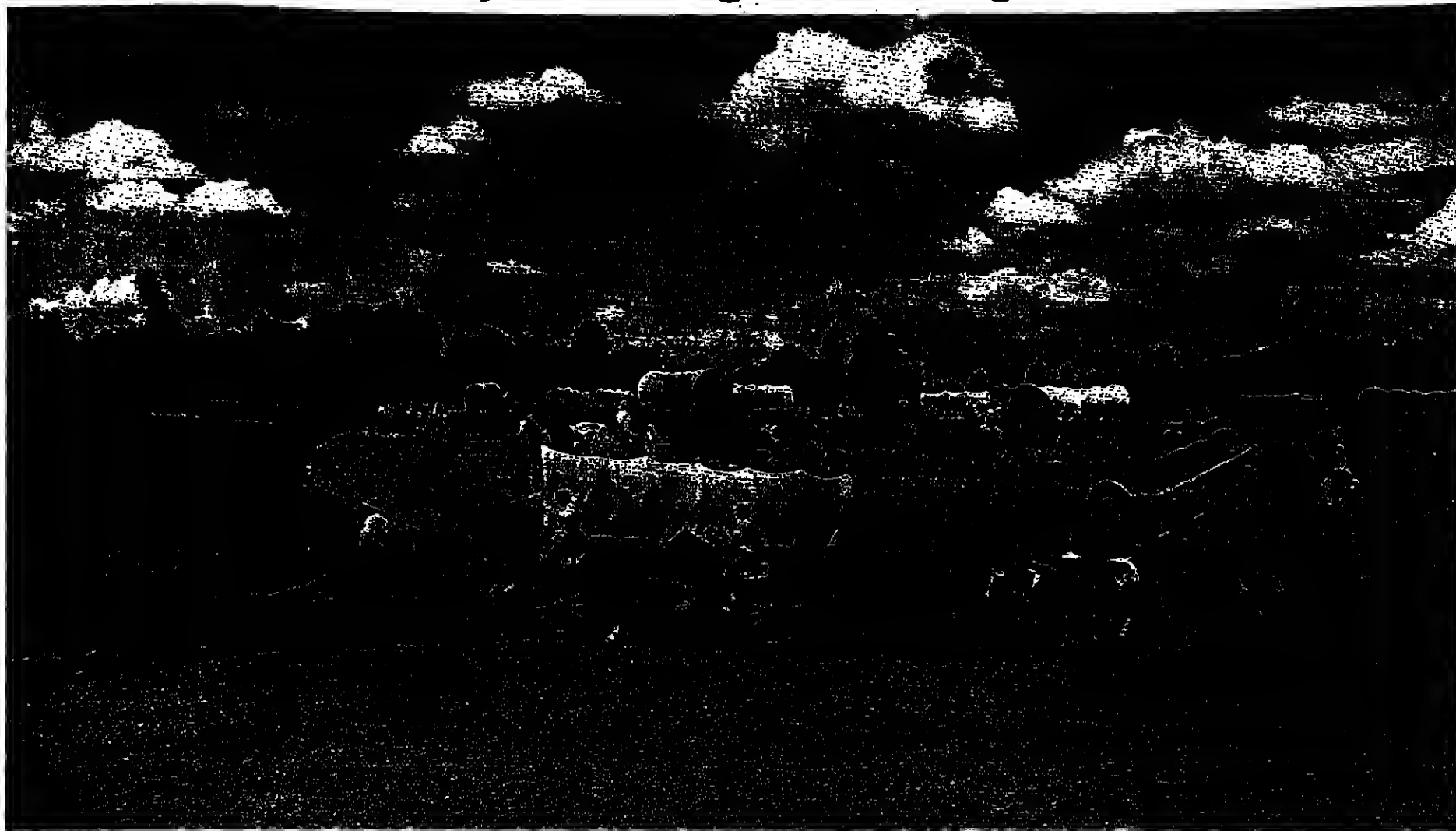
Tatsuo Miyajima

19 June – 17 August 1997

From 30 July to 10 Aug



Nick Kimberley seeks insight from the great outdoors



Wagon train of thought: the vast American landscape has spawned the novelistic equivalent of John Ford's Westerns

PHOTOGRAPH: KOBAL

## High peaks and tall tales

Cold Mountain by Charles Frazier  
Sceptre, £10

The thing about the United States is there is just so much there. It goes on forever on a scale most Brits can only imagine, or read about in books. If we think of contemporary American fiction as predominantly urban, there remains a flourishing literature of landscape, space and distance, the novelistic equivalent of John Ford's Westerns, in which the relationship between people and land is half symbiosis, half battle to the death. This can easily become sentimental Sierra Clubism, with beauty and grandeur merely serving as backdrop to the search for self. But in the work of a Thomas McGuane or a Jim Harrison, landscape brings scale, a sense of human tidiness and absurdity. Indeed, McGuane is one of the few comic landscape writers - which isn't to say that he finds the American landscape funny. On the other hand, a writer such as Cor-

mac McCarthy makes landscape and distance irreducibly terrifying elements that return humans to their bestial state.

It's clear that Charles Frazier has read his Cormac McCarthy. There is the same fondness for circumlocutions, for archaic words, for phrases with the cadences of some Southern Baptist's hell-fire sermon: "Country of will and salvage, sump of the continent. A myriad slough, and he could take little more of it." There you have that sense of the land's oppressive gravity, crushing those at life's sharpest edge.

This is Frazier's first novel, and it's not short on ambition. It's set during the American Civil War but, although Frazier isn't troubled by the political details, he's not much concerned with exhuming history. What the war gives him is a huge quantity of suffering and cruelty: the ground to nurture his own variations on the Country Boy-meets-City Girl story.

A soldier called Inman, having suffered nearly fatal injuries at Fredericksburg, becomes

a deserter by hopping through the hospital window and setting off back to Cold Mountain in North Carolina. There he hopes to find Ada, the city slicker he loves, now forced to learn country ways when her father dies.

Frazier signals his Transcendentalist ambitions by giving Ada a horse called Ralph and a cow called Waldo, and his Homeric affinities by having Ada read from the *Odyssey*. Such details can seem ponderous and presumptuous, but this is a first novel: let's give the guy a break. He deserves it.

Inman's journey to Cold Mountain is riddled with chance encounters, dalliances with soothsayers, fools and sages who hold him back while teaching him some extra detail about life and his place in it. A few of these characters might come straight from Central Casting (the errant preacher, the randy hillbilly girl), but each is rich with imagined particularity.

Back home, Ada learns the wisdom of the land, affording Frazier plenty of opportunities

to indulge in that kind of pseudo-poetry that consists of a litany of pretty plant names: "Goldenrod and joe-pye weed and snakeroot blossomed tall along the fence rails".

For those of us for whom the local garden centre is quite close enough to wilderness, this can become tiresome, but Frazier earns our indulgence. He convinces us that, despite the hardship and brutality, this is a place where life's truest values hold sway, and where experience is real, immediate and present. That, too, can seem sentimental, as if truth is the prerogative of those with calloused hands and sore backs, but Frazier's telling encourages us to put our doubts to one side.

The easiest thing to say about a first novel is what's wrong with it: too derivative, too long, too portentous, too much going on, not enough happening. You could say all of that about *Cold Mountain*, but you'd be missing its narrative vigour, its very real vision of humanity on the brink. In the end, that counts for more.

## Some questions of attribution

Peter Bottomley enjoys a thoughtful mystery that blends artefacts and ancestry

The Dancing Face by Mike Phillips  
Collins Crime, £15.99

Gus Dixon, a lecturer, is the central character in this crime novel for thinking readers. Mike Phillips, who previously wrote a series of thrillers featuring the black journalist Sam Dean, could be placed between David Cante and Jeffrey Archer as a skilled creator of street-

level relationships that revolve around crime. With subdued sex and some natural four-letter language, his hooks could help move detective-story buyers forward to well-constructed literature.

This mystery shows the fate of a stolen African mask, as student Danny Dixon is drawn into the plot by brother Gus. The well-drawn cast of characters face the past rather than reliving it. Gus had joined the Committee for Reparations in Africa against his better judgement, and grew disillusioned with their activities. He is tempted to direct action. In contrast to useless plans described by a powerful Nigerian exile: "Look around you," he said softly. "All of these people have plans. Some of them live on the Arts Council. Some of them live on the dole. They join committees, they make plans and what they get is a few crumbs off the white man's table."

Mike Phillips is firmly with the Establishment and alongside it. He recently completed a writer's residency at the South Bank: the place to realise that, in this country, his of tradition, art or religion can be used with confidence. In contrast, he asserts that in Africa, the disasters of the past may be imposed on the present. He also declares that things built in Africa don't last: "Unlike England they never build them right in the first place."

Phillips notes the formation, deformation and reformation of nations, sometimes washed in blood. There is, for instance, his

insight that boarding schools once used for the children left behind by expatriates now educate the offloaded offspring of new business elites from around the world. Could Mike Phillips, as an English social observer, become a successor to J B Priestley?

As for the missing mask, it is the equivalent to a stolen casket of Becket's bones. The novel conveys a sense of anger about the desecration of sacred things. Politics is kept in a proper place. ("The British will beg, negotiate, threaten but get nothing but polite indifference or outright rejection.") The strong imagery includes a Georgian crescent with the pale beauty of a white cliff face and a fey sheen in candlelit green eyes, with tiny gleams of reflected light.

This moving mystery is not dominated by its hidden depths and undercurrents of sorrow and despair. Shaping the world, even a local world, makes life worth living. Danny Dixon denies that people can be reduced to their ancestry or parentage, or to the potatoes their granddad planted. He explains that "I don't know much about my dad but he was born in some hole which he left as soon as he could. So he chose to cut himself off from all the associations, customs, territory and all the rest of it that you're saying is so important. But that did not make him less. It made him more than some idiot who sits in the same place his whole life. He exercised a choice to become what he was."

Reviewers can't do justice to books, as writers regularly remind us. I shall certainly not do justice to *A Book of Memories*. With 700 words, I can give precisely one word to each great, dense, difficult page. I'd like to tell you everything: about the book: about Péter Nádas, about the translation (superb); even about the printing, which is as amazing as the book itself. In 705 pages, I found not a single misprint - thanks to Farrar Straus Giroux, the American publishers.

Instead, I'll begin with a first betrayal. *A Book of Memories* is above all a "dynamics of emotions"; and itself moves with the mysteriousness of emotion, plunging us into the middle of everything, only very slowly (if ever) piecing together a rational explanation. When the narrator's friend Kristian adds an explanatory chapter at the end, he calls himself, disparagingly, "too rational". It is even more rational to give you some of that explanation before you begin. But you may need it, I did.

Though you don't notice it at first, *A Book of Memories* has two narrators, whose stories interweave. The first, who is unnamed, is a contemporary Hungarian whose history parallels Péter Nádas's. His mother dies of cancer; his father, a state prosecutor, commits suicide shortly after the 1956 uprising. The second is a 19th-century German called Thomas Thoenissen, whose emotional story mirrors the main narrator's. Slowly it emerges that he is a fiction, in which the main narrator is exploring himself - much as Nádas, clearly, is doing in him.

Both are 30 years old. Both have loved, and still

Carole Angier adores a subtle and sexy Hungarian epic

*A Book of Memories* by Péter Nádas, translated by Ian Sanders with Imre Goldstein, Corgi, £20

love, women; but both break through for the first time to the great homosexual love affairs of their lives. Both move back to their childhoods, and we see a repeated pattern: cruelly unhappy marriages, fathers with mistresses, a mother with a lover; sons in sexualised relationships with their parents; behind everything, the suppressed love of boys and men (and sometimes also of girls and women) for each other.

The main story is strongly political, a truly terrifying account of growing up under a rigid and paranoid ideology. The narrator's father is a ruthless fanatic who betrays his best friend: the boy's friends distrust him by association; painfully, appallingly, he and one of the girls spy on their fathers.

But the central focus of the book is personal and psychological. The political need to conform is only part of the general need to fit inner to outer, urge to inhibition, which is the real subject of this novel. And from the moment of his first kiss, the main narrator knows that his urges do not fit. His long journey is a desperate search for unity and fusion: between his instincts and his actions; his maleness

and his femaleness: his real self and his ideal selves, his loves, Kristian and Melchior. In all this - in his longing for the "perfect security of the male body", and in his (brief) illusion, impossible for lovers of different sexes, that he could make his own "the otherness of another man" - *A Book of Memories* seems to me a brilliant novel about homosexual love.

It is also a brilliant novel about the secret shifts of feeling beneath behaviour; and it is certainly a brilliant novel about the body. It makes you feel that no one has really, openly, completely described sex before (especially, oddly enough, heterosexual sex, as in a whole chapter on Thoenissen and his fiancée); or farthing, or shitting; or best of all, perhaps, kissing (with a whole chapter on that first kiss).

My 700 words are nearly gone, and I haven't said a word about Péter Nádas. He is the first Hungarian novelist to write openly about homosexuality; he's very famous in Hungary, and even more famous in Germany, and it has taken 11 years for his novel to arrive here. Nor have I said anything about the philosophical dimension of *A Book of Memories*.

I'm afraid I've made it sound half hard slog and half hard porn. It is neither, but very probably a work of genius. It is very long, often very difficult, and occasionally overwritten and obscure. But mostly it is original, beautiful, and quite astounding. Just read the extraordinary central chapter, "On an Antique Mural". In language at the extreme edge of abstraction and imagination it describes the subject of the book, the forest of impossible love. If, like me, you're blown away, *A Book of Memories* is for you.

## INDEPENDENT CHOICE

### FIRST NOVELS

by Ruth Pavey

If the Bekaa Valley is the site of the Garden of Eden, recent Lebanese history illustrates how hard it is to maintain paradise on earth. Do we even have any choice as to whether things go well or ill? These perennial questions underpin the vaulting complexity of Carl Gibeilly's first novel, *Blueprint for a Prophet* (Doubleday, £15.99).

The novel was written in English. Gibeilly is Lebanese, a Maronite Christian who grew up with French as his first language and war as his boyhood experience before having to switch to English for the latter part of his education. This adaptability may explain the confidence with which Gibeilly handles variety. *Blueprint for a Prophet* is an interweaving of different forms: realistic novel, thriller, history, work of science fiction and arcane divinatory text.

Jacob Haddad is the prophet, the link between human and divine. We first encounter him as a Jewish historian living in Beirut. He befriends and teaches Samir, his concubine's son, enabling him to become an archaeologist. Only later does it become clear that Jacob is also the one to whom an angel speaks at the beginning of each section of the book, and on whom alternative experiences of the future are bestowed.

In his quasi-divine role, Jacob brings Samir together with Maira, an English physicist whose theories about time lead her to an awareness of an extra-terrestrial influence on mankind. United, they represent the study of the past and the future.

The other main character is Khaled, the devil's agent. Brought up in a Hezbollah orphanage, he is a lost, unloved baby turned sadist and terrorist leader. By 2026, Khaled has become so powerful that the West is threatened and Armageddon looks inevitable. But then the angel allows another set of possibilities to emerge. The disasters whereby Khaled was lost are reversed: the bored militiaman does not shoot the parents, the baby is loved, there is hope.

In the crowd of ideas that make this such a rich novel, its stance on predestination is not clear. But then, with the extra-terrestrial and agnostic element, clarity is not its strong point. Mundane as it sounds, the realism is. The loving writing about Samir in Beirut - the fruit grows in the hills, the Shiite grandee in the Bekaa, the little Maronite church where "an Anglican, a Greek Orthodox, and a Sunni family had been caught while the Shiites were getting the shit bombed out of them by the Jews" - is what makes this ambitious novel enjoyable and enjoyable.

Hwee Hwee Tan and Ardashir Vakil are both debut novelists for whom the use of English stems from the elite nature of their education, in Singapore and India respectively. Tan soon brings up the question of language in her colloquial novel, *Foreign Bodies* (Michael Joseph, £12.99). Andy, a young Englishman whose lack of grip will land him in a Singaporean jail, is being lectured by Mei - his girlfriend-cum-lawyer - on Singlish, the Singapore slang which mixes English words and Chinese grammar. It is not that she can't speak perfect English, but that she may choose not to. "Besides", as she hursts out, "who wants to talk like some O-level textbook, instead of using our own language, our home language, the language of our souls?"

After this rousing introduction, Singlish plays a disappointingly small part, but Tan's good ear for the spoken word is everywhere apparent. Her fast-paced story, which at first seems just flippant, develops into an attack on various forms of spiritual poverty; the secrets and lies of family life, the jargon of literary theory, the failure of Singaporeans to want anything beyond economic success for their children. Unexpectedly, given the streetwise tone, Tan's answer to this emptiness is Christianity. Neither Andy's conversion nor the sexual abuse from which Mei has suffered are convincing. But what is impressive, especially in so young a writer, is Tan's assurance, and her seriousness.

In that it reads like a loveletter to a Bombay boyhood, in particular the food, it seems right that Ardashir Vakil's mother should be the dedicatee of his *Beach Boy* (Hamish Hamilton, £14.99). The story starts when Cyrus, a Parsi, is eight. He swings into a life rich in fantasy, thanks to Hindi films, into a growing awareness of sex, and into the pleasures of eating. The family lives on Juhu beach; Cyrus has friends, things are good. Yet the dissolution of this idyll has already begun, in the growing ill-feeling between his parents. By the time Cyrus is ten everything has changed. This is a sensitive, touching account of how we have to leave childhood behind.

**NEXT WEEK IN THE INDEPENDENT**

**MONDAY MEDIA+**  
the more entertaining media section with pages of media and marketing jobs

**TUESDAY NETWORK+**  
Cutting edge know-how on computers and IT

**WEDNESDAY CITY+**  
Our enormous new section to make you a winner in the office - office politics, office pleasures, office success. Plus 40 pages of appointments

**THURSDAY EDUCATION+**  
Essential reading for everyone who educates, is being educated or cares about the biggest national debate of our time

**THE INDEPENDENT IT IS...ARE YOU?**

## The forest of impossible love

Reviewers can't do justice to books, as writers regularly remind us. I shall certainly not do justice to *A Book of Memories*. With 700 words, I can give precisely one word to each great, dense, difficult page. I'd like to tell you everything: about the book: about Péter Nádas, about the translation (superb); even about the printing, which is as amazing as the book itself. In 705 pages, I found not a single misprint - thanks to Farrar Straus Giroux, the American publishers.

Instead, I'll begin with a first betrayal. *A Book of Memories* is above all a "dynamics of emotions"; and itself moves with the mysteriousness of emotion, plunging us into the middle of everything, only very slowly (if ever) piecing together a rational explanation. When the narrator's friend Kristian adds an explanatory chapter at the end, he calls himself, disparagingly, "too rational". It is even more rational to give you some of that explanation before you begin. But you may need it, I did.

Though you don't notice it at first, *A Book of Memories* has two narrators, whose stories interweave. The first, who is unnamed, is a contemporary Hungarian whose history parallels Péter Nádas's. His mother dies of cancer; his father, a state prosecutor, commits suicide shortly after the 1956 uprising. The second is a 19th-century German called Thomas Thoenissen, whose emotional story mirrors the main narrator's. Slowly it emerges that he is a fiction, in which the main narrator is exploring himself - much as Nádas, clearly, is doing in him.

Both are 30 years old. Both have loved, and still

Carole Angier adores a subtle and sexy Hungarian epic

*A Book of Memories* by Péter Nádas, translated by Ian Sanders with Imre Goldstein, Corgi, £20

love, women; but both break through for the first time to the great homosexual love affairs of their lives. Both move back to their childhoods, and we see a repeated pattern: cruelly unhappy marriages, fathers with mistresses, a mother with a lover; sons in sexualised relationships with their parents; behind everything, the suppressed love of boys and men (and sometimes also of girls and women) for each other.

The main story is strongly political, a truly terrifying account of growing up under a rigid and paranoid ideology. The narrator's father is a ruthless fanatic who betrays his best friend: the boy's friends distrust him by association; painfully, appallingly, he and one of the girls spy on their fathers.

But the central focus of the book is personal and psychological. The political need to conform is only part of the general need to fit inner to outer, urge to inhibition, which is the real subject of this novel. And from the moment of his first kiss, the main narrator knows that his urges do not fit. His long journey is a desperate search for unity and fusion: between his instincts and his actions; his maleness

and his femaleness: his real self and his ideal selves, his loves, Kristian and Melchior. In all this - in his longing for the "perfect security of the male body", and in his (brief) illusion, impossible for lovers of different sexes, that he could make his own "the otherness of another man" - *A Book of Memories* seems to me a brilliant novel about homosexual love.

It is also a brilliant novel about the secret shifts of feeling beneath behaviour; and it is certainly a brilliant novel about the body. It makes you feel that no one has really, openly, completely described sex before (especially, oddly enough, heterosexual sex, as in a whole chapter on Thoenissen and his fiancée); or farthing, or shitting; or best of all, perhaps, kissing (with a whole chapter on that first kiss).

My 700 words are nearly gone, and I haven't said a word about Péter Nádas. He is the first Hungarian novelist to write openly about homosexuality; he's very famous in Hungary, and even more famous in Germany, and it has taken 11 years for his novel to arrive here. Nor have I said anything about the philosophical dimension of *A Book of Memories*.

I'm afraid I've made it sound half hard slog and half hard porn. It is neither, but very probably a work of genius. It is very long, often very difficult, and occasionally overwritten and obscure. But mostly it is original, beautiful, and quite astounding. Just read the extraordinary central chapter, "On an Antique Mural". In language at the extreme edge of abstraction and imagination it describes the subject of the book, the forest of impossible love. If, like me, you're blown away, *A Book of Memories* is for you.



# A culture of vultures

Mary Flanagan is gripped by a saga of the New York art world, where cash and condescension crush ability

When the Sons of Heaven Meet the Daughters of the Earth by Fernanda Eberstadt, Harvill, £15.99

The big bad world is there to pay for art. Make it pay, proclaims the actress Miriam Roth to a struggling painter in Henry James's *The Tragic Muse*. That was 1890. In Fernanda Eberstadt's third novel, set in the Manhattan art world of the late Eighties, everybody pays.

Dolly Gebler, heiress to a pharmaceutical fortune, worships art and has raised a temple to her deity in the midst of an East Village slum. A vision in glass and steel, the Aurora Foundation is run by her and her feckless husband Alfred. They are arbiters of taste, subsidisers of the avant-garde, hosts of lavish parties and cunning entrepreneurs. Dolly is intense, intelligent, regal, high-rimmed. Alfred is a middle-aged sybarite devoid of shame or inner resources, perpetually in quest of distracting company and a good dinner.

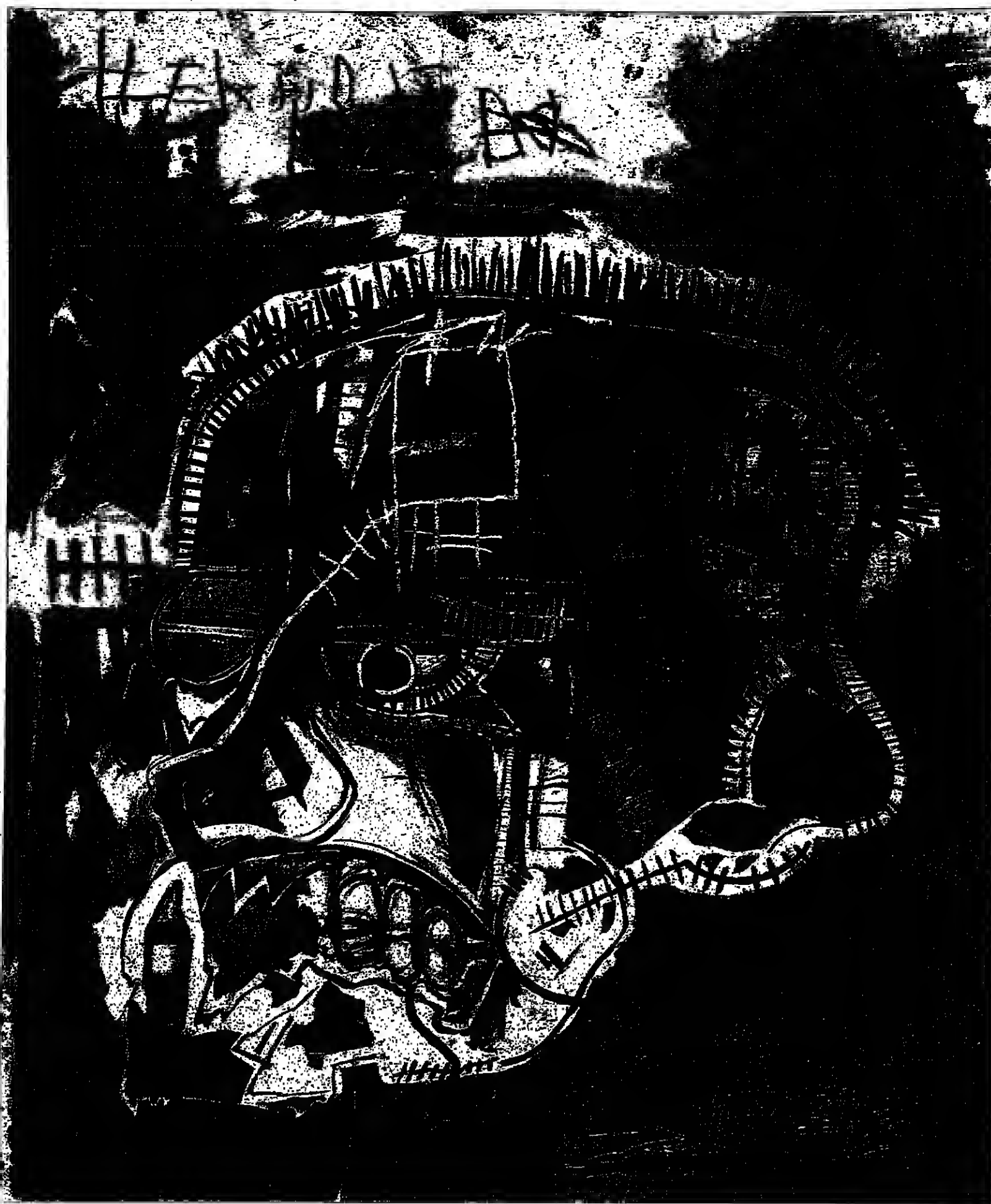
A poor Jewish boy from Queens, he both resents and is addicted to Dolly's punitive largesse. They remain together for the sake of their children, already urban sophisticates moulting the canons of a garbage culture.

Into their elite milieu comes Isaac Hooker, rustic genius and New Hampshire hayseed. At 17, he won a scholarship to Harvard, dropped out, lived on the streets, skivvied in a men's hostel, stumbled into an art class. Unfashionable, an irredeemable slob, he paints to save his damaged soul, pouring out gorgeous narratives of his deprived childhood and Biblical tableaux in colours sensuous and sublime.

Alfred, who regards him as an amusing grotesque, gets him a job at Aurora, introduces him to Dolly and persuades him to look at his paintings. Isaac, clueless about the techniques of extracting money from the big bad world, is astonished by Dolly's extravagant praise. In blissful and destructive confusion, she falls in love with the paintings, then with him. He is her hero, her noble lout, her pure soul whose genius she feeds with sex and smoked hams.

The novel unfolds in a series of cleverly intercut vignettes, focusing alternately on the three principals and progressing by increments until we know them better than they know themselves. Entertaining minor characters provide opportunities for gossip, theorising and lengthy dialogues which are both inconsequential and deeply revealing.

The social anthropology is right on. Alfred observes that the dichotomy between patrons and artists is nowhere more apparent than in the coat-check, "one half of which was hung in sable coats and chisterfields, the other in many thrift shop lumber jackets. Of course, this being the art world, the lumber jackets were probably making more money than the sables." Eberstadt shows us New York as cultural Moloch, a harsh city where people live "like scorpions in a bottle". Patronage colludes with commerce and the media to turn inspiration into made-to-orders



for rich mediocrities. And she is clear about the way visual arts invite cupidity. "This condition of lumpen physicality, this one-of-a-kind thinness... that made art a commodity as volatile as pork bellies, precious as diamonds, more material than money."

Eberstadt editorialises at length on aesthetics, education, religion and politics, often using her characters as mere mouthpieces for her own speculations and opinions. But her comedy of culture is more serious than flippant, and they all get enough rope to hang themselves – as in their deluded optimism over the fall of the Soviet Union.

Above all, the novel is the chronicle of a painting: its sources, its evolution and the love of the two people involved in its making. It is also a homage to painting itself, countering the cliché that it is dead. For Eberstadt painting is vital, magical, thrilling. She honours its low-tech methods, the passion and patience involved in its making. Like Isaac, she is in love with colour and has a feel for its subtleties and associations, wielding it in virtuosic descriptions of nature and art, as if she has forgotten she's a writer and not a painter.

She is good on the way that patronage sucks the life from talent: how it

"infantilises" its recipient. Is Dolly Lady Bountiful or is she just appropriating Isaac and his work? When he asks why she gives her money to artists rather than the poor and homeless, he isn't being rhetorical. Even when the art market collapses with the Berlin Wall, the gifted Gebler survives to buy again. In the light of Isaac's burnt-out end, it's annoying that Eberstadt lets them off so lightly. Either she prefers understanding to justice or she is unable to condemn them utterly. But her faith that art remains the vehicle by which the divine penetrates our lives is moving and convincing.

One of the Manhattan artists who burnt – and burnt out – most fiercely in the 1980s was Jean-Michel Basquiat, the young Haitian who progressed from street-side graffiti to international fame, an affair with Madonna and death from an overdose, aged 27, in 1987. The catalogue of a major retrospective show, 'Jean-Michel Basquiat' by Richard Marshall (Abrams, £25), explores the work behind the hype. This is 'Untitled Skull' from 1981.

## Tough on the causes of crime

Marek Kohn witnesses the battle between nature and nurture

Mendel's Dwarf by Simon Mawer Doubleday, £15.99

Mendel's Dwarf is an unusual piece. It's a work of science fiction in the strict sense, but without any of the familiar traits of the genre. It is scientific literature in the literary sense but not the scholarly one: it's a novel with footnotes that is in a hurry. Its narrator annotates his text with references because he is a scientist and that is how scientists write. But they do not write with the overtone of horror, and the unmistakable implication of looming disaster, that Simon Mawer sustains throughout his story.

His protagonist is Benedict Lambert, a descendant of Gregor Mendel, the Austrian monk who first worked out the mechanism of genetic inheritance. Lambert's story is intercut with scenes from the life of the monk, whose work's revolutionary significance was not recognised for 35 years, and whose personality remains elusive to this day.

Besides its share of Mendel's genes, Lambert's genotype also contains a twist of its own, a mutation whose phenotypic effects are detailed with calculated harshness: "pug-like features", "mere squabs" for fingers. The condition is called achondroplasia. In parlance that remains common, Benedict Lambert is a dwarf.

Under these circumstances, the only thing for him to do is to become a geneticist and try to isolate the gene that gives rise to achondroplasia. He is applauded for his accomplishments and for his "bravery", but the obverse of his public status is a bitter personal isolation. His public life revolves around scientific papers, his private life around pornographic magazines.

One of Lambert's narrative ties involves noting the genetic mechanisms underlying traits he observes in those around him – cleft chin, autosomal dominant; blue eyes, autosomal recessive, and so on. Against this intermittent reminder of the power of genes, however, he interpolates a couple of set-piece arguments against genetic determinism. Professor Richard Lynn is singled out as a villain for his adherence to a eugenicist vision of genetic decline through the faster reproduction of the less intelligent. Lambert also makes a jocular claim to have identified the genetic basis of criminality: the Y chromosome possessed by men and not women. He suggests it should be called the "Benny factor" in his honour, although this is a routine Professor Steve Jones has been using for years.

If Mawer is trying to keep liberal readers on board, he may succeed, but the genetic determinists won't be much impressed. The targets chosen are easy ones, such as Lynn's claim that the best estimate of the average black African IQ is 69, which implies that half of all black Africans are mentally retarded by conventional definition. Perhaps Mawer will grasp the nettle with a sequel about identical twins separated at birth: the hereditarians' hottest properties.

Not that *Mendel's Dwarf* fails to thrust challenges in the reader's face. There is a surfeit of these, steadily accumulating as it becomes clear how far Lambert is prepared to go. In early passages, Lambert sketches the humiliations and alienation of his everyday life: step by step, he reveals his own capacities for insensitivity and cruelty. Having secured power over the course of inheritance, he is prepared to play God with a vengeance. Thanks to *in vitro* fertilisation technology, his control extends over the woman who comes to share his life, but it does not appear to be mixed with love, or even compassion.

That also seems to apply to the novel itself. The originality of the fusion of science and fiction is welcome, and so is the fact that it works; but the callousness in which it is steeped is chilling.

## Banana's skin-deep slice of life

A soap-opera from Tokyo slips up, reports Joanna Briscoe

Amrita by Banana Yoshimoto, translated by Russell F. Walsden, Faber, £9.99

If *Amrita* was set in Surrey, no one would give a damn. Thank heavens for tatami mats, bamboo blinds and the smell of cooking prawns, because without such automatic triggers, devoid of the rubber stamp of coolness currently bestowed by all things Japanese, *Amrita* would seem banal for a western audience, to the point of mystification.

As the author writes in her Afterword, "Now as I read over this novel I realise how naive it is... The theme of this book is simple. I want to express the idea that regardless of all the amazing events that happen to each of us, there will always be the never-ending cycle of daily life." And there we have it. The never-ending cycle of daily life plods a dreary and indeed seemingly random course over 366 pages of bars, bread shops and flats. Characters inexplicably amble on to explain their life stories, or retreat offstage only to appear in telephone dreams.

Near the end of the novel, when we are aching for some structural cohesion, a hint of epiphany or a fragment of a story, the narrator – twenty-something Tokyo dweller Sakumi – jots down a list of the recent events which form the novel's plot. Sample: "5) I got involved with Ryuichiro 6) Trip to Kochi 7) Trip to Saipan 8) Berries closes down 9) I find a new job". And so it continues, give or take a few ghosts and telepathic surprises.

The novel starts promisingly with the aftermath of the death of Sakumi's sister, Mayu, a drug-addicted actress of the type of luminous fragility that augurs early death and a hypnotic myth. Mayu's boyfriend, novelist Ryuichiro, takes up with Sakumi after a head

injury that leaves her with memory loss. The hint of mystery surrounding Mayu's death, and Sakumi's family situation – a household of women plus one strange brother – is suspended in an almost transparent structure interposing layers of time, dream, symbolism and memory that is initially compelling. But this finely fine layering swiftly falls flat, and remains face down for the rest of the novel. Sakumi has an inconclusive relationship with Ryuichiro, talks to her friends a lot, visits the Pacific island of Saipan, comes home, talks to her telepathically gifted brother, and suddenly meets two new characters whose very names herald creaking caricature: Sakumi's final entry in her list of life events notes: "13) A new friendship with Noodles and Mr Mesmer." Only the new friendship dissolves into a void of Tokyo bars and monochrome dreams – as does the mystery of Mayu and the love affair.

*Amrita* veers from sanitary realism to the supernatural. This is effective at times, a rippling of hallucinatory shivers through a hot cityscape. But ghosts crowd in where theme and progression fail, with subtle quivers whipped into seismic eruptions – the younger brother sees a UFO; a blinding glare of spirits hits Saipan – and by the end, clairvoyant characters are cropping up all over the shop. This is cut-and-paste Japanese magic realism.

"I always thought about the meaning of life," says Sakumi. Discussions about "life" are as artless as the prose style: "So many different people in this world. I thought to myself as I set the receiver back on its hook



Yoshimoto: 'cut-and-paste magic realism'

... When you think about it, human beings are really remarkable." There's a creeping sense of having missed out on the fun and indeed the point of this Tokyo party. Any lingering resonance drained away in the translation. Sakumi's relationship with her quirky younger brother is moving, showing that Yoshimoto is happiest at home, her one-dimensional prose more suited to the smaller canvases of the essay and story. As a novel, *Amrita* drifts, indulges itself, and ultimately bewilders.

## Written on the body

Sylvia Brownrigg appreciates some poets' prose

Skin by Tobias Hill, Faber, £8.99  
Slow Dance on the Fault Line by Donald Rawley, Flamingo, £12.99

Poets don't always have a knack for telling stories; but in the best cases, as in Dylan Thomas's short fictions, they produce work lit by a love of language and the feel of words on the tongue. Such pleasures are happily evident in two new volumes which show young poets taking on the demands of the short story.

Donald Rawley's *Slow Dance on the Fault Line* – subtitled "California Stories" – is alive with moments of sensuous description, whether of the scents of magnolia and orange blossom, the noise and irritation of the Santa Ana winds, or an October "arsonist's sky... sore in its own skin, inflamed and livid". Rawley's is a hot, striving and merciless Los Angeles, haunted by Hollywood ghosts (Fatty Arbuckle and Sharon Tate) who tease the imaginations of his characters – people who are always trying to be noticed, to be known. As Rawley tartly notes, "The worst thing to be in Hollywood is to be completely unknown when you die."

Rawley has a talent reminiscent of David Leavitt's for easing himself into the minds of older women: wives and mothers and whores, and "women who married their men for their money and walked through the halls in an icy execution of not being."

Since his characters generally lack that elusive gold of LA existence – fame – they must calm their disappointments with Valium, double Stobys or empty sex: "the numb rub when they straddle and pump, undoing the monotony."

There's a heartlessness in some of these stories, as in the terminally ill woman of "Nirvana Drive" who coolly murders her ex-husband. But Rawley brings an odd, detached sympathy to this impressive range of characters – whether it's ambitious black actress Clarissa in the 1950s, who is consigned to playing slaves in Bible epics or Lena Horne's double; or the former Sixties starlet Sheila in "Taylor and the Mod Girls", who lives out her movie-free retirement in caring for her retarded paraplegic son and fixing drinks for her cooling, alcoholic friends.

A similar quality of detachment cools Tobias Hill's work. Hill's *Skin* crawls, and it may make your skin crawl too: Hill is a canny master of the uneasy and the alien, the slyly violent. His characters generally have one kind of displacement, if not several, walling them off from the world: Brazilian Rafael, afflicted by HIV as well as a memory disorder by which he can forget nothing, who comes to London to find his ex-lover; Finnish Anja, who killed her parents by driving drunk and crashing the car, now seeking solace in a job at the London zoo.

These stories are dense with words and sensation, and thin on plot or resolution. Hill creates a prose to pause

over – "the kiss rasps like a match" or "we watched the ocean dance in its skin of sequins" – but sometimes he indulges a poet's bad habit of obscurity, jumbling names and geographies. He is nothing if not adventurous. One story tracks a Japanese woman's honeymoon in riot-torn LA, another a grieving father's attempts to communicate with the ghosts of his dead daughters over the Internet.

"Zoo" is a hallucination-bright rendition of the surreality of zoo life and the raving dark edges of Camden Town, as Anja attempts to discover who is stealing creatures. The story ends in a conflagration of dead animals, formaldehyde and fire.

And then there's "Skin" itself, a long piece about a Japanese detective's obsessive search for the identity of a Yakuza criminal – burned to death by hydrochloric acid – whose body was covered with magnificent tattoos. His tale is interlarded with that of a man drawn into the Yakuza organisation shortly after the war. Hill covers this remote geography with an impressive vividness, noting the taste of pickled plums and rice, the smell of Japanese ink or the look of "grass-writing" calligraphy.

Hill is ambitious and insightful, careful, and a little brutal; he also succumbs at times to an overworked complexity, trying too hard to prove what he can do. He has a storyteller's eagerness to climb into other people's skins, and a poetic uncertainty about what to do when he gets there.



# In the company of wolves

Packs of readers still respond to the call of the wild, argues Owen Dudley Edwards

Jack London: a life by Alex Kershaw  
HarperCollins, £20

When a man (not necessarily a woman) is tired of Jack London, he is tired of life. Alas, nobody proved that better than the writer of *White Fang* and *The Call of the Wild* himself in his last months. He alleviated them by a fan letter to Joseph Conrad in 1915. Conrad, London's lifelong inspiration, replied in admiration for "the vehemence of your strength and the delicacy of your perceptions".

In 1924, the dying Lenin thrilled to his wife's reading of one of London's strongest Klondike stories, "Love of Life". In it, a man struggles with a wolf as both die of starvation. The man's victory comes in drinking blood from the wolf's throat, which he has bitten open. The sheer vitality of London's tales, and their glory in human survival by a hair, carry their own hard and grimly enjoyable lessons on the folly of being tired of life.

Alex Kershaw includes the Conrad letters and Lenin's last rites in his own first book; and it is his love of London that gives it strength and value. He has nothing much to add to the existing important studies, although the eagerness with which he litanises his predecessors makes his first conquest of his readers' affections. His

style makes him an easier, milder companion than his hard-biting subject.

But Kershaw infects us with his own delight in London's terrific struggle from apparently hopeless poverty in the Oakland of the 1880s. Rejected by both parents (with a denial of paternity by his father), London later turned a succession of painful pilgrimages - from the Far North to the South Pacific - into gritty, throat-grabbing prose.

Kershaw's lack of sophistication is a welcome relief, as is London's. Admittedly, it ensures that when Kershaw tells of London's plagiarism from Frank Harris (a writer of force as well as a pioneer pornographer and biographical liar without peer) he misses a link by only knowing the theft as being from a newspaper. Again, he notices London's lifelong debt to a novel by the passionate Victorian Ouida (an amusing alternative guru to Conrad) but cites only her forgotten actual surname, Ramee.

The book's strength lies in its dedication. Like London, Kershaw can be careless. London avoided finery of style, but he had a certain poetry in his prose and Kershaw's lazy omission of the odd "the" or "a" loses the force of some quotations. In London's epic fragment from 1908 on future class conflict in America, *The Iron Heel* - which ferociously dominated Orwell's conception of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* - the hero tells his

wealthy *inamorata* that "The gown you wear is stained with blood. The food you eat is a bloody stew". Unfortunately, Kershaw's text reproaches her "The food you eat is bloody stew" - which sounds vaguely like a demand for her to up-market her cuisine.

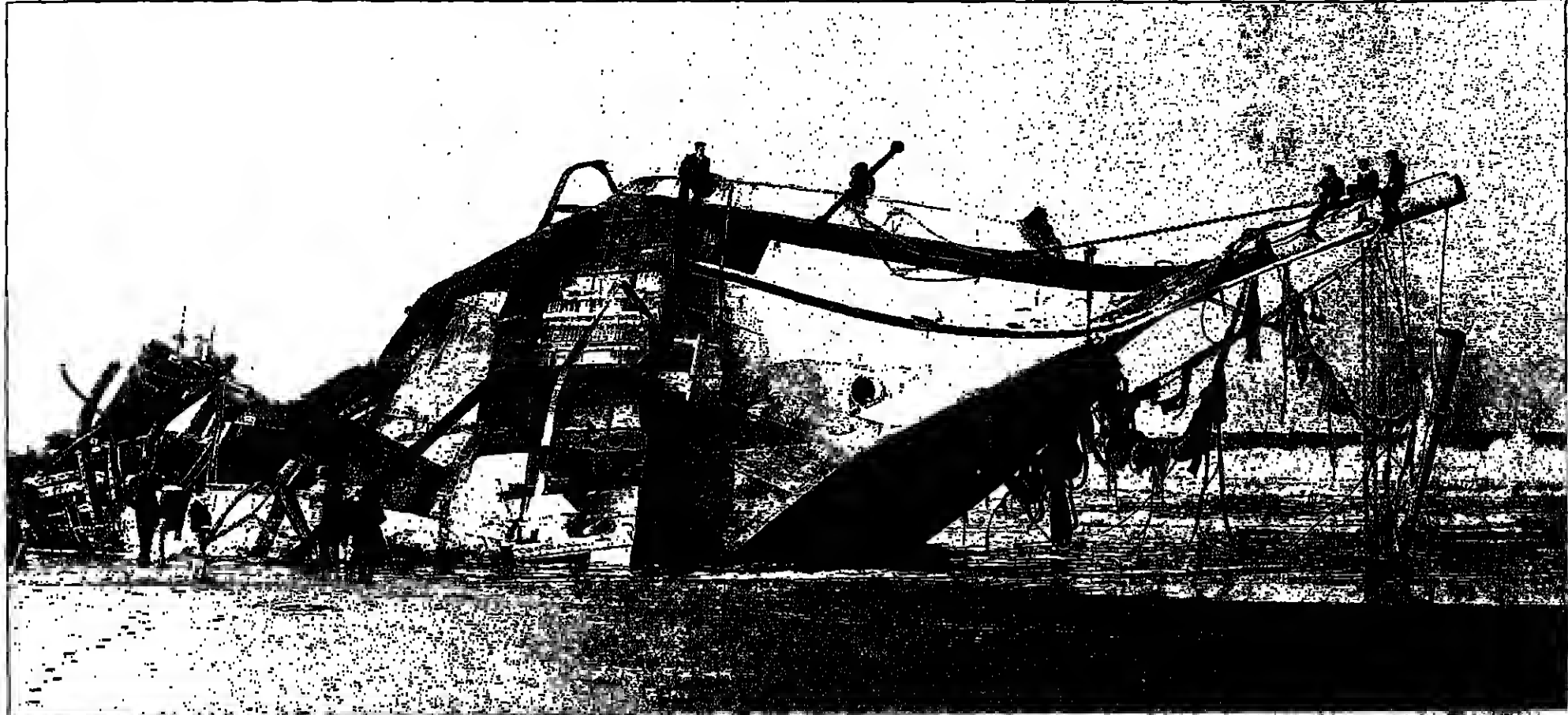
The youth of Kershaw's book is symbolic as well as syntactic. Teaching American literature, I find that students may come fresh from school-days having murdered in the Rue Morgue with Poe, been little women if not good wives with Alcott, adventured in Twain with Tom and Huck or even harpooned the occasional Moby-Dick with Melville. Yet for every one such I meet a hundred who heard the wild calling in London and sank into his tales many a white fang.

If literature works, you must be there. And with London, the "you" must be prepared for some pretty drastic metamorphoses. Buck in *The Call of the Wild* being drawn from dog to wolf, or White Fang making what Kershaw rightly finds a more laboured (if still terrific) progress from wolf to dog: these are works of instinctive genius partly because of the streak of savagery in London himself. ("I have sometimes wished you would call me 'Wolf' more often", he mused to his mate.) And partly they succeed because the reader is werewolved as she observes the movement of dog-into-wolf, wolf-into-dog. "She" is correct here: girls and boys alike follow that trail.

London's literary misogyny is hurtful only when human beings are central.

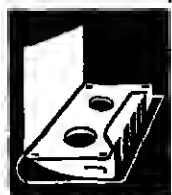
Kershaw is a decent if tenderfoot guide, unhappy but not sanctimonious about London's sometimes generous but also hideous treatment of his first wife and children. We might conclude that their own suffering under his tumultuous expressions and withdrawals of love was as bad as his own early privations at its absence. When he made his money, which he then showed extraordinary genius in losing, he reproduced many of the worst features of the wealthy Socialist. He fired the Korean who had served him for two years for inquiring, with all too much justification, "Will God have some beer?" Atheists often resent jokes about apotheosis. Shelley's Irish servant had a comparable fate.

Our own next journey must be back from here to London. We need to turn back from the life that lost its own self-love to the Klondike stories, to the South Sea tales which climb to Stevenson's grave and embody something of his literary spirit, to the terrible invocation of the savour of power in *The Iron Heel* - or to the horrors of human degradation reported in *The People of the Abyss* (1903), in which London talked of London and of why many of its inhabitants were all too naturally tired of life. For Jack London is no escapist writer. He is as necessary now as he was then.



The Gibson family have photographed storms and wrecks off the Cornish coast - like this nitrate ship, beached like a whale in the 1900s - for five generations. Their work is collected in 'A Century of Images', edited by Rex Cowan with an introductory essay by John Le Carré (André Deutsch, £20)

## SPOKEN WORD



Nelson was the name bestowed on Mandela by a British education which ignored the true history of Southern Africa: his real education was his upbringing as ward of the chief of the Thembu tribe. The actor, John Kani, who reads Mandela's autobiography *Long Walk to Freedom* (Watershed, 6hrs, £12.99), is a member of the same tribe, and his musical, intelligent voice is the perfect choice to read the illuminating story of Mandela's progress from ploughboy orphan to universally-respected president. Introductory insights and intriguing autobiographical asides in Gielgud's inimitable, husky intimate voice are combined with a quite fabulous selection from the radio archives of his readings of Wilde, Shakespeare, Eliot, Shaw, Bennett and many others to make John Gielgud at the BBC (BBC, 3hrs, £8.99) a real gem, a rich fruit cake of a tape to keep by you to listen to again and again.

Christina Hardymont

## NEW AUTHORS

PUBLISH YOUR WORK

ALL SUBJECTS CONSIDERED

Fiction, Non-Fiction, Biography, Religion, Poetry, Children's

AUTHORS WELCOME TO VISIT

WRITE OR SEND YOUR MANUSCRIPT TO

MINERVA PRESS

1 OLD BRIMPTON RD, LONDON SW19 3DD

## A glimpse of EngLit's bloomers

D J Taylor inspects new evidence from a scholar-sleuth

Can Jane Eyre Be Happy? More Puzzles in Classic Fiction  
by John Sutherland  
Oxford University Press, £4.99

Ever since the publication of *Thackeray: At Work* in 1974, John Sutherland - now professor of modern English literature at University College, London - has existed as an animated presence on the margins of 19th-century literary criticism. To mark him down as a "marginal" figure is not to disparage the vigour of what he writes, but to acknowledge his slightly anomalous standing. What with hooks about best-sellers and the literary marketplace, not to mention inspired analyses of the lyrics of REM, Sutherland has a maverick status among the fustier kind of Victorian specialist. The spectacle of some American academic rising up amid the torpid columns of *Victorian Studies* to rebuke his supposed rudeness is one of the more regular sights in the modern scholarly journal.

The faint professional wariness that greets the Sutherland-style intervention is odd. His forte is exacting textual analysis designed to unravel the manner in which a book got written, and some of the problems that the compositor presented to the author. Perhaps, on the other hand, it's merely that Sutherland's mode of enquiry has such a bustling and unacademic gait. Last year's *Is Heathcliff A Murderer?* - this volume's precursor - had an essay investigating what it was that Jo, the crossing sweeper in *Bleak House*, actually swept up. Gravely informed, hedged about with quotations from Mayhew *et al*, the result was a highly original piece of socio-historical research. But there remained a suspicion that at the same time the researcher was simply having fun.

And good luck to him. *Can Jane Eyre Be Happy?*, which like its predecessor doubles as a shameless ad for the Oxford World's Classics series, spins some suggestive garments from its innocuous textual threads. Why does Robinson Crusoe find only a single footprint? How come Magwitch in *Great Expectations* manages to escape from a prison ship with his leg in chains? (Answer: Dickens knew nothing about swimming) Was Daniel Deronda circumcised? How does Fanny Hill avoid pregnancy? (Sutherland has a sharp eye for sex in the pre-20th-century novel.)

Some of this is only a shrewd reckoning of authorial error. Considering *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, Sutherland shows that the problem of who looked after the hound during its master's frequent absences occurred to Conan Doyle fairly late, when large parts of the story had already been printed. The only solution was some last-minute sticking plaster in the shape of an absconding deaf-and-dumb Spanish attendant.

Typically, though, Sutherland is able to



Just the one: Robinson Crusoe, like Chris Evans, says 'Tf Friday' Photo Mary Evans

demonstrate how apparent errors in major Victorian novels reveal the creative processes beneath them. A brilliant piece about the number of pianos owned by Amelia Sedley in *Vanity Fair* discloses both the awful confusion Thackeray can provoke by not bothering to check what he has written, and his simultaneous ability to gather up symbolic artefacts and make them resonate. An equally shrewd instance turns up in the discussion of Trollope's *Ralph The Heir*. Here Sutherland notices that the vulgar breeches-maker Mr Neeft briefly addresses young Ralph as "Captain". Using both textual and historical evidence he concludes that Ralph began fictional life as a military gent, only

for Trollope to remove his army rank at a later stage. The highlight, perhaps, is Sutherland's exhaustive and hilarious analysis of the underwear used by Elfrida Swancoat - the heroine of Hardy's *A Pair of Blue Eyes* - to fashion a rescue rope for her cliff-bound swim.

The final effect of *Can Jane Eyre Be Happy?*, as with most of what John Sutherland writes, is to emphasise again the mundane processes by which even "great" literature gets written, and to reveal the simultaneous influence on it of creative vision and random impulse. Three cheers for its author, who remains the most readable critic of 19th-century English literature currently at work.

## Virtual wars with actual corpses

Truth is the first casualty of hi-tech combat, says Charles Shaar Murray

The Aardvark is Ready for War by James Blinn, Doubleday, £12.99  
Postmodern War: the new politics of conflict by Chris Habes Gray, Routledge, £12.99

The Marines, announced a recent cover story in *Wired*, "are looking for a few good games." In an attempt to squeeze additional value out of what they considered to be an inadequate training budget, the US Marines had hit on the idea of treating Virtual Reality training exercises by customising shoot-em-up computer games such as *Doom* and *Quake*. The article's punchline was that the Marine hackers who wrote the software were on the verge of quitting the Corps to start their own company and put *Barndog Zero* - their Marine version of *Quake* - onto the market.

Neither James Blinn nor Chris Habes Gray should have been particularly surprised. Blinn is a US Navy veteran whose first novel has covered allusions to Joseph Heller, J D Salinger and Irvine Welsh flying like shrapnel, though the Brett Easton Ellis of *American Psycho* might be a better comparison. His protagonist is a specialist in hi-tech anti-submarine warfare who finds himself *en route* to the Gulf War, even though the Iraqis have no submarines. So he reluctantly tears himself away from his hobby of spying on "the Madonna babe", a female neighbour, and attempts to get his head around the notion that he will soon find himself involved in a Real War.

The trouble is that he has no idea what a Real War is - or, for that matter, a real anything. All his experiences are virtual. And as his troopship paddles towards the Gulf, everything he and his shipmates encounter turns out to be something else. One where is a transsexual, another a transvestite, and the one who actually is a woman sneaks her grandmother into bed in her place as soon as the lights go out. The closer the countdown gets to zero, the closer the protagonist gets to his final freakout. He is a postmodern man involved in a postmodern war, and the only people to whom it's "real"

are the ones on the receiving end, who die in an embarrassingly traditional manner.

Blinn's hero would have been much better prepared if he had read Chris Habes Gray's treatise. The title *Postmodern War* initially evokes the image of the survivors of some cataclysmic conflict handling themselves from the rubble, broken and bleeding, only to be confronted with a linguistics prof telling them "Don't you get it? It's ironic!" Fortunately, Gray is much more on the ball. An academic specialising in the increasingly densely populated DMZ between technology and culture, he argues a thesis rooted in the notion that the era of modern war began in the 16th century and came to an end with the Second World War.

For Gray, the first truly post-modern war was Vietnam: a technological exercise, a media event, a political circus. "War," he says, not without a degree of - you guessed - irony, "is in crisis."

A "postmodern war" is any conflict in which one of the combatants is the United States, the world's only true hi-tech superpower. Other people, by contrast, are still mired in the modern era. The Falklands War, for example, was a decidedly old-fashioned scrap fought by two old-fashioned powers by old-fashioned means for old-fashioned reasons.

It is a truism that one index of civilisation is the distance we can put between ourselves and our own excrement. By the same token, the index of postmodern war is the distance we can put between our societies' warriors and the messy, bloody business of killing. Some people get to play *Doom*; other people suffer it. Fo-Mo war can still be a decidedly old-fashioned business for the people unfortunate enough to get killed.

£3,000

WRITING COMPETITION

For further details contact

The Writers' Club

73-74 St Giles Road

Reading, RG1 1AA



# travel & outdoors

## Game of chance

Zimbabwe's wildlife parks teem with lions, leopards and rhinos. But with an Antipodean in tow, writes Andrew Thorman, you'll be lucky if you ever see one

**T**he moment she opened her mouth I knew we were in trouble. A brash Aussie in the African bush. No chance. Every animal would be scurrying for cover. And so it turned out. After two hours attempting to track rhino in Zimbabwe's Matusadona National Park, not a thing. Our guide, a former park ranger, dashing in khaki and armed with elephant gun, pistol, hunting knife and walkie-talkie, was reduced to searching for signs of life amongst various deposits – but even the ubiquitous dung beetle had gone to ground.

The only time our Antipodean friend paused to draw breath was to light a fag – but then she compensated by letting out a piercing scream which echoed about the distant mountain range. It happened as we were disconsolately trudging back along a river bed to our boat. A crocodile, clearly more concerned with seeking sanctuary than with finding a meal, made a dash for the water after being rudely disturbed while sunbathing on the bank. Its path took it straight between her husband's legs. "Jeez," she shrieked "a flaming goanna!"

Still, there was always tomorrow. And so to our own encounter with life on the wild side. A series of grunts outside our thatched hut on the banks of the river Ume – one of the many rivers that feed Lake Kariba – was mistaken by my wife as the precursor to the arrival of early morning tea. This was religiously served at 5am to ensure that we were fully awake and alert before setting out in pursuit of game, which is best observed during the most antisocial hours of the day.

After several grunts, and several replies along the lines of "Thank you – just leave it there, please", we realised something was not quite right. A glance at my watch revealed that it was 3am. Couldn't be tea, then. On with the torch, which revealed one large hippo munching on the grassy floor of our open doorway. We had come face to face with the first of the Big Five. Given our location, I suppose we shouldn't have been surprised. At least we didn't scream.

The Big Five, I should add, are what everyone goes to Africa to see. Lion, hippo, giraffe, elephant and rhino seemed the favourites – but if you're holidaying in an area where giraffe don't live (and we were) then it seemed fair game to substitute something else. We said we wanted to see a leopard. No leopard. OK, how about gazelle? No. What about a cheetah... hyena... eland?

We didn't see a lion, either, but we heard them. And the rhino were hiding, too. But that was not too difficult, when you realise that the national park covers some 1,400 square miles and there are thought to be only 20 or so rhinos left after years of poaching. Ten years ago there were 2,000.

To be fair, we saw lots of other animals – including elephant, impala, buffalo, wart-hog, zebra, baboon and crocodile – plus vultures and fish eagles. As our only previous sightings of these creatures had been in a zoo, everything seemed magical.

Tiger Bay, where we stayed, had another sort of magic: a swimming-pool, bar and unpeppered meals a day, to which we were summoned by the sound of an African drum. The view was across the river to the Zambezi escarpment, a glorious mountain range that encloses the Matusadona Park, one of half-a-dozen national parks where commercial hunting has now been banned. The mountains glowed in a purple haze, and provided a backdrop to spectacular sunsets.

There are several safari resorts scattered around the area, and getting to any of them usually entails a hairy landing on a rough airstrip in a light aircraft, followed by a humpy ride in a four-wheel-drive vehicle. We shared our flight with that day's egg delivery – a replacement for a previous batch, which arrived scrambled after the plane had landed in a 3ft-deep "puddle" and flipped on to its back.

What separates Tiger Bay from other, similar, resorts is cost. To be perfectly honest, we chose it because we could afford it.

Tusk force: the big cats may be elusive in Zimbabwe's game parks, but elephants never shy away, while the sheer numbers of impala, above right, make them an easy prey to the latter-day weapon – the lens

PHOTOGRAPHS: GEOFF PERRY

While other tourists we met spoke of paying up to £250 per person per day to stay at places such as Fort Rutherford Island (not now an island, because the level of water in Lake Kariba has continued to fall due to continued droughts) we were paying just £40 each. Sure, we had to spend extra for every safari trip we made (although safaris have since been made part of an all-inclusive package), but I still reckon we had good value.

Most of the other guests at Tiger Bay were white Zimbabweans, there for the fishing. The river Ume is famous for its abundance of fighting fish – but the only ones we caught sight of were hanging on the wall in the bar. In fact, the tiger fish appears to be another victim of poachers, who prefer nets to rods. But the fishermen seemed content enough to land bream – which at least they could eat.

We spent three days at Tiger Bay. Each day was wonderful. In the morning you had a choice of a two-hour safari by speed-boat, by Land Rover or on foot. You never knew what you might see around the corner. The big game might have gone to ground, but despite the screeching Aussie, the other animals, especially the elephants, seemed oblivious to our presence. Crocodiles just



silently sank beneath us, hippos yawned, buffalo stared and monkeys mooned. We opened another beer, took another picture and mouthed another superlative.

In the late afternoon you were given a similar choice (in fact you could also opt for a canoe, but the stories of hippos turning them over was enough to dissuade us). For the rest of the time – well, there was always the swimming-pool or a good book, or just sitting and soaking up the views. It was all so still and calm – the only sound might be a distant roar, or the lapping of the water on the foreshore.

The problem with Tiger Bay was that it was just too laid-back. So much so that the management never really told us anything. There was an annoying practice of allowing other river users – especially those on houseboats, frustrated at not being able to dive into the lake for a cooling swim, dropping anchor in our bay and then invading our pool. We were left to sort of mud-dle through.

But then, I guess that's what being on holiday is all about.



### Zooming to Zimbabwe

If you can travel next week, Air Zimbabwe (0171-491 0009) has a special for travel on Wednesday 22 July or Friday 24 July; you pay the remarkably low fare of £360 including tax for the flight from Gatwick to Harare, returning any time within three months (though you must fix the date). British Airways (0345 222111) also flies between Gatwick and Harare. In general, though, the best

fares are likely to involve a change of planes. For example, in July Tradewings (0171-631 1840) is offering £515 on Balkan Bulgarian Airlines. Bridge The World (0171-911 0900) has an August fare of £549 with Air France from various UK airports. This drops to £385 in September, but only if you book before the end of July. From Harare to Kariba the air fare is £48 return, and from Kariba to Tiger Bay £53 return. The deal that Andrew Thorman bought now

costs £78 per night for accommodation, including three meals and two safaris a day, booked through Tailor Made Holidays (0181-388 7424).

Numerous companies offer packages to Zimbabwe. Voyages Jules Verne (0171-616 1000) arranges flights and six nights' accommodation from around £800. Current offers include £610 for return flights, including tax, transfers and six nights' accommodation at the Elephant Hills hotel, Victoria Falls.

Baruk is not an obscure Eastern European city on the fringes of the old Soviet Union, nor is it a trendy café celebrating Britain's alleged role at the hub of world style (Bar UK, geddit?). It stands for "Board of Airline Representatives in the United Kingdom".

Any cynic who wonders whether there could be a less inspiring institution should check out the board's handbook. Within it, among the capsule descriptions of the 100-odd airlines operating to Britain, you find some splendid resonances of aviation history.

Sudan Airways, for example, which is celebrating its half-century this year, began life as a subsidiary of Sudan Railways. And Delta Air Lines, now one of the world's biggest, started as the world's first crop-dusting business: Huff Daland Dusters, based in the Mississippi Delta.

In 1982, you learn, its employees decided they liked the company so much that they conducted a workers' whip-round to buy Delta a Boeing 767: in the current climate, I can't imagine British Airways cabin crew passing the hit around to present Robert Ayling with a new \$100m jet. The first identifiable ancestor of BA, incidentally, was the equally uncouth Aircraft Transport and Travel Ltd. It began flying in August 1919 from Hounslow Heath near London (and very near Heathrow) to Le Bourget

airport in Paris – the world's first daily scheduled international service.

The handbook reveals that Syrian Arab Airlines, which for a time was hanned from flying to Britain, is re-installed in its Mayfair offices, selling flights on a fleet which is a real jet list from the past: remember the Caravelle, basically a Citroën 2CV with wings and jet engines attached, which I believed had long gone the way of the Comet? In fact, the pioneering French aircraft is still in active service from Aleppo as an alternative to the road to Damascus.

I thought of saving the final gem for the Christmas travel quiz, but fear no one would get it right. Which European airline was, until 1968, known by the name of a popular chocolate bar? The answer is not Air Galaxy, or Bournville Airways, but Finnair – which for the first 45 years of its life was called Aero. The plucky airline started up in 1923, even though the first airport in Finland did not open until 1936.

Another acronym: PASL. This is an even more intriguing body, the (St) Petersburg Auto-Stop League. "Here," says Daan Toner of The Hague, "is the electronic answer to the question about whatever happened to hitchhiking." This hunch of Russian hitch-hikers has a Web site on the Internet, where you learn about its activities, such as



Simon Calder

Too tricky for the Christmas quiz: which European airline was, until 1968, known by the name of a popular chocolate bar? No, not Air Galaxy, or Bournville Airways ...

"training hitch-hikers to travel fast even in the most difficult terrain and circumstances".

It is hard to imagine more difficult terrain and circumstances than present-day Russia, where some of the drivers are almost as malevolent as the climate. No problem: "The members of the league travel in yellow suits, especially designed for hitch-hiking 24 hours a day, seven days a week, world-wide. Reflecting patches and flashlights make hitch-hiking possible through the night."

PASL's plans for a world hitch-hikers' trophy are ambitious. Beginning next month, pairs of hitch-hikers will compete for the title on a race through the former USSR, Hungary, Austria, Italy, France, Germany, Denmark and Norway, ending up next February at Russia's northernmost city, Murmansk.

This is merely a preliminary round for the real thing – a hitchhiking race around the world. A year from now, surviving teams will begin at St Petersburg and travel via Siberia, Nome (across the Bering Strait in Alaska), Seattle, New York and Paris. Impediments such as the absence of roads in eastern Siberia and the considerable stretches of ocean are not mentioned, but helpfully "the world can be travelled the other way round or by a different route depending on circumstances like visa regulations and civil war".

## Sun, Sea & Save



more than £70 at **Sketchley** **SuperSaves**



when you buy foreign currency  
& American Express Travellers  
Cheques from NatWest

**NatWest**  
More than just a bank

National Westminster Bank Plc.  
Registered Office: 41, Lothbury, London EC2P 2BP. Registered in England No. 929027  
Travel money must be collected by 30 September 1997



FAX: 0171 293 2505

Wales

**Pfeffedjian Hotel** With Highly Committed  
A AAAA+ RACER++  
Greenwoods National Park, commanding spectacular views over the  
city beaches of Carlsbad Bay & yet within 15 acres of gardens, tennis &  
tennis, this family run Country House Hotel is the perfect place for  
romance & intimate holidays.  
All rooms are superbly furnished with balconies. Superior restaurant,  
open house pool, sunbather lounge, tennis court, putting green,  
golf simulator & outdoor play area. From \$60 per day, pp tax  
**FREE BREAKFAST OFFER!**  
**\$30 off your first stay**

**BERDOVEY: 01954 767213**

**Regwaylin Hotel**  
 1000 N. Harlech, Glyndwr,  
 North Wales LL47 6YG  
**SUPERIOR VALUE**  
 1000 N. Harlech, Glyndwr,  
 North Wales LL47 6YG  
**Night rate £114 DEB & B**  
 1000 N. Harlech, Glyndwr,  
 North Wales LL47 6YG

or color brochure  
91768 770434  
Fax: 91768 771817

**DELIGHTFUL  
HOTEL**  
Converted Farmhouse.  
Edge of Stratford.  
Excellent eating.  
DEAR from 40p/room.  
**HAFO COUNTY COUNTRY**  
91492 640029

**GOWER COAST** - 100's of cott.,  
b&b's, B&B's, B&B's. Broc 8000 5137  
91239-581357

**BRECON BEACHES**. Over 1000 self-  
cottage some sleep up to 30.  
Many less than £250 per week  
high season. 74/10/15/20/25/30/35/40/45/50/55/60/65/70/75/80/85/90/95/100/105/110/115/120/125/130/135/140/145/150/155/160/165/170/175/180/185/190/195/200/205/210/215/220/225/230/235/240/245/250/255/260/265/270/275/280/285/290/295/300/305/310/315/320/325/330/335/340/345/350/355/360/365/370/375/380/385/390/395/400/405/410/415/420/425/430/435/440/445/450/455/460/465/470/475/480/485/490/495/500/505/510/515/520/525/530/535/540/545/550/555/560/565/570/575/580/585/590/595/600/605/610/615/620/625/630/635/640/645/650/655/660/665/670/675/680/685/690/695/700/705/710/715/720/725/730/735/740/745/750/755/760/765/770/775/780/785/790/795/800/805/810/815/820/825/830/835/840/845/850/855/860/865/870/875/880/885/890/895/900/905/910/915/920/925/930/935/940/945/950/955/960/965/970/975/980/985/990/995/1000/1005/1010/1015/1020/1025/1030/1035/1040/1045/1050/1055/1060/1065/1070/1075/1080/1085/1090/1095/1100/1105/1110/1115/1120/1125/1130/1135/1140/1145/1150/1155/1160/1165/1170/1175/1180/1185/1190/1195/1200/1205/1210/1215/1220/1225/1230/1235/1240/1245/1250/1255/1260/1265/1270/1275/1280/1285/1290/1295/1300/1305/1310/1315/1320/1325/1330/1335/1340/1345/1350/1355/1360/1365/1370/1375/1380/1385/1390/1395/1400/1405/1410/1415/1420/1425/1430/1435/1440/1445/1450/1455/1460/1465/1470/1475/1480/1485/1490/1495/1500/1505/1510/1515/1520/1525/1530/1535/1540/1545/1550/1555/1560/1565/1570/1575/1580/1585/1590/1595/1600/1605/1610/1615/1620/1625/1630/1635/1640/1645/1650/1655/1660/1665/1670/1675/1680/1685/1690/1695/1700/1705/1710/1715/1720/1725/1730/1735/1740/1745/1750/1755/1760/1765/1770/1775/1780/1785/1790/1795/1800/1805/1810/1815/1820/1825/1830/1835/1840/1845/1850/1855/1860/1865/1870/1875/1880/1885/1890/1895/1900/1905/1910/1915/1920/1925/1930/1935/1940/1945/1950/1955/1960/1965/1970/1975/1980/1985/1990/1995/2000/2005/2010/2015/2020/2025/2030/2035/2040/2045/2050/2055/2060/2065/2070/2075/2080/2085/2090/2095/2100/2105/2110/2115/2120/2125/2130/2135/2140/2145/2150/2155/2160/2165/2170/2175/2180/2185/2190/2195/2200/2205/2210/2215/2220/2225/2230/2235/2240/2245/2250/2255/2260/2265/2270/2275/2280/2285/2290/2295/2300/2305/2310/2315/2320/2325/2330/2335/2340/2345/2350/2355/2360/2365/2370/2375/2380/2385/2390/2395/2400/2405/2410/2415/2420/2425/2430/2435/2440/2445/2450/2455/2460/2465/2470/2475/2480/2485/2490/2495/2500/2505/2510/2515/2520/2525/2530/2535/2540/2545/2550/2555/2560/2565/2570/2575/2580/2585/2590/2595/2600/2605/2610/2615/2620/2625/2630/2635/2640/2645/2650/2655/2660/2665/2670/2675/2680/2685/2690/2695/2700/2705/2710/2715/2720/2725/2730/2735/2740/2745/2750/2755/2760/2765/2770/2775/2780/2785/2790/2795/2800/2805/2810/2815/2820/2825/2830/2835/2840/2845/2850/2855/2860/2865/2870/2875/2880/2885/2890/2895/2900/2905/2910/2915/2920/2925/2930/2935/2940/2945/2950/2955/2960/2965/2970/2975/2980/2985/2990/2995/3000/3005/3010/3015/3020/3025/3030/3035/3040/3045/3050/3055/3060/3065/3070/3075/3080/3085/3090/3095/3100/3105/3110/3115/3120/3125/3130/3135/3140/3145/3150/3155/3160/3165/3170/3175/3180/3185/3190/3195/3200/3205/3210/3215/3220/3225/3230/3235/3240/3245/3250/3255/3260/3265/3270/3275/3280/3285/3290/3295/3300/3305/3310/3315/3320/3325/3330/3335/3340/3345/3350/3355/3360/3365/3370/3375/3380/3385/3390/3395/3400/3405/3410/3415/3420/3425/3430/3435/3440/3445/3450/3455/3460/3465/3470/3475/3480/3485/3490/3495/3500/3505/3510/3515/3520/3525/3530/3535/3540/3545/3550/3555/3560/3565/3570/3575/3580/3585/3590/3595/3600/3605/3610/3615/3620/3625/3630/3635/3640/3645/3650/3655/3660/3665/3670/3675/3680/3685/3690/3695/3700/3705/3710/3715/3720/3725/3730/3735/3740/3745/3750/3755/3760/3765/3770/3775/3780/3785/3790/3795/3800/3805/3810/3815/3820/3825/3830/3835/3840/3845/3850/3855/3860/3865/3870/3875/3880/3885/3890/3895/3900/3905/3910/3915/3920/3925/3930/3935/3940/3945/3950/3955/3960/3965/3970/3975/3980/3985/3990/3995/4000/4005/4010/4015/4020/4025/4030/4035/4040/4045/4050/4055/4060/4065/4070/4075/4080/4085

**WAGGERS, COBBERS AND COUNTRY**  
steaks and burgers. Home delivery  
anytime. 01782 720674

**COTTAGES/FARMHOUSES**  
countryside, all Tourist  
Board Graded. Wales. Holidays  
950 058587

**LISTED COUNTRY HOUSES.**  
Cardiff coast. Available from 22  
August. 01495 85542

**SNOWDONIA** Nat Park. Best  
Perform Cottage. Pk £200 per  
week. 01495 85542

**Sheeps 48.** For Brochure Tel  
01341 455238

**Yorkshire & The Dales**

**YORKSHIRE'S DALES**  
**COORS AND COAST...**

Set Catering, home  
prices. 1000's of  
products from  
Britain, Herald  
and Humber, County  
to the Coast.

**The Traddock**  
Relax in the Severn  
countryside home built in the  
glorious Yorkshire Dales.

2 meals, DB&L 10pp  
3 nights £120

**756 799621**

**YORK**

St. Georges House  
Select area, on suite  
bath accommodation  
**B&B \$21.50pppn**  
ETB 30down commended  
**01904 625056**

**RAGGA \*\*\***  
**TB \*\*\* commended**

**YORKSHIRE, DALES, Moorlands**  
Coast, Peak & Lake District. Over  
2000 c/c cottages, B&Bs, Boreholes  
Holiday Cottages Yorkshiring  
Wester St. Stephen, BD23 1PB  
(01576) 700872

**YORK OVER 25% off!** Heworth  
Court Hotel Brothage 01904 625056

**North Yorkshire, The Wolds**  
Northampton, Lakes, Peak District  
Shrewsbury Cottages 01243 366700

**DALES, YORKSHIRE, HEDDERWATER**  
Tarns, Barmes, Sleeps 4 to 17  
on moor, brochures 0800 45 3535

**COTTAGES YORKSHIRE INC.**  
Dept. cottages, 01845 59769.

**THE MOUNTAIN**  
Avenue  
A island of spectacular mountain  
scenery, fragrant pine forests,  
crystal clear rivers, waterfalls  
and beautiful secluded beaches.  
Local & Foreign Cuisine  
Mountain Views Secret Retreat  
Mountain Villas and Apartments  
Mountain Hike Fireline Cycling  
7000m Road, London W6 8BN  
Tel: 01753 828 888 Fax: 01753 828 889

**1171-385 8438**

**Greece**

**Islands Club**

Villa holidays for those who want to escape the crowds in style and comfort.

POOLS • IMMACULATE  
ZIMT • KITCHEN • CORNU  
SWEETIES • SHELLED • ADDRESS

For a brochure telephone:  
01888 576628 • 01888 576629

**BREATHTAKING SCENERY** on empty beaches. Discover villas on Crete from self catering houses in idyllic villages. Pure Crete 0181 790 0879 ext. 2767.

**CRETE, SMYATHOS, SKOPELOS**  
Better Holidays & Prices. Book 01888 576628 ext. 2575

**Don't forget to mention The Independent**

**Simply  
Toucan**

Private, Caring, Lethal, Heterosexual,  
Biblical, Confidential, Zakynthos  
Dramatically Greek holidays  
every from the millennium.

Private villas with pools, hotels  
and cottages in beautiful unspoiled  
locations by the sea and island.

**0181 995 9823**

**Simply  
Cretan**


Escape the institutions and  
experience an island of amazing  
landscapes and warm hospitality.  
Country cottages, villas with pools,  
quality apartments and family-run  
hotels in unspoiled locations.  
Just feasible "Wandering" holidays

**0181 995 9823**

Eastern Europe

---

# Poland is a pleasure



*natural choice.*

you're enjoying the sights and sophistication  
of a City Break, delighting in views of  
ancient castles, churches, lakes and  
mountains or simply breathing  
clean fresh air in beautiful  
unspoilt countryside, you'll  
soon discover that a trip to  
Poland is a pleasure.  
Always.

310-312 Regent St. London W1P 5AL Tel 0171 580 8311





# Flights of fancy

DAYS OUT: the Whiteman family take a trip back in time to the heady days of those magnificent men in their flying machines. By Clive Fewins

Vintage performance: a Sopwith Triplane takes to the air near Biggleswade

The Sea Hurricane made a low pass over the grass airstrip, its throaty roar drowning all conversation. Inside the hangar the strains of Glenn Miller music, played by a local big band, had just died away.

There were about 7,000 of us, at one of the biggest events of the year at the Shuttleworth Collection, at Old Warden, near Biggleswade, home of some of the oldest aircraft in the world still flying. The difference between the Shuttleworth Collection and others of its kind is that virtually all the 40 historic aircraft – they date from the birth of powered flight – really fly. The collection takes its name from Richard Shuttleworth, of Old Warden Park, engineer, aviator and winner of the 1935 British Grand Prix, who joined the RAF in 1939 and was killed in a night flying accident 12 months later.

On a quiet day the little grass airstrip and cluster of small hangars set in the rolling Bedfordshire countryside must look much as it did during the Second

World War. Then, it was used as a repair workshop, mainly for wooden-structured aircraft. Today the complex is open seven days a week, but it still has an intimacy about it – probably because it is run by a tiny staff with a huge reserve of volunteers who turn out willingly on flying days.

You can view the permanent displays, including an original Blériot machine similar to the one that made the first aerial crossing of the Channel in 1909. Several others are reminiscent of the aircraft used in the classic late-Sixties film *Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines*.

The Saturday I visited, 15 of the historic planes were flying, in addition to a number of visiting aircraft. This evening there is a sunset flying display, in which, weather permitting, the organisers have promised to try to fly some of the oldest canvas-and-string machines on show.

**The visitors**  
Philip Whiteman, an engineer, and his sons William, nine, Leo, seven, and Julius, five.

Philip: We live 90 miles away in Middlesex, but I try to take the boys to the collection at least once a year. There is only one other place like it in the world – in the US – where aircraft of this vintage are actually flown. The Shuttleworth Collection is a wonderful outing on a flying day when the weather is fair and the flying conditions good. And children love the flying, particularly on one of the big flying days, because there are often formation and aerobatic teams as well as some of the permanent collection flying.

We all also like the atmosphere here. It is more like a village fête than a big air show. All the pilots and most of the ground staff do the job for the love of it.

**William:** I particularly enjoyed the Sopwith Triplane, First World War fighter. It's a replica but it shows what conditions must have been like in that war. It flew brilliantly today. I also like the Hurricane, and the bigger jets. Today we had a Sea-hawk from the Royal Navy historic flight. It was a jet, so it flew very fast.

I also like the stalls and the books and videos and models of aircraft and spacecraft you can buy. I am really interested in flying. I have flown in a 1944 Piper Cub with Dad.

It is really friendly here. We sometimes come with our cousins and meet other friends here. It's a long journey but it is worthwhile – especially if the sun is shining and the flying conditions are good.

When we come I always go with Dad to see the permanent exhibits in the hangars. There is always some interesting work in progress on one or two of the old planes, and I also like the First World War memorabilia and displays of what life was like in the Royal Flying Corps.

**Leo:** I like the weaving around and the diamond patterns of the Tiger Moth display team. They were so close together at times that I thought they were going to crash.

I am learning to play the piano, so I like the big band.  
I also like the stalls. Dad usually buys

us model aircraft kits and we often start assembling them here. I completed one and managed to fly it at one air day. I also like the collection of old cars here. I love everything to do with flying. I want to be a pilot when I grow up.

**Julius:** I love all the older aeroplanes. Friends of mine like the model railway and the steam engines and the children's playground, but I prefer the planes.

**The deal**  
Flying today, Saturday 19 July, at 6.30pm. Gates open from 10am.

The Shuttleworth Collection, Old Warden Aerodrome, near Biggleswade, Beds (01767 627288) is best reached by road from the A1. It is two miles due west of the A1 and is signposted from the roundabout north-west of Biggleswade town centre.

From Ampthill follow the A507 towards the A600, then the A600 towards Bedford. There are signs to the collection along minor roads.

## Are we nearly there?

Forget trainspotting. This weekend is for planespotting.

**Fleet Air Arm Museum, Yeoville** (01935 841524). At this operational Royal Naval Air Station the budding Biggles can follow a storyboard giving the background to 40 historic planes, visit a replica of the flight deck of a battle-ready carrier, and board a prototype Concorde. The active airfield provides real-life aviation thrills: the flight simulator offers virtual rides in a Harrier jump jet and Lynx helicopter. Sat & Sun, 11am-5.30pm. Adults £6.50, 5-16yrs £4, OAPs £5.50, family (2+2) £18.

**Royal Air Force Museum, London** (0181-205 2266). As well as the regular display of 70 legendary planes, today and tomorrow there's a 20 per cent discount for families. For demanding digital consumers, the museum offers some of the best games around: a Tornado flight simulator; flying 21st-century style with the panoramic Eurofighter display; a chance to sit in the driving seat of a Jet Provost. There will also be balloon modelling, "build and fly" workshops and a children's trail. Sat & Sun 11am-6pm. Adults £5.85, 5-16yrs £2.95, OAPs £4.40, family (2+2) £12 (discount price).

**The Red Arrows at Whitstable regatta, Kent, and the Air Tattoo at Fairford, Gloucestershire.** At Whitstable the world's most famous air display team will be causing stomachs to do their own loop-the-loops at 1pm sharp. The regatta also has stalls and sideshows, and a working 19th-century carousel. It ends with fireworks at 9.30pm. Sat & Sun (Arrows Sat only), Tankerton Slopes. Free admission. At the Air Tattoo the Arrows are up against tough competition. Flying teams from all around the world will give little and not-so-little boys stiff necks all day. Highlights will include Tom "Top Gun" Cruise's F14 Tomcats and the UFO wannabes, the Stealth Bomber and Fighter. Sat & Sun 9.40am-5pm. Adults £16, Under 16 free. Further info: 01285 713 300

**Imperial War Museum, Duxford, Cambridgeshire** (01223 835 000). The museum explains how planes fly in its hands-on exhibition, *The Flying Machine*. Kids then earn their wings by designing an aircraft with an interactive computer programme. Chances to look around Concorde and vintage war planes; best fun of all (circumstances permitting), take a trip in a Thirties airliner, the Dragon Rapide. Sat & Sun 10am-6pm. Adults £6.40, 5-15yrs £3.20, OAP £4.40, family (2+3) £18.

Mike Higgins

Trains on the Great Northern and Network South East route to and from King's Cross stop at Biggleswade.

Local bus services are infrequent, but Old Warden aerodrome can be reached on weekdays on United Counties route 180. Call 01604 20077 for information and 01234 228337 for information on Sunday bus services.

**Opening times:** daily, 10am-4pm (3pm from 27 Oct) Closed for two weeks over Christmas and New Year.

**Admission:** Flying days are the first Sunday of the month, up to and including 5 October. Admission £9 per car with driver, inclusive of parking. Driver plus one passenger, £15; driver plus 2-4 passengers, £22.

On non-flying days and weekdays admission is £6 for adults, £4 senior citizens, students and 5-16 year-olds.

**Facilities:** restaurant offering full meals and snacks open daily. Gift shop. Children's playground. Access: wheelchair access to all areas of the collection.

## One for the wing nuts

Sue Wheat marvels at a huge, ancient swannery in Dorset

Finding the Swannery at Abbotsbury in Dorset was uncannily easy. The AA had put up bright yellow signs directing us to "Baby Swans Hatching" at regular intervals for miles around. Such an official statement seemed bizarre – are we so disconnected from nature that we need signposts to direct us to every detail of rural life? But Abbotsbury Swannery is not a typical place. An outstandingly beautiful nature reserve, it is home to around 800 swans which like it so much that they never leave – unusual behaviour, as swans normally move from place to place.

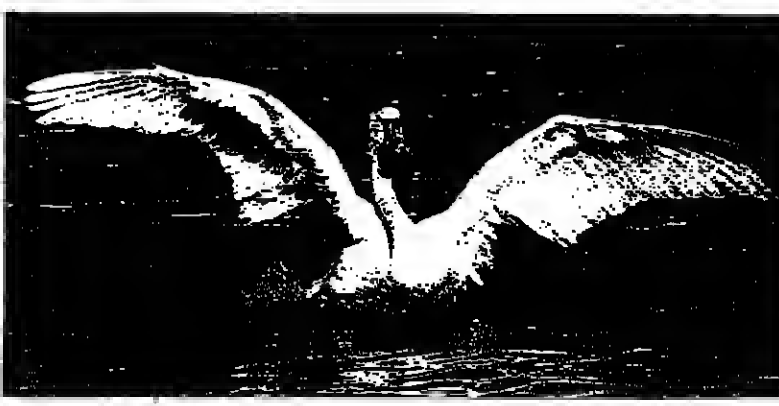
The birds – known as "mute" swans despite making a variety of strange noises – live on the Fleet, a lagoon by Chesil Beach. The 18-mile beach is, for the eastern nine miles, detached from the shore of the mainland and separated from it by the Fleet – which makes a calm haven of wetlands that supports not just the swans but also a wide variety of other wildlife.

Abbotsbury Swannery is the only colony of managed swans in the world. And if they seem very much at home here, it is because they are. The swans have been on this site at least since the 11th century, when the swannery was managed by Benedictine monks. Now it

is managed as part of the Ilchester estate; the swans are the only ones in the country not owned by the Queen.

We walked to the lagoon through a mass of reeds, pampas grass, bamboo, giant fuchsias and other exotic shrubs. As we approached the meadow at the head of the Fleet the scene that opened up to us seemed straight out of a wildlife film set. A mass of sleek, white-feathered bodies covered the lagoon-side, turning it a dappled grey. My two-year-old friend Patrick squealed at his first sight of a swan leading her fluffy grey cygnets. Then we saw the nests – beautifully crafted from reeds – which were scattered all over the meadow leading to the Fleet. Mothers crouched patiently over their eggs; others sat with their newly hatched offspring in the nests, keeping them warm.

Some of the swans had built their nests in secluded spots, but many others had built smack in the middle of the pathways. "It's their choice," said one of the staff, when I asked whether the tourists disturbed them. "They can build their nests wherever they like." Competition for space is fierce, however – around 300 nests are built in a space of two acres. Becoming impervious to prying human eyes may just be a necessary part of swan life.



Swanning about at Abbotsbury

Such a lack of shyness does mean, however, that for children Abbotsbury is a dreamland. Children and parents can follow "The Ugly Duckling Trail" and learn what life's like as a swan, and visit the Old Tithe Barn – now a children's farm. A subtropical garden gives an extra feeling of exoticism. As we left, we heard the beating of wings and looked up to see six or seven swans swooping above the reed beds, circling the meadow, then returning to skid across the water. It seemed a dramatic sort of swansong for our day out.

**The Abbotsbury Swannery** (01305 871130) is signposted from Abbotsbury village. Open Mar-Oct 10am-6pm (last admission 5pm). Admission: adults £4.80, senior citizens £3.80, children £2, family ticket (two adults, two children) £11. Next Friday and Saturday swans are ringed, weighed and checked in a "Great Swan Round Up" (details, 1305 760579).

If you're in search of a retreat from all that overhead noise, head for the Swan Inn at Radwell (01234 781351).

This quaint and quiet 17th-century thatched country pub is located near the river Ouse, and is in a delightful village. The Swan's extensive and varied menu includes a few pub stand-bys, such as ploughman's platters and sandwiches, but predominantly features home-cooked fare using

## PIT STOP

fresh local ingredients, especially fish and game, and is supplemented by good daily blackboard specials.

Choices include chilli-braised mushrooms on a bed of noodles for starters, venison in red wine, and unusual Oriental dishes such as teriyaki beef. There are also vegetarian options. Puddings include St

Clement's sponge and apple pie.

Future plans for the large garden include a pet's corner and a children's play area.

From the *Egon Ronay Guide 'And Children Come Too ...'* (Bookman, £9.99)

How are you Faring?

"We dined out like royalty on our savings"

EURO-ECONOMY-FARE

## Save £££'s

on our Fast Ferry brochure rates to Belgium with the new EURO ECONOMY FARE!

SAVE FROM £49 TO £119 for a car and five people, depending when you sail.

Bookings must be made 30 days in advance. Other conditions apply.

Call 0345 16 00 00 for details or contact your travel agent.

Holyman Sally Ferries

We sail to please

## FLIGHTSAVERS

LOW COST AIRFARES WORLDWIDE

Destination	Low Cost	Standard	Business
Amsterdam	£259	£399	£599
Berlin	£289	£399	£599
Budapest	£149	£249	£349
Brussels	£289	£399	£599
Dublin	£259	£399	£599
Hamburg	£299	£399	£599
Paris	£249	£399	£599
Rome	£139	£249	£349
Vienna	£239	£399	£599

For all your flight requirements please call Car Hire & Airport Hotels & Airport Parking & Insurance

CALL NOW FOR DETAILS OF HUNDREDS MORE BARGAINS

0990 014101

MON-FRI 9am-5pm SAT 9am-5pm SUN 10am-4pm

NO CREDIT CARD SURCHARGE

Co-op Travel DIRECT







you want to get away from it all, you can disappear in the mist on the craggy Orkney Islands. But when the sun comes out, there are few more intriguing places. Janet Martin is exploring



**South Ronaldsay, one of Orkney's 70-odd islands, resonates with the poetry of the shipping forecast**

But it's just one of so many ancient historical sites that, between them, the islands have to offer. A legacy of 500 years of Viking rule; Skara Brae, the best Neolithic village in Europe; the brochs, or round-houses, built by the Picts; the standing

St Magnus Cathedral is one of the more colourful churches in Britain, inside and out, with

10 miles

PAPA WESTRAY

NORTH RONALDSAY

WESTRAY

ORKNEY ISLANDS

ROURAY

EDNA

SANDAY

SHAPINSAY

STROMNESS

MASS HOUSE

BATTLE OF SUDDARSHOLE

SKARA FLOW

OLD MAN HOY

DUNROBIN HOUSE

HOY

SOUTH RONALDSAY

John O'Grady

its stunning, two-tone red and buff sandstones. The semi-ruined Bishops Palace and Earls Palace in the centre of Kirkwall are equally well worth attention. And it's near here that more recent history kicks in, with the blockships and the Churchill barriers, relics of the defensive tactics of two world

**Day tripping**  
A third option is to take the John O'Groats Ferry (01955 611353) – foot passengers and cyclists only – to Burwick. The return fare, £24, includes a coach journey into Kirkwall. With four sailings daily, it's possible to go across for the day.

Another legacy from the war, and a must on the visiting list, is the atmospheric Italian Church, created by prisoners of war out of a couple of Nissen huts. The Italians transformed the building.

This is a brilliant town to explore for a day, and certainly one of the most picturesque features in a decidedly photogenic set of islands, which has a history all its own.

Beware of stock and wildlife. These can include cattle, kangaroos and the odd camel.

"Road trains" are a significant presence, and can be up in three trailers (50 metres) long. Always

give them plenty of room, and if overtaking allow at least one kilometre of clear road ahead.

Always carry plenty of water - 20 litres minimum. Water is the cheapest and most effective cooling agent for the body.

If you are planning to travel through Aboriginal land, other than on designated highways, you must obtain a permit. It is the right of Traditional Owners to refuse any entry permits.

*From Australia's 'Northern Territory Motoring Guide', obtainable free from the Australian Tourist Commission's brochure line (0990 561434).*

**This is the opinion of the general manager of Castle Ashby, Northampton**

(01604 696696), a 16th-century stately home available for hire over Christmas. For £45,000 (plus vat) you can live like a lord for three days as the price includes a private chapel service, traditional Christmas lunch, champagne huffet and gala dinner, Christmas presents for all the guests and the chance

With 26 bedrooms, you could split the bill between several friends and the cost per bead would be no more than the price of staying in a top-notch hotel.

However, if this seems too glitzy, you could hire out a less pricey property through the YHA's "Rent a Hostel" scheme (01727 845047). A four-night Christmas break at Boscastle Youth Hostel, Cornwall, for example, will cost £550 - the hostel sleeps 25, so this works out at just £22 each.

*Treat yourself to a short break this autumn and visit one of Europe's most beautiful cities or escape the long winter months and revel in some early spring sunshine.*

**ROME : 3 NIGHTS FROM £209**  
**DEPS NOV '97 TO MARCH '98**

**VENICE - 4 NIGHTS FROM £299**  
**DEPS NOV '97 TO APRIL '98**

the Grand Canal and watch the beautiful colour-washed  
palaces drift gently by or stroll around St Mark's square.  
**SEATTLE - 3 NIGHTS FROM £238**

**DEPS NOV '97 TO APRIL '98**

**FLORENCE - 4 NIGHTS FROM \$279**  
DEPS NOV '97 TO APRIL '98

The birthplace of Renaissance. Florence abounds in artistic and architectural treasures. Visit the Uffizi gallery or browse in the shops which line the Ponte Vecchio.

**NAPLES - 3 NIGHTS FROM \$339**  
**NOV. '87 TO MARCH '88**

A city rich in history, the streets are decorated with  
The palaces, piazzas, churches and monuments and  
The museum offers archaeological

And there's more...

Other cities include Vienna, Prague, London, Warsaw, Moscow & St. Petersburg, Brykjavik, Istanbul, Paris, Brussels and Boston. Full details of all these

offer independent and escorted departures.

Rate in England (includes New York) Mid-day  
 £100.00 + £10.00 (Covers Lunch, Porter, Hotel, London £14.50).

**FOR FULL DETAILS & A BOOKING FORM**  
Complete the coupon in block capitals and send to:

THE INDEPENDENT CITY BREAKS OFFER. PAGE & MOY LTD.  
136-140 LONDON ROAD, LEICESTER LE1 1EN.  
Or call the HOLIDAY BROCHURE HOTLINE ON

0116 250 7676 - PLEASE QUOTE REF FW2042/511

Get the colour brochure for the City Breaks Ref: FW3042/51

\_\_\_\_\_

Post Code: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ (Evening) \_\_\_\_\_  
 THE INDEPENDENT CITY BREAKS OFFER. PAGE & MOY LTD.

136 - 140 LONDON ROAD, LEICESTER LE2 1EN.  
 This form if you do not wish to receive future offers from Newspaper Publishing Plc.  
 must be returned to Newspaper Publishing Plc.  
**INT601**

1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the current situation and what needs to be changed.

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

1

**Book before  
26th July.**

# Save over £100 with our Bastille offer.



This year celebrate Bastille Day with SeaFrance. We've cut our fares to save you up to £116.

Book before the 26th July and travel from Dover to Calais for as little as £49 return off peak or £95 return peak. If you sail with anyone else, on your head be it.

\*Price includes car and up to 9 passengers Dover to Calais standard return off peak. Book before 26th July 1997 quoting BTX1 (for £95 fare please quote BST1). Outward travel must be completed by 31st August 1997. See your local travel agent for further details.

**0990 711711**  *the difference c'est*  
**SEAFRANCE**

For bookings and information visit our website at <http://www.seafrance.co.uk>

 **MERCURY**  
THE BUSINESS OF VALUE

 **CABLE & WIRELESS**

**WAKE UP  
YOUR  
FRIENDS  
IN  
LITTLE  
SNORING.**

**GUARANTEED CHEAPER CALL BILLS  
OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK.**

Right now, Mercury is up to 33% cheaper than BT for national calls. In fact, if you don't save money on your call bill (even if you have PremierLine and Friends & Family), we'll refund double the difference. No, you're not dreaming.

**Mercury UK-Call  
FreeCall 0500 500 366**

Price and savings rates as at 1st Jan 1997, compared against BT's low rate for calls of 5 minutes. Savings available for a quarterly fee of £175 (inc. VAT). Price Money term: apply within 14 days of BT's low rate and discount scheme, excluding line rental and temporary promotional offers. Not available on Callnet Card or business packages.







# A time machine on rails

Simon Calder catches a tram in Lisbon, for a journey of six miles ... and 100 years



Walk on the mild side: Lisbon's labyrinthine Alfama quarter has managed to bypass progress PHOTO: GERARD LEWIS

Skipping a century is a neat trick if you can manage it, and Lisbon has done it with aplomb. The moment you realise this is when tram 28 screeches and grumbles its way, as discordantly as a failed *fado* singer, past the Ciber Chiado. A 19th-century form of transport – which most of Europe discarded long ago – brushes against the future, in the form of Lisbon's first Internet café.

In the Portuguese capital, there are few traces of the years 1900-97. What you see is largely what you got at the end of the last century. The city is manically trying to modernise in preparation for Expo '98, but so slow has progress been that local ways refer to the event as Expo 2000.

Something that, with luck, the planners will overlook in their rush to the future is tram 28, unquestionably the finest piece of public transport in Europe – both for her inherent style, and for the extraordinary six-mile course she carves through a bracingly beautiful city.

When Britain was good at trams, the English Electric Company helped disperse transportation largesse around the world. Lisbon was one beneficiary that appreciated the sheer depth of quality: handsome timber trim, stained by time and traffic, is wrapped around a sturdy steel frame and an earnestly effective engine. When this heroic machine clanks wheezily to a halt and you step aboard, you feel you are trespassing on the territory of the 1800s. But the only penalty you pay is the fare of 150 escudos (50 pence), which entitles you to ride as far as you like on the streetcar named Grace – her destination, advertised in faded white capitals, is the square of Graça.

Some say she resembles a San Francisco cable car, particularly when tackling some of the improbably steep gradients along the route. But this is no tourist trap; the 28 is just another component of a rich, old transport network whose concern is the carriage of citizens. There are a few hangers-on, too: scruffy youths who dangle from the polished brass handrails to avoid payment, and spend the journey making faces at the people they consider to be ostentatiously wealthy farepayers.

From the outside, this entertaining mobile tableau resembles a *grande dame* proceeding through her declining estates and years with as much grace as she can manage, given that half Lisbon's *hoi polloi* is dangling from her skirts. You can almost see her cheeks puff scarlet as this ship of stateliness moves off.

She processes eastwards, along the lilted Calçada da Estrela. Straightaway you realise you will have to make a return trip, because each side of this street excitedly demands your attention. Surely this scene of encroaching dereliction cannot be a 20th-century European capital? The district of Estrela peaked about two

centuries ago; since then decay has been slow but inexorable. Buildings seem to stoop exhaustedly by the road, leaning dangerously on one another. But the lifeblood of the city pulses as strongly here as anywhere: you meet the Angolans and the Goans and the Mozambicans, making a spirited go of life at the heart of Portugal's diminutive empire. This startling canvas is speckled with dashes from the British school of imperialism: telephone cabins and pillar boxes that could have been ripped from a Home Counties town, painted ultramarine and installed as tributes to solid civic design.

Off to the right, a rival transportation dinosaur creaks to a halt. The Ascensore da Bica is a stunted sibling of tram 28 with an uneventful life: first, a clamber up one of the more excessive slopes in a city that

heartier feasts than generous portions of *bacalau* (reconstituted dried cod, usually in strident sauces), *vinho lino* (red wine) and melodramatic melodias.

At this point tram 28 is presented with a problem of altitude. She finds herself several hundred feet higher than she needs to be, and has to perform an ungainly slalom down to sea level. So every few minutes, the customers at the Ciber Chiado have their musings interrupted by low, metallic groans as steel wheels grate noisily against the iron road. Even if you have no urgent e-mails to send, stop for a coffee at the Chiado, one of Lisbon's most atmospheric cafés. The ground floor, which in summer spills out almost to the tracks, is guaranteed terminal-free; the computers are upstairs.

The descent was necessary for the race through the Baixa, the 19th-century heart of the city. It is not, at present, a remotely pretty sight; building for Expo has turned it into a shambles of scaffolding entwined by dust.

Another heave, and a fight with another angry gradient on the ascent to the Alfama. Perhaps a degree of divine traction intervenes to help the tram judder past the heavy doors of Lisbon Cathedral. As she skates across the shiny cobbles in a series of hairpins, eyes right for a fine succession of views across the terracotta roofs towards the Tagus. Your reward for planning the voyage to take place in late afternoon will be to bear witness to the impersonation of San Francisco Bay that the city lays on each day: flames seem to dance from the calm waters of the estuary, while over in the general direction of America the Ponte 25 Abril does a convincing impression of the Golden Gate Bridge.

Up at the front, where the driver sways jauntily with each twist, things are getting tricky. The Alfama is the old Arab quarter, a busy nest of humanity whose residents are so familiar with the 28 that they know exactly how much to breathe in while she ploughs her furrow through the highly unsuitable terrain as singlemindedly as any Newbury bypass builder. The 20th-century was evidently obliged to find its own bypass around the Alfama.

Forty minutes after that first clang, a rapid peal announces your arrival at the Largo da Graça. Normally, she would continue for another mile, but the Expo excavations stop her dead in tracks that expire beneath a mountain of sand. This turns out to be a bonus, because it obliges you to disembark at one of Lisbon's more miraculous miradors. Beside you, an impossibly bulky *hasilica* built in the days when Portugal ruled some worthwhile waves. Behind you, tram 28 plods off home in a not-altogether-convincing journey to the future. Meanwhile the fine city is spread out beneath you as though in a hammock. Happily, Lisbon seems to have dozed right through the 20th century.



Tram 28: a streetcar named Grace, proceeding through declining estates and years PHOTO: GERARD LEWIS

flaunts its three dimensions, adopting a permanent uphill lean while gripping a cable in the manner of his San Francisco cousins; then a slow slouch back down, all the time yearning for the racier life of route 28.

Eastwards, onwards and upwards: gradually the city cleans up its act as tram 28's jangly old pigeon-frightening bell announces your arrival in the Bairro Alto, literally the High Quarter. If you were to return after dark, you would find knots of people crouching to peer anxiously through low, grubby windows. They are queuing for *fado*, whose basic form can most easily be described as getting Leonard Cohen to compose a requiem, then asking an elderly aunt to sing it.

It is hard to judge how many of the prospective punters are seeking to appreciate and sustain an important part of their national culture, and how many are just tourists. No matter: there are few

## Portuguese Connections

The Portuguese-speaking community is not a large one. Here is how – and when – to get to the shreds of Empire. Happily, if you have not yet booked your summer holiday, the best time to go to most of them is between now and the end of the school holidays.

### ANGOLA

Whether to go: The Foreign Office Travel Advice Unit says "No".

### BRAZIL

When to go: Almost the whole country is south of the equator. To avoid intense heat and heavy rainfall, go between now and the end of August.

How to get there: the Brazilian airline Varig (0171-828 9406) flies from London Heathrow to Rio and São Paulo; British Airways (0345 222111) serves the same cities from Gatwick; Transbrasil (0171-976 0966) flies from Gatwick to Recife, Salvador and São Paulo. The lowest official return fare is around £800, but lower fares are available through agents such as Journey Latin America (0181-747 3108), Passage to South America (0171-602 9889), Steamond (0171-730 8648) or South American Experience (0171-976 5611). Usually the lowest fares are for indirect flights on airlines like Air France, Alitalia and TAP Air Portugal, but British Airways is offering £532 through JLA for travel in September.

How to get around: Frequent long-distance buses zip around. But given the long distances involved, the best way to travel by air around Brazil is on an airpass, sold by Varig and its two competitors, Transbrasil and Vesp. The price is \$640 (about £320) for five flights.

### AZORES

When to go: Temperatures are highest, and rainfall and humidity are lowest, in July and August. April to June is also a promising time to visit.

How to get there: TAP Air Portugal (0171-828 0282) has daily flights from London via Lisbon to Ponta Delgada. The cheapest summer fare is £398 midweek, £414 weekend. The same fares apply to the airports of Horta and Terceira. You can fly into any of the three and out from any other.

How to get around: SATA operates flights between the islands; these are bookable through Air Portugal.

### GUINEA-BISSAU AND CAPE VERDE

When to go: November to March

How to get there: Fly via Lisbon on TAP Air Portugal. Expect to pay around £800.

How to get around: boats, shared taxis. Thomas Cook's Overseas Timetable is pessimistic about the reliability of services.

### MOZAMBIQUE

When to go: Any time from now until September.

How to get there: Fly to Johannesburg, for as little as £450 return through discount agents, then a train or connecting flight should do the trick.

How to get around: In most parts, by irregular bus and train services; in the north, by hitching rides with aid agencies.

### MACAU

When to go: October or November to February or March.

How to get there: either take the long way round via Lisbon and Bangkok to the new airport in Macau on TAP Air Portugal (total journey time around 24 hours), or find a discounted flight from Heathrow or Manchester to Hong Kong on British Airways, Cathay Pacific or Virgin Atlantic. Then take the jetfoil or ferry across the South China Sea.

How to get around: Lots of small, cheap buses; few roads.

### PORTUGAL

How to get there: The lowest fare to Lisbon is on AB Airlines (0345 484748) from Gatwick for £128.80 return including tax. But these cheap seats are limited and the fare then goes up to £206.80. British Airways (0345 222111) and TAP Air Portugal (0171-828 0282) fly from Heathrow to Lisbon, but fares are higher: BA around £205 and TAP £210.80 midweek or £220.80 weekend. From Manchester, Portugal (0890 502048) flies via Oporto to Lisbon for £200.70. Air Portugal ticket holders can claim a free ride on the Aero-Bus into the city centre; hang on to your boarding pass. To reach the Miraflores area, fly to Oporto. Lowest fares are: BA from Gatwick, £160.80 (special offer – book before 23 July); TAP Air Portugal from Heathrow, £210.80 midweek; £220.80 weekend; and Portugal from Manchester, £200.70. Who to ask: Portuguese National Tourist Office, 22/25a Sackville Street, London W1X 1DE (0171-494 1441).

## PEOPLE DO BUY YOUR WORLD TRAVEL INSURANCE. CHECK WHAT'S INCLUDED

Annual Worldwide Cover	GA Direct	American Express	Columbus Direct	WORLD COVER
Unlimited trips worldwide	✓	✓	✓	✓
Up to 93 days per trip	NOT AVAILABLE	NOT AVAILABLE	NOT AVAILABLE	✓
£10 million medical cover	NOT AVAILABLE	NOT AVAILABLE	NOT AVAILABLE	✓
21 days FREE ski cover	NOT STANDARD	NOT AVAILABLE	NOT STANDARD	✓
£50,000 personal accident	NOT AVAILABLE	NOT AVAILABLE	NOT AVAILABLE	✓
£100,000 in-flight life cover	NOT AVAILABLE	NOT AVAILABLE	NOT AVAILABLE	✓
24hr commission free foreign exchange	NOT AVAILABLE	✓	NOT AVAILABLE	✓
FREE travel advice line	✓	✓	NOT AVAILABLE	✓
Hotel & restaurant booking service	NOT AVAILABLE	✓	NOT AVAILABLE	✓
All services manned 24hrs a day	NOT AVAILABLE	NOT AVAILABLE	NOT AVAILABLE	✓
Membership card and FREE luggage tags	NOT AVAILABLE	NOT AVAILABLE	NOT AVAILABLE	✓
Cost of family cover	£130.00	£144.95	£132.75	£132.75

WorldCover Direct gives you and your family a full year's travel insurance – covering any number of trips – for less than many families pay for 2 weeks holiday cover\*. Individual cover costs even less.

That includes every trip more than 25 miles from home.

Your WorldCover Direct membership card also gives you access to our manned 24 hr, 365 days a year, helplines – from anywhere in the world. Cover is immediate, so call now.

\*Based on a family holiday with two children aged 12 and 14 to Florida. All information correct at time of going to press.



Premium supplement required for ages 65-80.

www.worldcover.com

Freephone 0800 365 121 MORE COVER. LESS COST.





Fairground attraction: Joe Davies spent two years meticulously renovating his showman's wagon

PHOTOGRAPH: STUART HARRISON

## Full ahead ... at 25mph

Joe and Margaret Davies's ancient, lovingly restored caravan has become a stately show-stopper. By Chris Mowbray

It was the ultimate ignominy for a retired superintendent who had once headed one of Britain's largest police traffic departments. To be stopped for violating European speed restrictions was bad enough, but that the offence should be one of driving too slowly ...

It happened to Joe Davies while he was travelling along a motorway near Rotterdam at a sedate 25 miles per hour. Local traffic police recorded his speed at 13 mph below the legal minimum for the road, and waved him down to ask why he could not go any faster. The answer was obvious. A vintage, seven-ton fairground lorry is not fast – particularly when it is towing another four tons of authentic fairground caravan which is only just short of its 70th birthday.

At the time, Joe and his wife, Margaret, were making one of their rare visits to the Continent, in the course of seasonal journeyings they have undertaken over more than a decade. Every summer, they take to the road to live the lifestyle of between-the-wars showpeople, as they travel 3,000 miles throughout Wales, the Midlands and the West Country to exhibit their exquisitely restored living wagon at country shows, steam rallies, carnivals and village fêtes.



It all started after Joe's retirement from the West Midlands Police after nearly 40 years' service. Because Margaret could never persuade him to go on holiday, she began searching for other ways of coaxing him from their Wolverhampton bungalow for more than a day at a time.

She discovered the answer at the Royal Bath and West Show, where she became friendly with the owners of a showman's caravan and thought how pleasant it would be if she and Joe could have one, and travel round the summer shows.

Yeovil. It was rotten throughout, and the roof was bowing, but the decorative cut glass and mirrors, which were the interior hallmark of the finest showmen's wagons, were miraculously intact. The history of the van, which was built at a Bristol boatyard in 1929 during a shipbuilding slump, was also available, and this was to be important during restoration.

Joe spent two years replacing the rotten woodwork and having the mirrors restored. He then traced nine of the few surviving showmen decorators, who restored the caravan to mint condition after consulting the son of the original owner,

who had been born and brought up in it.

There is no doubting that Joe and Margaret's equipage is a real head-turner, particularly since they have added to it a two-ton fairground organ which is towed behind the living wagon. At every show they attend, there is a steady queue of people who wait their turn to peer over the half-door of the 17ft-long wagon at the living area, with its coal-fired cooking range and original paraffin lamps; the partitioned bedroom; and the shining cut glass.

"I was lucky enough to be entertained to a cup of tea in a genuine showman's wagon when I was a young constable in the Forties, but the average person has never seen the interior of one, and that is why we hit on the idea of exhibiting ours at shows," says Joe. "People are fascinated by it. We were completely inundated with visitors at Rhyl recently, and it caused quite a stir at another show last week when it was so cold that we lit the fire. Folk love to see the snake going up the chimney."

The couple never charge sightseers, and accept only expenses from show organisers. Joe also has another unpaid sideline. He always takes with him a Thirties constable's uniform and police bicycle, which he uses when he is invited to lead parades of vintage tractors and other old vehicles.

The travelling Davises cause even greater bemusement when they make overnight stops at caravan sites while journeying between shows. The Caravan Club own-

ers of Swallow Touters and Volvo Estates do tend to notice when 13 tons of vintage fairground road train pull on to the field, and the interest that follows their initial shock usually results in an impromptu viewing of the wagon.

"I like to do something a bit different," says Margaret, "and, because I got tired of being at home all the time, this was one method of getting us away. It was actually me who bought the fairground organ. I got it as a present for Joe's 70th birthday because it was so difficult to think of something new for a man who already had everything he wanted."

"We meet a lot of interesting people as we travel round the shows. Some of them originally came from fairground families, and they come to talk to us about how they spent their childhood living in wagons like ours."

The wagon does, however, have a couple of secrets. Margaret cooks on a modern portable gas stove rather than the range, the paraffin lamps have been converted to generator-fed electricity, and the original fold-away children's sleeping ledge is used as a kitchen. The lifestyle may be authentic, but it's not too rigorously so.

Joe and Margaret Davies can be seen with their wagon today at the Newport Show, Shropshire; tomorrow at the Royal Mail Open Day at the Walsall Arboretum, West Midlands; and on 25-27 July at the steam rally at Willand, near Malvern, Worcestershire.

Joe and Margaret Davies can be seen with their wagon today at the Newport Show, Shropshire; tomorrow at the Royal Mail Open Day at the Walsall Arboretum, West Midlands; and on 25-27 July at the steam rally at Willand, near Malvern, Worcestershire.

He therefore complained to the Trading Standards Office in Gloucester, and as a result, Tolly Cobbold's changed their labels to make it clear that the brew emanated from Ipswich. Still Chas was not happy, and when a local newspaper picked up the story, he told the reporter – only half in jest – that he was preparing a riposte. Well aware that the highest points in Suffolk, to the south west of Bury St Edmunds, are all of 400ft above sea level, he threatened to call his secret weapon Suffolk Mountain Ale.

## Sights at every verse end

WEEKEND WALK: Clive Fewins follows in the footsteps of Robert Frost and fellow poets

As we passed through the kissing gate at the end of Dymock churchyard, my mind slid back to childhood books and a landscape dotted with small farms, copious streams and patches of woodland. All we needed was fur Rupert Bear and some of his jolly companions to drop in by hot air balloon.

We were on an eight-mile walk through landscape that straddles Gloucestershire and Herefordshire, on the trail of poets. Our route, marked "Poets' Path II", was through the hamlets of Lledington, Preston, Greenway, Tilers Green, Broom's Green and Knight's Green, linking the former homes of the poets Edward Thomas, Robert Frost and Wilfred Wilson Gibson, and also the church in which the poet laureate John Masefield was baptised.

In the years immediately preceding the First World War the "Dymock poets" were inspired by the fragile peace here, and in the last months before war broke out several others – known as the "Georgian poets" – arrived to join them. They included Lascelles Abercrombie, John Drinkwater and Rupert Brooke.

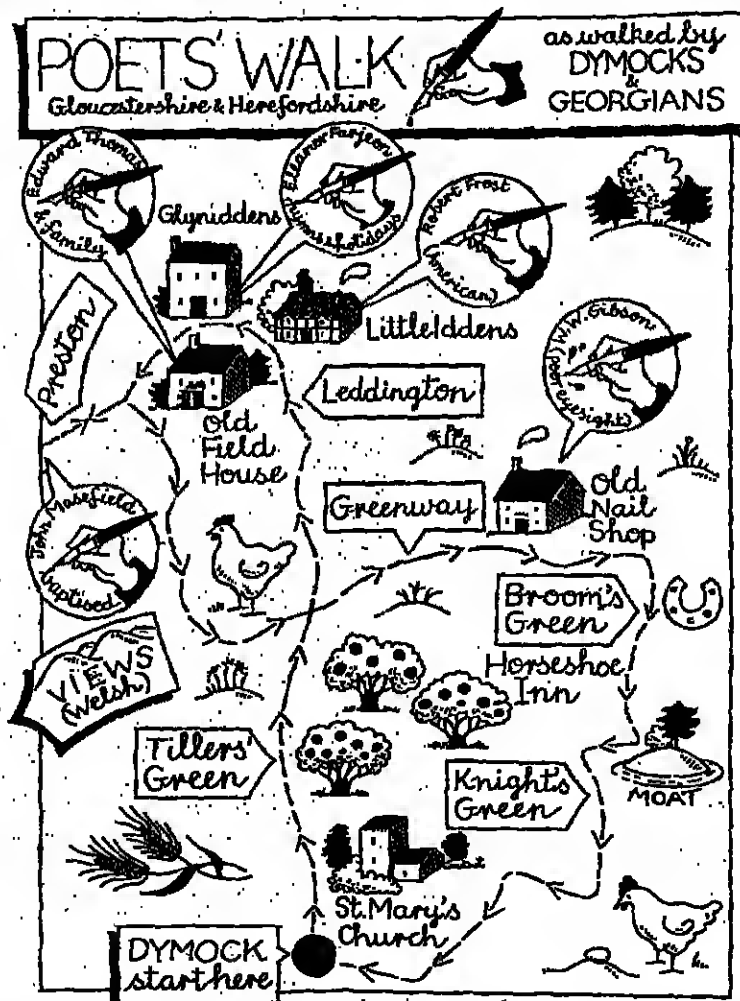
We set out from Dymock, having bought an excellent little map for 50p at the church. Our route took us through fields, alongside the river Leaden, over a disused railway line and up to the hamlet of Tilers Green. Here we joined a minor road, passing two small fruit farms, before taking a path to the left (again signposted) that led us to a small summit with panoramic views of the Welsh Marches.

Our route then lay along a two-mile field section taking us past Old Field House, Lledington, a lonely property where Edward Thomas and his family stayed in 1914. Unfortunately a sharp shower caught us unawares, so we omit-

ted the mile-long diversion to Preston Church. We emerged on to a road again at Little Idens, a black-and-white cottage rented by Robert Frost in 1914. Nearby is Glyn Idens, a large house where Eleanor Farjeon, poet and hymn writer, spent a holiday in the same year.

After this we had a two-mile road walk under lowering clouds to Broom's Green, where we had planned to lunch at the brick-and-timber Old Nail Shop, at Greenway Cross, where Gibson – turned down for military service because of poor eyesight – lived with his wife until 1917. We reached the pub in the dry, to be greeted by a friendly man cutting the hedge who announced himself as the owner of the free house. He explained that the pub was closed at lunch time on Tuesdays. It was a Tuesday, but noting our thirsty state he obligingly provided two welcome pints.

Our route took us the remaining two miles to Dymock via a clearly marked path to Knight's Green. Here we hit a minor road with verges bursting with wild roses. We passed a moated site in the field to our left, and crossed the signposted stile into the next field. If you have never walked through a field of oilseed rape I advise you not to try. Its sinewy stem is a natural trip-wire. And walking along the border of the field proved extremely close to the hedge. Our Poets' Path map showed that the area was bristling with footpaths and we took the next one along, on the left-hand side of the road. It took us to a minor road leading to Dymock, where we made for the church. Inside St Mary's – old, gaired and containing Roman remains – we had a look at the impressive little exhibition on the Dymock Poets while the heavens opened outside.



### Directions

Leave the churchyard by the kissing gate at the rear. Walk to the footbridge in the far corner of the field and follow the signs through seven fields until you reach a minor road. Follow this a quarter of a mile until you reach a T-junction. By signpost at T-junction turn left. Follow Poets' Path II signs until Old Field House. Take signposted path across a field to Little Idens. When you reach the road turn right. Follow road for a quarter of a mile, passing Mirabels, Hay Traps and Swords Farms. On reaching grass triangle turn left down road signposted Broom's Green.

Bromsberry and Ledbury. At Greenway Cross (Old Nail Shop on left) follow road half mile towards Broom's Green. Soon after the memorial hall take path to the right, leading to Knight's Green.

Just beyond the T-junction take the stile into the field to the left. Follow path the remaining mile to Dymock church and starting point, or alternatively continue along the road to T-junction and turn left along the road to Dymock.

Maps: Ordnance Survey Landranger Map 149. Pathfinder sheet 1041 (SO 63/73). Poets' Path II sheet (50p at Dymock church)

# THE INDEPENDENT

## 35 Universal Pansies for £8.95

A lovely selection of the unique 'Universal' strain of Winter Flowering Pansy. Years of careful breeding has resulted in a plant that is really winter hardy, the plants happily flowering throughout the winter months.

Winter and autumnal in a massive display of bloom during early Spring which will give superb results up until you want to put in your summer bedding plants.

'Winter Magic' comes in an excellent range of colours, from deep vibrant blues through to delicate shades of cream and yellow. The plants are very free-flowering, neat and compact in habit and flower over a long period of time.

The plants are supplied as 'plug' plants, which are of a size for direct planting when received, they will be well rooted and will give you an excellent garden display. A tray of 35 'plug' plants will cost you just £8.95 net p.p.c.

**PLANTS WILL BE DESPATCHED FROM EARLY SEPTEMBER ONWARDS - THE CORRECT TIME FOR PLANTING.**

**How to order**  
Spalding (01775) 762345 for enquiries and 24 hour credit card order service OR  
Fill in coupon quoting your Access/Visa/Mastercard number or send with crossed cheque/PO, NO CASH please, to:

**INDEPENDENT PANSY OFFER,  
P.O. BOX 50, SPALDING,  
LINCOLNSHIRE PE11 3SX**

Offer subject to availability and UK mainland readers only. If you are not completely satisfied return within 7 days for a full refund. Plants will be despatched from early September onwards.

Reg. in England 1005967 Newspaper Publications Ltd.

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ Packet(s) of Pansies at £8.95 per pack. I enclose my cheque/PO (address on back) made payable to: Newspaper Publications INGS50, or please debit my Access/Visa/Mastercard account with the sum of £\_\_\_\_\_ My card number is \_\_\_\_\_

Please use BLOCK CAPITALS. Expiry date: \_\_\_\_\_

Name: Mr/Ms/Ms/Ms/Ms \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Postcode: \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Orders to: INDEPENDENT PANSY OFFER  
P.O. BOX 50, SPALDING, LINCOLNSHIRE, PE11 3SX

Please tell the box if you do not wish to receive future mailings from NEWSPAPER PUBLICATIONS PLC or from companies approved by NEWSPAPER PUBLICATIONS PLC

INGS50



Duff Hart-Davis

We all know about Star Wars, the Cold War, the Cod War. Now, in Gloucestershire, we have a beer war, brought on by the dastardly deeds of some desperadoes in Ipswich, way off in East Anglia.

About a month ago our local brewer, Chas Wright, was outraged to find a local pub serving "Cobbold's Cotswold's PA". Being an erudite fellow, he was irritated by the redundant apostrophe, and positively incensed by a claim that the pale ale had been "brewed specially" for a wholesaler in Cheltenham.

This, he suspected, was rubbish, for Tolly Cobbold of Ipswich is a large brewery, and he estimates that the smallest quantity of beer it

would turn out in any one brew would be about 150 barrels. After some liquid research he concluded that the alleged Cotswold pale ale was nothing but Cobbold's "cooking bitter with a different label".

This, he decided, was "a bit bloody rich. Ipswich is 200 miles away. They can't spell effing Cotswolds. They're not a Cotswold brewery – and there are only three authentic Cotswold breweries left: Donnington, Hook Norton, and ourselves here in Uley."

He therefore complained to the Trading Standards Office in Gloucester, and as a result, Tolly Cobbold's changed their labels to make it clear that the brew emanated from Ipswich.

Still Chas was not happy, and when a local newspaper picked up the story, he told the reporter – only half in jest – that he was preparing a riposte. Well aware that the highest points in Suffolk, to the south west of Bury St Edmunds, are all of 400ft above sea level, he threatened to call his secret weapon Suffolk Mountain Ale.

The next thing he knew, a report in the Gloucestershire Citizen had been reproduced in the East Anglian Daily Times, and suddenly publicans were telephoning from the depths of Suffolk to order supplies of the new elixir. Never one to miss an opening, Chas had Suffolk Mountain Ale labels printed, slapped them on to barrels of his regular Hoghead Cotswolds pale ale, and dispatched them via a

**'Ipswich is 200 miles away, and they can't spell effing Cotswolds'**

wholesaler in an easterly direction.

Little did he realise that the King's Arms in the village of Bileston is the base of the Suffolk Mountain Rescue team. He soon learnt that "members of the team don't

do much climbing, but by God, do they drink!"

Described by the landlord, Ian Softley, as "a bit of a daft pub", the rambling 15th-century coaching inn has high ceilings and massive beams; whenever the spirit takes them, the mountain rescuers bring along a large climbing net, hang it from the beams, and amuse themselves, between pints, by going up the wall.

They rarely suffer oxygen starvation, since they cannot achieve any altitude greater than 12ft above the floor; but in a part of the country where people are glad to find a hillcock, that seems high enough.

Now, of course, Chas is planning "a few guest appearances" in Suffolk, and in particular a visit to Bileston. All I can say is that they had better arrange good anchor-points for the net, because he turns the scales at 18 stone.

No doubt he will find himself much at home, for Mr Softley and two colleagues recently started their own small brewery, and the staple beers at the King's Arms are their Breivale Best

Bitter and Breivale First Gold.

All this long-range skirmishing is the result of one gloomy development: the decision taken by Whitbread to stop producing West Country pale ale in their brewery at Cheltenham. For generations this lightweight bitter was the only draught beer generally available in the region, and its demise earlier this year was what led Tolly Cobbold to discern an opening in the west.

In a curious way history is repeating itself; for in the Seventies Chas distributed Theakston's Yorkshire beers in Gloucestershire, and his drinking partner Ric Sainty, now landlord of the Old Spot in Dursley, caused a stir in the Cotswolds by importing Greene King and Adnams ales from Suffolk – under their own names, of course.

Now the Old Spot has just won the Camra award for the best pub in Gloucestershire – so who is to say that Ric doesn't know what he is doing, or that the cross-country movement of specialist ales does not increase the jollity of nations?



Less business than labour of love, Elizabeth Taylor's Powys nursery is a treasure trove of unusual plants, writes Anna Pavord



As a reader, Frances Rathbone, of Looch NI, first put me on to the Whimble Nursery in Powys. "It's really in the back of beyond," wrote Ms Rathbone. "The plants are unusual and of the best quality. This spring the place was full of luscious terracotta and russet wallflowers and violas. I lose labels and forget names, but I bought some old-fashioned primulas, some geraniums and some gorgeous pale orange double poppies."

As it's never a hardship to fiddle about in the border country round Presteigne, I quickly persuaded myself that I needed to go and meet Elizabeth Taylor, who set up this nursery just a few years ago. No, she said when we met, Ms Rathbone didn't have shares in the place. Nor was she a member of the family. This was an entirely unsolicited testimonial.

Word of mouth is important to a business like this, because you'd starve if you had to rely on passing trade. One of the huge delights of the area is that there isn't any. But it's worth a detour, particularly if you like aquilegias, pinks, campanulas, geraniums, penstemons and violas.

Why was she growing these particular plants, I asked. "Because I like them," she replied. She'd been given her first viola, the scented, silvery-mauve 'Maggie Mot', by an old lady in the village, and got hooked on the family. I know the feeling.

When she first started up the business, she had a great deal of help from a friend, Angela Holmes, and they sold shrubs, roses and climbers as well as perennials. Now that she's running the nursery on her own, she finds it sensible to concentrate

on a more specialised range of plants. The nursery is set high up - about 800ft - with the extraordinary, pudding-basin hill from which it takes its name rearing up behind it. The stock plants from which Ms Taylor takes her cuttings and divisions are mostly grown in rectangular beds on one side of the nursery, with plants for sale on the other. It's a quirky place, with a potting bench set comfortably among the plants, and in the middle a corrugated iron building, faintly Caribbean in feeling, which she had once planned to turn into a tearoom.

The principle was sound, but in practice Ms Taylor found that she didn't have enough hours in the day to cope with her plants, let alone brew tea. So she didn't go expecting cups. Stock up in Presteigne. Was there really a living to be made from this kind of business, I wondered, set so far off the beaten track? "I'd love to think that there was," replied Ms Taylor, "but I can't see it ever being financially worthwhile. You've just got to love doing it."

Mostly, she does. The worst times are the hot summers, such as we had last year, when 20,000 small plants, gasping in their pots, haunted her every hour. She has very high standards. The compost in the pots is clean and fresh, not covered with weeds and liverworts as you find at so many nurseries. When plants such as aquilegias have finished flowering, she cuts them down and sets them aside in a holding pen, while fresh plants - penstemons, maybe, or diascias - are brought in to take their place.

She's organic enough not to want to have peat in her potting composts, so she

uses coir (Fertile Fibre) instead. She's stopped worrying about Britain's disappearing peat bogs and now worries instead about the ecological correctness of transporting coir expensively all the way from its own home ground. There are no easy answers in this business. The really correct thing to do, I suppose, would be to return to growing herbaceous perennials in the open ground and delivering them, bare-rooted, in autumn.

But then Ms Rathbone couldn't have waltzed away when she did with her poppies, and I couldn't have left the place clutching my viola, parahebe and euphorbia. I'm particularly pleased to have the euphorbia, *E. pulchra*. Ms Taylor had one growing in a pot in the little garden at the entrance to her nursery. Most of the euphorbias I grow are distinctly beefy, but this one has narrow, thread-like leaves of a strange, pale grey-green and equally pale flowers on top of stalks about 12in to 18in tall. You can tell it's a sun-lover. It needs good drainage too.

What sort of training do you need, to have a nursery, I asked Ms Taylor. "I don't know," she replied. "I've never had any training. I've done all sorts of silly things in my life, but I've never had a proper career. I just find things out by trial and error. End of story." This year she tried to give herself the illusion of being a proper businesswoman by keeping proper records of the stock she held. "But the time involved was just unbelievable. I couldn't keep up with it."

She started first in 1989 with a joint venture in Presteigne, growing herbs and wild flowers. "As one did," she said, rolling her eyes slightly. But few things

look scraggier in pots than wild flowers, and herbs became the province of production-line growers, who could do them more cheaply than she could. And anyway, the back-to-nature mob who bought her first plants came to realise, as we all do, that nature does a better job with wild flowers than the rest of us can. They graduated to a different kind of garden and wanted different plants to put in them.

Each year she grows plants that are new to her. It keeps the nursery looking fresh and provides the treasure-hunt element that nursery visitors rather enjoy. Among the well-known pinks such as the double white 'Dad's Favourite' and the superbly scented 'Allspice', you'll find species such as *Dianthus monspessulanus*. I brought one of those home, too. It's whispier than the plants I generally go for, grassy foliage of green rather than grey, and flowers that are very pale and ragged, as though they have been blown to pieces in

the wind. That's hardly a hard sell for the plant, but I thought it an intriguing thing. It's a native of central Europe, where it grows on mountains.

Did Ms Taylor ever put a cost on the time she spent in the nursery. "No," she said firmly. "That would be totally daunting. I'd end up feeling really terrible about it. I try not to be too obsessive about the way the plants are looking, but I can't go past a plant that's looking awful. I try hard to keep a balance in life. I like making pots - garden pots. And in winter I make a living by repairing oriental carpets. I know the nursery is never going to make me any money, but on the other hand it would be very hard to chuck it in now."

So if you are in the neighbourhood of Presteigne, wandering down the B4372, I reckon you'll still find Elizabeth Taylor at the Whimble Nursery, Kionerton, Powys LD8 2PD (01547 560413). It is open on Thursdays, Fridays and Sundays (1pm-5pm) until the end of September.



## CUTTINGS

Phil Rooksby, the hero of a self-sufficiency story in this column (26 October 1996), has brought out an expanded, deluxe version of his booklet "My Kind of Self Sufficiency". The introduction covers his odyssey through the perils of the "real" world to the rather more valid world he created around Midsummer Cottage, Sessay, North Yorkshire YO7 3NL. He gives a detailed and realistic list of ways that anyone can help save energy and conserve resources. He also gives a hard-won appraisal of the practicalities of organic gardening, together with a brisk rundown of some of the "isms" connected with it. The booklet, handstitched and covered with handmade paper, costs £3 from Mr Rooksby at the address above.

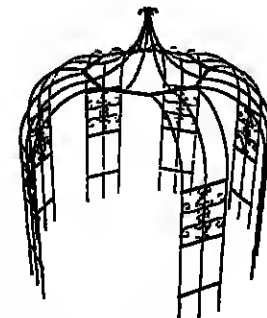
The concept of garden as art gallery has been cleverly exploited by several organisations, including Fabrice, a Brighton art gallery whose changing exhibition, *Catchcrop*, explores gardens, cultivation and land use. Throughout the summer, visitors will be able to make sculptures and mosaics, and design gardens and decorations, using natural materials. Fabrice's assistants are on hand every Saturday afternoon to advise and inspire beginners. There will be a "drop-in" workshop next Saturday when adults and children are invited to make their own miniature gardens. Materials are free, but there is a 50p entrance fee. The following day, Fabrice will offer prizes for the best-made gardens. *Catchcrop*, at the Fabrice Gallery, Holy Trinity Church, Ship Street, Brighton BN1 1AG (01273 778646), continues until the end of August.

Michael Loftus of the plantsman's nursery, Wootten of Wenham, is offering 15 per cent off the bill if you hire more than £20 worth of plants. That's not difficult here. Loftus has a superb range of plants including sumptuous dahlias such as dark 'Arabian Nights' and 'Nuit d'Ete' - rich red, shading to black. Special prices at the moment are offered on *Rehmannia angulata*, which looks like a cross between a foxglove and a salpiglossis. "Showy spikes of exotic warm mauve pink flowers all summer and autumn. Hardy in a sheltered spot. An excellent specimen in a pot," says Mr Loftus. The nursery is open daily at Blackheath, Wenham, Halesworth, Suffolk IP19 9HD (01502 478258).

## gardening

**Redfields**  
The Manufacturers of English Lead Garden Appointments  
Planters, Fountains, Urns, Figures, Sundials & Plaques  
Commissions Undertaken  
Tel & Fax: 01428 714638  
e mail: Redfields@blackwater.co.uk  
Colour brochure on request

**FOUNTAINS AND WATER FEATURES**  
QUALITY SELF CONTAINED FOUNTAINS  
Full range of self-contained fountains, water features, ponds, etc. in stock. All fountains guaranteed for 1 year. Free delivery. Please call for details.

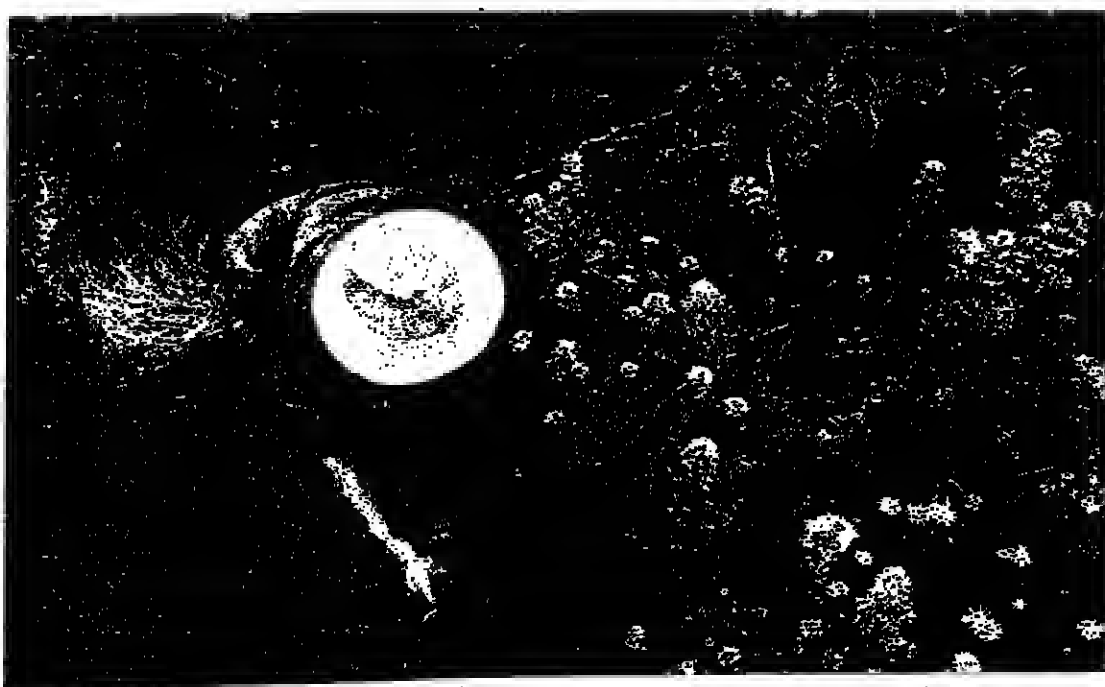


Hand-crafted decorative ironwork to enhance the interior and exterior of your home. Choose from our range of garden structures such as GAZEBOS, ARCHES, RACKS FOR DISPLAY OR STORAGE, SEATS and OBELISKS.  
For a colour mail order brochure telephone 01440 788141 or fax 01440 788208.  
RIDGEAR MODULAR SYSTEMS, PARSONS FARM, TILBURY ROAD, RIDGEWELL CO9 4RL

**TODAY'S GARDENERS OFFER**  
THE GENUINE ORIGINAL  
**Jungle Scythe**  
2 1/2 FT TEMPERED STEEL BLADE  
Manufactured by a specialist British agricultural hand tool maker established over 100 years. This original Jungle Scythe is supplied world-wide for clearance work in jungle, bush and plantation areas. Used with an easy single-handed side to side cutting action, the long blade design eliminates back-breaking bending or stooping. Slices effortlessly through undergrowth, quickly clearing areas of grass, weeds, brambles and nettles. So versatile in areas inaccessible to machinery. The 2 1/2 ft top quality tempered steel blade has a razor-sharp cutting edge and is firmly riveted to the contour grip wood handle. An outstanding gardening aid at Today's Gardeners Offer price of just £16.95 + £2.95 p.p. Order 2 for £35.90 and SAVE £4.  
Also 11" double-sided metal Reaper File. Will maintain top cutting condition of Jungle Scythe year after year. £3.95.  
Orders will be despatched within 72 HOURS. If you are not fully satisfied, please return within 14 days for a full refund.  
**PHONE YOUR ORDER NOW 01536 720130**  
MasterCard/VISA  
or Post coupon to: Gardeners Offer, JUSFOOLS® (Dept. HIC27), 88 Station Rd, Burton Latimer, Northants NN15 5JW

Please send me ☐ 1 JUNGLE SCYTHE ☐ 2 JUNGLE SCYTHES ☐ REAPER FILE  
I enclose Cheque/PO for £ payable to Jusfools® or debit my MasterCard or VISA card.  
Number \_\_\_\_\_  
Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Expiry Date \_\_\_\_\_  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Post Code \_\_\_\_\_  
Jusfools® (Dept HIC27), 88 Station Rd, Burton Latimer, Northants NN15 5JW (checked off 2 Aug 1997 by Mr. J. J. J.)

**The Chelsea Plant Stand**  
Natural Pine, complete 15 mins to assemble.  
Rustproof fittings  
Ready to finish for indoor/outdoor use.  
£39 (Add £3 p.p.). 48 hr despatch.  
Order by phone Access/Visa or by cheque/PO.  
Illustrated details from S.A. Johnson  
THE DOMESTIC PARAPHERNALIA Co  
Dept IN, Unit 15, Marine Business Centre  
Dock Rd, Lytham, Lancs FY8 5AJ, England  
Tel: 01253 736334 24 hrs.  
Fax: 01253 795191



Nursery nurse: Elizabeth Taylor (left) tends her plants - each year she grows ones that are new to her, such as the 'pardalinum' lily above  
PHOTOGRAPH: ROB STRATTON

## WEEKEND WORK

Vigorous pruning is needed on wisterias to stop long new tendrils creeping in under tiles and through windows. First choose the growths that you want to keep to fill extra space and twine them round wire supports. Shorten all the growths you do not want to keep, leaving five or six pairs of leaves intact. These can be cut back further next February.

Apple and pear trees trained in cordons, espaliers and fans may need summer pruning. Do this gradually so the tree does not suffer too much of a shock. Leave the leaders at the ends of all the main branches untouched. Prune back the new side shoots that have been growing so that you shorten each by a third.

Layer horder carnations. Choose young side shoots that have not flowered and nick through the joint at the base of each shoot. Do not cut it completely. Bend the side shoots down and peg them firmly into the ground with a bit of

bent wire. Cover the split stem with fine damp soil and keep the plant well watered. The layers should be rooted by early September.

Start planting autumn flowering bulbs such as colchicum and sternbergia as soon as you can get hold of them. Continue to dead-head petunias, roses, osteospermums and the like.

Goose grass has been particularly aggressive this year. Haul it away to the bonfire before it drops its seeds for next year's crop. Pollen beetles have left the rape fields in favour of the sweet pea crop. You can see them sitting in the keel of the flower. Showmen worry about them spoiling the look of their prize blooms, but they do little actual damage.

Tie in the new growths of rambler roses and of other wall shrubs such as pyracantha and trachelospermum. Continue to nick out side shoots of tomatoes and tie the main stem onto its support if necessary. Bush tomatoes can be left alone. Some years I have picked "Tumbler" outdoor bush tomatoes in the first week of July. Not this year though. The plants had too slow a start.



# The fine art of drinking coffee

**S**hould your gondola happen to dock at the Venice Biennale this summer, one of the first exhibits to greet you outside this international modern art exhibition will be a neat display of espresso coffee cups on the quayside.

It's a relationship that dates back to the Arabs of Mecca a thousand years ago. They established the first ever coffee houses that flourished as venues for conversation and chess, music and dance. As coffee spread through the Middle East (unlike alcohol, it was an acceptable drink for Muslims), the Constantinople coffee houses of the 16th century became renowned for their luxurious decor, their



## From the beancounter ...

- 80 per cent of coffee drunk in the UK is instant coffee.
- The world's biggest coffee drinkers are the Swedes (11 kilos of coffee per head each year), followed by the Norwegians (8.10), the Danes (8.75) and the Finns (8.65). The Americans are a paltry 13th (4.02), while we in the UK are 15th (2.27).
- World coffee prices went up by a quarter in 1995 due to a doubling of the cost of raw coffee beans. The surge in demand on international markets has made instant coffee a target for shoplifters across Britain who trade in jars of coffee to pay off debts.
- 75 per cent of the world's coffee is made from arabica beans which have a richer taste and lower caffeine content than robusta beans.
- One legend has it that coffee was first discovered by an Ethiopian shepherd who noticed that his sheep became extremely lively after eating the berries of the coffee plant.

*The Coffee Companion: the connoisseur's guide to the world's best brews,* by Jon Thorn, Apple £15.

Then, as now, the coffee house was the ultimate place to hang out, and so ambience was all important. Venice's Café Florian (founded 1720) in the Piazza San Marco, still has that intimate but public, relaxed but elegant style of so many good modern cafés. These were places – and still are – for artists and writers to meet, read the newspapers and argue about politics and ideas, their brains buzzing with caffeine.

England's first cafés were in Oxford in the mid-17th century and one of these evolved into the Royal Society. Similarly, the origins of Lloyd's of London lie in the Lloyd's coffee house in Tower Street where

And while the English are still principally tea drinkers, fresh ground coffee is still the drink of the cosmopolitan, the cultured and the conversational. Modern coffee houses – from cybercafés to Italian espresso bars – are booming in Britain's current coffee revolution. Meanwhile the coffee *cognoscenti* grow ever more obsessed about the finer points of a good cup of coffee, its roast and its rituals, their enthusiasm sharpened by the craving for caffeine that is now the most widely used drug in the world.

Coffee tasting, like wine tasting, is considered an art in itself with its own elaborate vocabulary and exotic equipment. The coffee "liquor" (taster) has a special "gouté café" (round silver spoon) to dip into the fresh brew – which is strictly without milk or sugar. Flavour, body and aroma are judged and graded as the experts roll the coffee around their tongues before spitting and rinsing with milk. They never taste more than a

Dr Gianfranco Brumen is quality supervisor for Illy and a taster with 25 years' experience. He avoids cigarettes and spicy food all week to keep his taste buds in trim for the task of tracking down any one of a long list of "negative flavours" among the coffee beans. These have very specific and evocative descriptions such as "stinkers" (an over-fermented sulphurous smell), "rancid" (from decayed oils that taste like corks in wine) and "fauna" (the odour of the skin of a wet wild animal).

Just one bad bean in the 50 needed to make a cup of espresso can ruin the taste of the whole brew. But checking and choosing the beans is only the beginning. Then comes roasting, which has another vocabulary all its own (light roasts are "half city," "cinnamon" or "New England", while dark roasts can be "New Orleans" or "after dinner"),



And all this before you actually get round to the crucial and contentious ritual of making a cup of coffee. According to Jon Thorn's *Coffee Companion*, coffee perfectionists will use only freshly roasted beans not more than 12 months old, stored in airtight containers and ground immediately before brewing. The water must be fresh, drawn from a cold tap that has been run for several seconds, then boiled but not overboiled. The water (no longer boiling) must be poured into the coffee maker of your choice (he favours the cafetière), left to brew and drunk as soon as possible—but only from a warmed cup.

An art indeed. And, as it happens, winner of the Illycaffè award for young talent at this year's Biennale is the British artist Sam Taylor-Wood with her audiovisual installation *Bad Trip*, which represents a scene from a crowded London restaurant. Maybe her cup of coffee had one bad bean with the odour of the skin of a wet wild animal...

FAX: 0171 293 2505

**For Sales**

**HARD WATER  
GONE FOR GOOD  
GUARANTEED**

**OR YOUR MONEY BACK**



**From  
£70  
inclusive**  
*including VAT*

- 5 year guarantee
- in-situ home trial
- Immediate availability
- Recommended by users
- Systematically branch

**No Plumbing -  
No Salt - No Fuss  
Just Fit & Forget**

**Water Imp. ~~FREEPOST~~ SL2393, Ascot Berks SL5 0BR**

**0800 220310**

© 1995 Water Imp.

**INTRODUCING THE WORLD'S  
SMALLEST RADIO!**

From the master of  
innovation whose  
products for 30 years have  
been at the forefront of  
technological advance.

*Clive Sinclair*

**The Astonishing X1 Button Radio**

Only the size of a 10p coin, it offers the full performance of a VHF radio  
yet with its unique design fits discreetly in your ear.

**Available exclusively from Sinclair Research for only £9.50**

**Fashion**

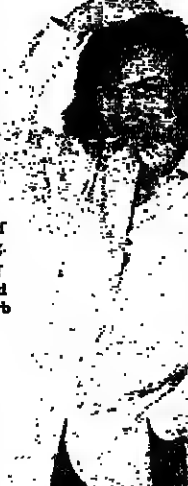
*Charming in Auvergne*

This is Midi's delightfully relaxed 'Auvergne' shirt: it's hand-made from pure Egyptian cotton, and feels just as lovely as it looks. You'll find 'Auvergne' (£45-60) in the Midi Summer catalogue - a means to the effortless elegance of informal French country clothing. Midi's beautiful line collection of tops, jackets and skirts is designed and made in England from superb quality wools and cottons.

*For a free copy, please ring, write or fax this very day.*

**MIDI**  
MAISON

Barbican House, Duke Street  
Pentrich, Cumbria CA14 7NA  
Tel 01768 892981  
Fax 01768 864406



**Pure Silk Shirts**

Not  
cheap  
but  
a  
real  
delight

Unusually warm and soft  
Superior  
Quality **£15.95**

Use our  
code  
and  
save  
much  
for  
your  
first  
purchase

Edging  
the luxury  
of 100% pure silk.  
Stand-out for  
vibrant colours and  
look, these shirts make  
sophisticated, two-  
button-down business  
possession and a  
pleasant fit back to  
Knox, Wince, Mace, Whiting,  
Knox, Royal, Purple, Breeze  
and Pearl Blue. Color codes: 51571

**FREE**  
FLYING  
SALE  
BOWLING











# Cutlery

THE FINEST ENGLISH

44 PIECE SET FOR 6 PEOPLE

Solid silver	£1295
Silver plated	£450
Stainless steel	£300

15 SUPERB DESIGNS

*Our cutlery can be bought as individual pieces,  
in place sets or larger sets*

## United Cutlery

Petra Street, Sheffield S4 8LL

For a complimentary copy of our Brochure  
Tel 0114 243 3984 Fax 0114 243 7128

0114 243 7128

---

Or return this coupon to: United Cutlery  
FREEPOST, Sheffield S4 7ZZ. (no stamp needed)

Title  Name

Address

Postcode

TELE 8

**Unusual Gifts**

# ROSIE NIEPER T-SHIRTS

Emphasize your design on Every one of the new on white 100% cotton



fit



stressed out

WRITE OR PHONE  
ROUTING **N17**  
FOR FREE CATALOGUE  
WITH LOTS MORE  
DESIGNS. 12 MUNSTER  
RD, TEDDINGTON, MIDDLESEX.  
TW11 2LL

0181 61 51 59 39 44  
9.00 p.m. - 12.00 a.m.

**24 HOUR ORDER & BROCHURE HOTLINE:**  
**01483 576272**  
MIRANDA SUE DUFFY, H&P, RESPONCE,  
PO Box 3436, London SE8 6RP  
Monday 9h, 11-4pm Tues, 10-4pm Wed, Sunday 10-3pm

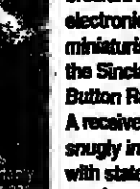
**Unusual Gifts**

**FREE**  
SEAT ADDITION  
PLEASURABLE  
PRODUCTS

CATALOGUE NOW  
LIVE RITES - BOOKS  
XXI RIVERS - PUMPS  
WEGLAND - LEATHERS  
REAR - CREAMS AND  
SPRAYS plus MORE

FREE CATALOGUE NOW  
01483 576272

WE'VE GOT YOU  
COVERED  
100% PROTECT  
YOUR PROPS  
FROM THE  
WET



**From the master of innovation, comes an astonishing breakthrough in electronic miniaturisation - the Sinclair X1 Button Radio.**

A receiver that fits snugly in your ear with state of the art circuitry that gives it a specification which will top radios many times its size.

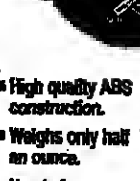
The result of years of research using original Sinclair technology the X1 Radio is unique, and in line with Sir Clive's wish to keep its price under £10, it is only available direct from Sinclair Electronics. You cannot buy this radio in the high street or from any mail order catalogue.

**Tune in and listen**

The X1 is totally hands free and has virtually no weight. You can run, dance or pedal your bike without fear of the X1 getting in the way. Its unique sure-grip ear design will ensure it fits snugly and comfortably in your ear at all times. Never again need you miss your favourite programme or live sports broadcasts. Ideal for all locations, it can be discreetly used in your car,

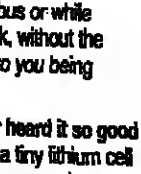
### Key features of this marvel of technology:

- All autotune push button tuning.
- Full frequency (80 Mhz - 106 Mhz).
- Built-in aerial.
- Unique sure grip ear design.
- Powered by a tiny lithium cell.



**Actual Size**

- High quality ABS construction.
- Weighs only half an ounce.
- Hands-free operation.
- On/off button.
- One year guarantee.
- The size of a 10p coin.



on the train, bus or while you're at work, without the person next to you being aware.

You've never heard it so good. Powered by a tiny lithium cell which lasts for many hours, (replacement batteries readily available in shops) the X1 uses push button autotune touch tuning as found on expensive car radios. Simply push the button and it tunes automatically to the next station.

**SEND ONLY £10 TODAY**


Qty	Item	Price <small>(inc Vat &amp; P&amp;H)</small>	Total
1	X1 Button Radio	£10	

**Please tick appropriate box**

☐ I enclose cash or cheque/PQ needs payable to **SINCLAIR ELECTRONICS LTD**

☐ Or debit my Visa ☐ Access ☐

☐ Card exp date Month Year

**Cust Number:** 

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Postcode \_\_\_\_\_

**Signature X** \_\_\_\_\_

Sinclair Electronics Ltd, Unit 12, Broomfield Road, Birmingham Business Park, Edgbaston, Birmingham B15 2TH. Tel: 021 358 5555. Fax: 021 358 5556. Telex: 940200 SINELINT G. Registered Office: 10, Victoria Road, Birmingham B1 1ND. Registered in England No. 2024148. Registered for VAT No. 255 856 910. Price includes postage and packing. Please allow 14 days for delivery.

To advertise in this section please call the  
**Independent Traders Team on 0171 293 2344/2323.**



# See – and be seen

The four-eyed look is at the cutting edge of cool, writes Andy Zneimer

If you were under the impression that wearing glasses was to be avoided at all costs, unless you couldn't see without them, think again. The "four-eyed" look – whether or not you have a genuine need for glasses – is here to stay.

In the calm, red-brick interior of the Kirk Originals shop in London's Covent Garden, each pair of hand-crafted glasses sits on its own tiny wooden shelf. Jason Kirk and his wife Karen have revamped the sterile, clinical image of an optician. As we chat, a Japanese water-garden bubbles away soothingly in the background.

The Kirk Originals shop, which opened last year, undertakes no diagnostic work per se but employs two qualified dispensing opticians who offer advice on visual problems. Kirk is keen to point out that his first concern is always for his customers to have a had a recent eye test, if prescription glasses are required. However, whether clients have imperfect vision or not, they flock to the shop to purchase fun, fashionable eye-wear. "Traditionally the UK has been slow to catch on when it comes to glasses," says Kirk. "In the States and on the Continent people have always been much more adventurous."

All Kirk Original frames are made of materials from the Sixties and Seventies, usually rare sheets of acetate purchased in shopping trips around the world and hand-cut at the company's own factory. Craftsmen may take two weeks to complete a pair. Each frame is barrelled for three days with wood-chips and pumice, then hand-polished.

The Kirk's customers include Oasis (both brothers), Seal, Mick Hucknall of Simply Red, the hip band Morcheeba and the actor Steven Dorff. A pair of one-off, customised frames can cost up to £2,000, but the two basic ranges sell for between £75 and £200.

Frames come in a wide range of colours and textures, and are fitted with maximum-UV-absorption, scratch-resistant lenses from manufacturers such as Nikon and Zeiss.

The company turnover is approaching £400,000, with 85 per cent of production being exported. Nieman-Marcus, the leading American department store, sells Kirk Originals as a pure fashion accessory; the Japanese bead to the trendsetting, Tokyo-based stockists Lunettes du Jura. Plans are afoot to open Kirk Original stores in New York, Tokyo and Paris.

Jason Kirk's tip for what's hot in summer frames includes snake-skin and copper laminate, with accompanying bright blues, reds and greens.

Alongside the success of high-fashion companies such as Kirk Originals, there is still great demand for the modern, independent, high-street optician who can offer expert eye-testing as well as an impressive range of designer label and National Health Service glasses.

Jeff Plaskow, a 30-year-old graduate of Glasgow Caledonian University, runs Optical World and Phillips Opticians, two flourishing family practices in London's unfashionable E10 and E17 respectively.

"I see a vast cross-section of the public," says Plaskow. "My catchment area is multi-ethnic and contains a high student population. Roughly half my customers receive eye tests and prescription glasses free on the NHS. We offer a choice of about 30 NHS frames with a certain cosmetic appeal. Even these frames eventually catch up with trends established by the likes of Kirk Originals."

Interestingly, Plaskow points out that there are no controls on how much a practice can charge for a pair of NHS glasses, and only the basic European Standard quality



A touch of glass: Kirk Original's customers include Oasis. PHOTOGRAPH: NICOLA KURTZ

control on prescription spectacles has to be applied. "The part of my business that is NHS-driven must remain highly competitive," he says. "My clients rely on me to provide quality products free of charge, but plenty of others charge 'top-up' fees."

Plaskow reports that a fundamental part of an optometrist's work is diagnostic. Many serious conditions can be diagnosed by eye-testing procedures: diabetes, glaucoma and even certain forms of brain tumour can all be spotted with accuracy.

The private side of Plaskow's business is growing daily, and brand names are highly sought after. "Prices for frames vary from £99 to £179. The lenses cost extra. There is a lot of peer-group pressure to buy what's cool, particularly among young adults."

As I leave Plaskow's E17 practice, a record producer comes in to inquire about a pair of non-prescription half-glasses, to lend him a certain fashionable gravitas in his work. It seems nobody is immune from a need to look the part.

## Under the counter

with Lindsay Calder

Last week I needed big-time retail therapy: so big that only Harrods could do the job, and with the sale on, there was the added bonus of bargain therapy to boot. At times when you are feeling particularly emotional or just plain premenstrual, it is not advisable to enter a shop, as it can result in reckless purchases, only to be regretted and unworn later – I have a pair of funny leopard-skin trousers and a Kookai pussy-pelmet to prove it. So I decided that fantasy retail therapy might be the safer cathartic option.

How much did I have to spend to feel a bit better? Well, about £150,000 for starters – I may have to return for another session. So, on Monday, I fought my way through the dazed and confused tourists on my self-help mission. Always guaranteed to bring a smile to a girl's face is a new handbag, especially an expensive one, so before I did anything else, I had to secure one of those. I found a Fendi snakeskin bag with black and white polka dots reduced from £349 to £664. This gave some immediate comfort, but still wasn't quite extravagant enough. What I really needed was something special, exorbitant, and then I saw it, behind a counter in a glass case, just waiting for me. "The Royal Fountain Pen" by Mont Blanc, diamond-studded and £87,500 (was £97,500). I'm sure it must be damned uncomfortable to write with, but what the hell, I'd just look at it and think of the £10,000 I had saved.

On my ascent to the first floor, I took stock of my bargains. What I'd bought was all rather *bijou*: tiny handbag, little pen, and bottle of vino (£3,500) – far too discreet, if I

was going to come through this therapy at all. I decided I would have to start making some statements, big bold ones. I wanted to be able to point to something enormous and say, "Send that round." And so, in the furniture department, past whole tribes of Arab families camped out on oversized sofas, and tweedy retired couples agonising over a new "his chair", I eventually found a bed that you could live in – you know eat chocolates in it, read piles of magazines in it, and scatter it with tissues when you are having a good cry. I nearly got into the "Westminster" by Ralph Lauren then and there – a great solid mahogany edifice, covered with wonderful throws. It was a snip at £4,949 (was £5,549). "Send it round."

The bed was big, but the bed was also practical. The piece de resistance of any RT trip has got to be something you don't need and can't use. Like a grand piano – a Bechstein "B" in polished ebony at £32,499 (was £35,499). I can't play a note, but I could lie on it like Michelle Pfeiffer in *The Fabulous Baker Boys*. And to wear while I am draped over my piano? A red Hervé Leger "bundage" dress, £2,029 (was £2,899) and gold Prada sandals, £145 (were £225).

After a few hours in the highly perfumed halls of Harrods, I found myself jolted back to reality in Knightsbridge tube station. I have to admit, I couldn't resist actually buying something – a vinyl leopard-skin Harrods apron, £4.95 (was £9.95). Well, I suppose it will go with my furry trousers.

Harrods' sale finishes today at 7pm.

## classified • independent traders

For Sale

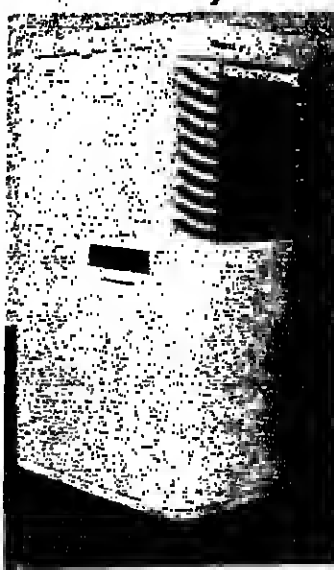
### Beat the Heat

With the latest technology in Mobile Air Conditioning

**The 3 in 1 KY20!!**

RRP £780.00 + VAT OUR PRICE **£499.00 + VAT**

**\*5 year Guarantee**



- Air Conditions
- Dehumidifies
- Ionises
- 7,500 BTU
- 3 x Speed Fan
- 15 x Temperature Settings
- Programmable Oscillating
- LCD Touch Control
- Water Overflow Alarm
- 2 Metre Flexible Exhaust
- 3.6 Litre Built in Water Tank With Auto-Stop
- 1.5L/P/H Dehumidification
- Rhythmic Airflow System
- Fitted Casters for easy Transportation.

NOW AVAILABLE  
NEW MODEL  
WITH  
WATER  
TANK

Combat soaring temperatures with this lightweight, compact, portable unit capable of cooling up to 500 sqft of space.

**Ideal For The Home Or Office**

We can only offer you this amazing price while stocks last. Deal Direct!!

For more details call now

**MACADU LTD.**

Freephone 0800 146489. Fax: 0181 591 8141.

6 Thames Road, Barking, Essex IG11 0HZ.

\*Extended warranties to suit your individual requirements.

### Did you know

what this price has sold for?

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

£1,000.00

### The National Trust Range of

PAINTS

and The Full Archive Paint Range

exclusively manufactured by

**FARROW & BALL**

Historical colours in modern

and traditional finishes

Our traditional striped and

dragged wallpapers produced on

the finest of base papers

All UK mainland orders delivered free

from the factory

For colour cards & product information

Call 01223 875431

See us at 20 Farnham Rd London SW6

Don't forget to mention

The Independent when replying to adverts

Find out on page 73 of

Good Housekeeping

magazine, August issue.

On sale now

For Sale

**CONDOMS**

BRAND	QUANTITY	PRICE
3M	100	£1.99
3M	200	£3.99
3M	300	£5.99
3M	400	£7.99
3M	500	£9.99
3M	600	£11.99
3M	700	£13.99
3M	800	£15.99
3M	900	£17.99
3M	1000	£19.99

ALL ORDERS SENT BY AIR COURIER TO YOUR DOOR. FREE BROCHURE OF COMPLETE RANGE.

**30**

QUESTIONS TO QUICK & DIRECT, FREEPOST QD12 122 (no stamp required)

1276 HERRING RD, WALTON ON TREAR, CHESHIRE, WARRINGTON, CH54 7JH

01273 572 100

**PEDOMETERS**

**MAP MEASURERS**

**COMPASSES & ALTIMETERS**

• Extensive Range

• Excellent Prices

Our impressive range of 40 Pedometers allow you to choose the right model for your needs. If you Jog, Walk, Run, Cycle or you would just like to know how far you have walked the dog, you can measure the distance travelled. Lightweight and compact.

**Precision Made Instruments**

guaranteed for reliability and accuracy.

We also have a large selection of Map Measurers, Compasses, Magnifiers, Stop Watches etc. all available at excellent prices.

**FREE COLOUR BROCHURE** despatched by return.

WRITE FAX OR PHONE FOR

**PEDOMETERS INTERNATIONAL LTD (IN29)**

12/14 James Watt Close, Drayton Fields, Chesham, Bucks HP23 5LJ

Tel 01292 706030 Fax 01292 471633

**Beautiful PET MEMORIALS**

**FREE! OFFERS NOW**

Simply send us your favourite photo of your pet and we will create a beautiful memorial for you. Choose from a range of designs and finishes. Several designs available.

**FREE INFORMATION PACK** including colour brochures Telephone (24 hours) **01454 772857**

Photocopies 24, York Gardens, Whitehouse, Bristol, BS17 1QT

**Books**

**Could a shed save your marriage?**

Find out on page 73 of Good Housekeeping magazine, August issue. On sale now

**To advertise in this section**

please call the Independent Traders Team on 0171 293 2344.



The time: 29 July to 2 August  
The Place: Goodwood Racecourse

## The Essentials

Nestled in the Sussex Downs, Goodwood has to be one of the most beautiful racecourses in the world. It began back in 1801 when the Duke of Richmond gathered a few pals for a private afternoon's racing. It was so successful that "Glorious Goodwood" was born. It's now a blue chip race meeting attracting top jockeys, owners, trainers and punters from all over the world. Make sure your day out is a safe bet by taking the following:

Whether your idea of studying the form is picking a favourite colour or name, you'll need a copy of the *Sporting Life* priced 90p, to help with your choice.

To watch your horse romp home pack a pair of binoculars like these Action Series at £139.99 from Nikon, telephone 0800 230220.

King Edward VII once described a day out at Goodwood as a garden party with a bit of racing tacked on so don't forget the hamper. This one from Lakeland Plastics costs £19.95. Telephone 015394 88100.

Keep the champagne on ice with these clever Rapid Ice drink chillers from Vacu Products. They'll cool down your bottle in just five minutes, cost £8.99 and are available from national retailers including John Lewis, Sainsbury's,



Debenhams, Tesco and Harrods.

If you're on a winning streak you might fancy investing a few hundred in your own racehorse. For £400 you can buy a share in a top racehorse for two

years. This scheme from Goodwood Racecourse includes jockey and trainer fees. Telephone 01243 755022 for more details.

Or maybe you'd like to have a go in the saddle. Novice riders will need a

few basics, such as Reflex jodhpurs at £40 from Caldene, telephone 01422 883393 and lessons from a local riding school at around £8 for half an hour, £12 for an hour or £15 for a private half hour.







# Clean: fuel-frugal but big on fun



Greener than most: the dream-drive MGF (top) and the Ford Ka (right), a style statement with substance



You don't have to be boring to be socially acceptable – even sports cars can pass the gas guzzler test, reports Gavin Green

Driving a car these days seems about as socially responsible as packing a chainsaw in your luggage for a holiday to the Brazilian rain-forests. But not all cars are the environmental wrong-doers that the Green and the Good like to pretend. For our green top 10, we haven't just chosen the most fuel-efficient vehicles: that throws up some real dynamic duffers, cars that give about as much pleasure to own as a fridge. Rather, they're fuel-frugal cars that are fun to drive, well designed, and capable of giving some emotional satisfaction. They all exceed 35mpg in the new EU combined fuel ratings – the closest official figures we have to real-life motoring.

If diesel cars are picked, they have "new wave" diesel engines that produce considerably fewer exhaust pollutants than the smoky engines fitted to older cars. All new petrol cars sold now must have catalytic converters, which reduce exhaust pollution by about 90 per cent. They are the main reason why total pollutants from cars have fallen by 25 per cent or so since 1992 – the year before catalysts became compulsory.

Starting at the bottom – in both size and price – is the Fiat Cinquecento Sporting (45.3mpg), the only really small car on sale that is any good. (The Mini, while undoubtedly fun, is too old, too cramped, and too noisy.) The Cinquecento Sporting looks cheeky, and is a hoot to drive, offering an immediacy and a sharpness that set it apart from all bigger cars. Its smallness also makes it a terrific city car.

Ford is the car maker that has improved most in the past few years. The one-time disseminator of dullards from Dagenham has been transformed. None is more intriguing than the Ka (47.9mpg), the style statement that has some substance. Its handling, steering and general responsiveness put it at a level above the usual small hatch, and its styling makes it stand out on the street. It is a like-it-or-loathe-it car, rather like a Paul Smith suit (I still can't come to terms with the tail), but it is certainly different.

Still with Ford, the new Puma coupé (38.2mpg) makes the list thanks to its musical, energetic yet frugal new engine, and to its sharp handling. OK, it's not as tough and macho as Steve McQueen's old Mustang, despite what the TV ads say, but it is the perfect new-age coupé: economical, yet fun.

Escort-sized family hatchbacks used to be almost universally dull (and not all that economical, either), but there are some good ones just now. The five-door Peugeot 306 XSi (37.7mpg) is the sweetest-driving of all medium-sized hatchbacks, owing to Peugeot's magical suspension qualities (soft ride, sharp handling). As with all Peugeots, the 306 looks good, too. The 2-litre engine is the weak link – the French are hopeless at building petrol motors – but it is tolerably economical and the performance (122mph top speed, 0-60mph in 9.2 seconds) is almost sports-car good.

Talking of sports cars, we have two. The Lotus Elise (39.4mpg) proves that good sports cars do not have to be multi-cylinder, fire-breathing behemoths. The Elise gets its considerable performance from a minimalist body, rather than a massive engine. The light weight helps braking and steering feel, as well as straight-line driving, and helps to make the driver feel "at one" with the car. It also helps the fuel economy, for, even more than engine size and vehicle length, weight contributes to gas guzzling.

Heavier, slower but just as likeable is the MGF (41.3mpg). Easily the best car that Rover makes, the MGF is also proving one of the company's biggest successes, winning over buyers in Europe, Japan and Australia. It drives in a beautifully fluent manner and the open roof is a cinch to put up or down. Pity MGFs are now so ubiquitous in Britain's more affluent areas. To some, their styling is also too bland and innocuous. (Some blokes also find them a bit girly.) Still, they are fabulous to drive, reliable and economical.

The diesel versus petrol ecology argument still rages. As a general rule, petrol cars use more fuel and therefore produce more carbon dioxide, the

non-toxic gas that is associated with the greenhouse effect, and diesel cars (which tend to be more economical) produce more of the toxins that are associated with respiratory difficulties. In small cars, the best bet is still probably an efficient, catalysed petrol engine. But for bigger cars, the economy improvement offered by diesel is compelling.

The 110bhp 1.9-litre turbodiesel engine fitted both to the Volkswagen Passat (53.3mpg) and the Audi A6 (49.6mpg) is one of the world's best. It is not as fast or quite as smooth as the petrol equivalent, but it is not all that far behind – and it is miles more frugal. The Passat is a handsome, roomy, beautifully built car – all round, it is now the world's best family saloon, outstriking the latest Ford Mondeo and Peugeot 406. If your budget is bigger, and you want a larger, more prestigious car, the new A6 is unbeatable: slightly quirky in appearance, as well made as a Rolex, and great to drive. I would buy one over the BMW 5-series or the Mercedes E-class.

For cheaper family motoring, it is hard to go past the new Renault Scenic 1.9 JT (40.9mpg), the five-seater, one-box Renault that walked off with last year's European Car of the Year award. The French may not make good petrol engines, but they make great diesels. The turbodiesel Scenic moves along sweetly and offers terrific comfort and versatility for the typical British family. But if you want one, it is best to wait a few months: a better turbodiesel motor, featuring direct injection, is imminent.

If the Scenic is not quite big enough for your people-carrying needs, try a VW Sharan tdi (41.5mpg). It uses the same turbodiesel motor as the Passat and A6, and is such a well-made, likeable and civilised seven-seater. You can order a similar car with a Scat badge (the Alhambra) or a Ford moniker (the Galaxy), but there is probably a bit more kudos in owning a Volkswagen. Besides, the Sharan uses a slightly better motor than the (also VW-sourced) turbodiesel currently fitted to the Galaxy.

## Mean: the dirty dozen

These are not necessarily the 12 thirstiest cars on sale in Britain: rather, they are the most needlessly profligate. These fiends of the Earth are mostly big 4x4s, because these are easily the most consumptive, wantonly wasteful cars on sale in Britain. In any case, few buyers really use their 4x4s' mud-cleaving abilities.

In the main, I've avoided listing stylish supercars such as Ferraris. Sure, they're thirsty (although no worse than 4x4s) but at least they're beautiful. They offer buyers a definite plus. Besides, as collector's cars, they invariably do small mileages.

In every case, the official combined EU fuel figures are listed. In most cases, they're probably a little optimistic – especially if you're driving in the congested South-east. The cars are listed with the most profligate first.

**Bentley Turbo R (15.9mpg)** The turbo-charged Bentley is a fabulous car, and I love it. But you can't help feeling a pang of guilt every time you pump another 40-odd quid of unleaded through the nozzle and realise you've gone only a couple of hundred miles since the last fill-up. This high-speed heavyweight is the Prince of Whales, the King of Consumption. At least the natural leather seats are environmentally more friendly (though not to cows) than the synthetic alternatives offered by most rivals.

**Nissan Patrol 4.2 SE (17.5mpg)** The thirstiest 4x4 by far – and given the fuel efficiency of most off-landers, that's saying something. Vast, ugly, imposing, and apparently popular in the Australian outback and other sparsely populated parts of the planet where its size and toughness may come in handy. But in Britain it is about as useful as a sheep shearer in suburban Surrey.

**Aston Martin Volante (17.6mpg)** Most supercars are exempt from this list, but not the Aston. For starters, it is especially thirsty. Second, although beautifully hand built, it really isn't all that good to drive. Nor does it feel especially fast. If you're going to burn a lot of fuel, you expect some sort of kick for your money. At least with the onset of global warming, you'll be able to enjoy the sunshine with the convertible roof.

**Mercedes-Benz CL600 coupé (17.9mpg)** Gross, and ugly to boot, the CL is one of the world's most pointless cars. Its vast V12 engine hauls around a car which is almost as long as a football pitch – and yet can seat only two in comfort. Fortunately, for both the planet and for car lovers, it is a rare sight.

**Jeep Cherokee 4.0 (18.2mpg)** Appealing, in an Honest Injun sort of way, the Cherokee is relatively cheap to buy – but not to refuel. Its old-slogger engine is about as hi-tech as a mace.

**Land Rover Discovery V8 (18.9mpg)** Its big brother, the Range Rover 4.6, is in fact slightly thirstier – but at least the Range Rover has the distinction of being the world's best all-round 4x4, and by some margin. The Discovery V8 was good, when launched in 1989, but since then its crudeness, unreliability and on-road rollypolyness have seen it drop down the 4x4 rankings. Its V8 engine, which is based on a 30-year-old American motor, is also well beyond its "best before" date, not least in its extreme thirst for fuel.

**Mitsubishi Shogun V6 (19.5mpg)** Japan's car makers are renowned for making fuel-efficient, precisely engineered cars. This is not one of them.

**Toyota Landcruiser 4.5 VX (20.5mpg)** A vast vehicle, one of the most intimidating sights on British roads. Designed primarily for America, needless to say, where it is considered small.

**Ford Galaxy/VW Sharan 4x4 V6 auto (20.5mpg)** The combination of guzzling V6 and high friction 4x4 automatic transmission means that you and the six friends you haul around will be spending rather a lot of time on the garage forecourt. Mind you, per person it represents reasonable energy efficiency, I suppose.

**Ford Explorer (20.6mpg)** Another US import which, like the Jeep, guzzles gas the way fat American kids consume

Wantonly wasteful: the Jeep Cherokee 4.0 (left), and the Ford Explorer (above)



Coke. Vast, gluttonous and totally useless on narrow European streets.

**Chrysler Voyager 3.3 (23.0mpg)** Another friend of the oil industry – imagine how you'll rack up air miles on your Shell Smart Card! – the Voyager is a car

designed for a land where gasoline costs just over a dollar a gallon. But at least it's big and roomy.

**Ford Maverick/Nissan Terrano 2.4 (23.7mpg)** This off-road orphan – hardly anybody ever buys it – has just a four-

cylinder engine, and feels slow. Yet, amazingly, it guzzles petrol like a good V8. If Ford and Nissan can make the package work in reverse, they may have a winner.

Gavin Green

## motoring

### Motor Services

Did you Breakdown last year?

**NO**  
Then save money with  
**RESCUE**  
**AUTONATIONAL**

The breakdown service with a 25% Bonus  
Car Rescue from £24  
Total Superservice from £49.50

LocalCall Brochure Line  
— 0645 100 345 —

To join ring  
**0645 755 000**

Please send me a FREE brochure  
Fax: 01277 280716 Anytime

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Postcode: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

Expiry Date of Current Cover: \_\_\_\_\_

Send to: Autnational Rescue, FREEPOST CL 266,  
Brentwood, Essex CM14 4YW

### Cars for Sale

#### MITSUBISHI COLT GLI

FOR SALE  
'94 M Reg. Metallic Midnight blue, only 18,000 miles, 1300cc, taxed and excellent condition throughout. Full service history with one lady owner. Very reliable car but genuine reluctant sale.  
**£6495 o.n.o.**  
Tel: 01473 270904

### Registration Numbers

25 DAY MAIL ORDER, GIVELEY PRO-212	25 DAY MAIL ORDER, GIVELEY PRO-212	25 DAY MAIL ORDER, GIVELEY PRO-212	25 DAY MAIL ORDER, GIVELEY PRO-212
AK 888 3,200	HA 824 1,000	ALD 801 1,000	KLW 75 2,200
BS 84X 1,000	CHANNON 1,000	LFP 227 1,000	REG 84X 1,000
R77 BCI 1,200	HAZ 6 2,200	MBLKS 1,250	807 FH 1,000
BCH 822 1,200	HAZ 6 2,200	1 MA 12,000	RN 3189 1,200
BKS 726 1,000	HD 3,500	MA88 MAY 500	835 RCO 2,000
BOS 19 5,000	HD 3,500	MA88 MAY 500	RR 3798 2,000
CK 75 1,250	HA 1999 1,000	MA 1276 1,000	888 RTU 2,000
ED CLM 2,800	HA 474 1,700	(AVAILABLE OCT)	888 RTU 2,000
COE 50V 325	HA 19 3,800	MA 345 1,200	888 RTU 2,000
662 CTU 600	HA 19 3,800	MA 345 1,200	888 RTU 2,000
CWA 678 1,500	JAG 80V 1,000	MA 345 1,200	888 RTU 2,000
1701 DA 1,400	JAG 80V 1,000	MA 345 1,200	888 RTU 2,000
944 DBC 1,200	JAG 80V 1,000	MA 345 1,200	888 RTU 2,000
DE 8805 1,200	JK3 JKP 500	MA 345 1,200	888 RTU 2,000
2347 DW 2,200	JRS 400 3,000	MA 345 1,200	888 RTU 2,000
847 WS 1,450	JRS 400 3,000	MA 345 1,200	888 RTU 2,000
940 ETU 500	JRS 400 3,000	MA 345 1,200	888 RTU 2,000
FRZ 722 1,000	JRS 400 3,000	MA 345 1,200	888 RTU 2,000
830 GEA 1,200	JRS 400 3,000	MA 345 1,200	888 RTU 2,000
84 55 1,200	JRS 400 3,000	MA 345 1,200	888 RTU 2,000
PS 0RE 1,000	JRS 400 3,000	MA 345 1,200	888 RTU 2,000
940 GWD 1,000	JRS 400 3,000	MA 345 1,200	888 RTU 2,000

### Mazda

**MAZDA**  
*Choice*  
best choice sensible prices  
used MXT range etc.  
FREEPHONE  
0800 323 626

### SAAB

SAAB Largest Selection in East  
Anglia, Buckingham Stanley  
Cambridge.  
222558/04002 01223

To  
advertise  
in this  
section  
please  
call the  
Motoring  
Team  
on  
**0171 293  
2338.**



هكذا من الأصل



Why do most expert investors say that you should pay no attention to what is happening to the overall level of the market? Two reasons stand out. One is the familiar argument that it is pretty nigh impossible to call the turning points in the market with any great precision. Market timing, as this approach is called, is simply too difficult to be a profitable concern. Someone like George Soros might be able to do it once in a while, though even he is far from infallible, if you look closely at his record.

Far better, for most investors, to keep investing on a regular basis in the market through a savings scheme, or something similar, and let the law of averages work in your favour. A number of studies have shown that most of the biggest movements in the market are concentrated in relatively short periods of time. Miss them, which you are more than likely to do if you are trying to move in and out of the market to time your purchase of shares, and you will probably miss the main reason for being in equities in the first place, which is their superior rate of return over the longer term.

For example, the fund management house Fidelity did a study which looked

at how the market moved over the period from 1 January 1987 to the end of 1996, based on the assumption that you were investing in the FT All-Share Index.

It found that if you had remained fully invested throughout the whole period, which included the big market crash in October 1987, you would have had an average annual return of 14.16 per cent. If, however, you had missed just the market's 10 best days, the return would have fallen to 9.76 per cent.

If you had missed the best 40 days, the return would have been just 3.40 per cent. In other words, something like three-quarters of the return from the market was produced on just 40 days out of the whole 10-year period.

What's more, it also found that if you had become nervous about the level of the stock market at the start of 1987, sold all your shares and not bought anything back until the end of the year, your return by the start of 1997 would have been 142 per cent.

However someone who had ignored all the siren warnings and remained fully invested throughout 1987, up to and including the October 1987 crash, would today have enjoyed a return of 152 per cent.



Jonathan Davis

The reason is that most of the big moves upwards in the stock market tend to happen either just before or just after the biggest falls. While this shows that market timing can in theory be highly profitable, the practical moral for most investors is that you had better be pretty good at it to have any hope of making money from it. The chances are that you may well end up worse off than you would otherwise be.

A second reason for not getting too hung up on what the market overall is doing is that the movements in the market you read about in the newspapers are often downright misleading.

What has happened to the stock

Reasons why you should not pay too much attention to the overall state of the market

market this year is a classic case in point. The market, you will keep reading in the papers, has had a bumper year, up 20 per cent since the start of the year.

But the question to ask is which market are we talking about. Take a look at these figures, produced by the analysts at BZW. In the 12 months to the end of June 1997, the FT All-Share index was up 17.1 per cent. Yet, as I pointed out last week, this masked a remarkable contrast between the performance of the biggest companies, as represented by the FTSE 100 index, and those of smaller companies. The Footsie was up 24.1 per cent, but the FT 250 index (of medium-sized

companies) and the Small Capitalisation index were up by just 1.8 per cent and 1.6 per cent respectively.

What is more, the Footsie index itself has hardly been behaving in a consistent fashion. Two sectors – banks and pharmaceuticals – have accounted for almost the entire rise in the market over the past six months. If you did not own HSBG Holdings, Glaxo, Lloyds TSB, Shell or SmithKline Beecham shares, you would have missed all the fun. Of the 35 market sub-sectors tracked by BZW, half actually fell in value over the period.

The extraordinary run in banks has been the most remarkable feature of the year so far. A lot of things have contributed to it: the flotation of the demutualised societies, the Government's move to give up control over interest rates, the rise in the Hong Kong stock market ahead of the Chinese takeover and, most recently, an outbreak of takeover speculation.

So strong has the run in banks been that, coupled with the flotation of Halifax, Alliance & Leicester and so on, for the first time in living memory the total market capitalisation of the financials sector of the stock market has overtaken that of the general industrial sector.

There are, of course, plenty of sound explanations why banks are worth investing in in the current climate. Low inflation, rising short-term interest rates and falling long-term rates is about as favourable an environment for banks as you can hope to find (remember that when they give you a mortgage, the banks typically lend you long-term money at short-term rates).

I don't think that the bank share run has yet run its course. But this is an environment where almost any piece of news is interpreted as good for the share price; the troubles at NatWest Markets, for example, are interpreted as a sign that NatWest may face a takeover. This is usually a sign that a market has become dangerously overblown.

The underlying point to make, however, is akin to the one about market timing generally. Unless you feel that you are smart enough to spot which sector is going to make the biggest contribution to the index, you are probably better off not worrying about which sector is going to do best at all.

Put your money instead into a fund that gives you regular exposure to the whole market, and let someone else do the worrying.

## Mature approach

Continuing her series, Rachel Fixsen advises older students

For those saddled with mortgages and other commitments, going back to school can seem an impossible dream. But getting a degree can be a smart career move and careful planning is often all you need to realise your secret ambitions.

Half of all students are classed as mature students, meaning they are not coming to higher education straight from school. Julia Greenslade, 36, has just finished the second year of her anthropology degree course at University College London.

"I used to be a graphic designer and then was made redundant. I thought I'd like a complete change," she says. "I'd recommend going back to study to anyone, if they can find a subject that they really want to do."

One of the biggest hurdles mature students face is coming to terms with a drop in income. It might sound vaguely romantic to be a struggling student again, but realities such as living in a cheap flat with recurrent mould on the bathroom wall have little appeal.

If you have few commitments and no dependents, basic financing is relatively straightforward. If you qualify for a local education authority grant, you get a maximum of £2,160 a year if you are studying in London. It is less outside the capital. You can top this up with a student loan of £2,085 a year.

Married students may find their grants are reduced. Husbands or wives are expected to make set contributions according to how much they earn. If you have dependents you can get an extra allowance on your grant. These allowances are up to £1,965 for a dependant hus-

band or wife, and between £415 and £1,575 for each dependant child according to their age.

But a grant and loan would only provide you with the bare minimum. The National Union of Students reckons a single student living in London needs around £7,000 a year to survive, and a third of all students resort to working part-time.

You can always lighten the load by taking in paying guests if you have room, or by moving into college accommodation and letting out your home.

If you have financial commitments, you need to plan before you embark on a university course. If you have a repayment mortgage, you may be able to suspend capital repayments provided you keep up the interest payments, and with PEP and endowment mortgages, you can often stop paying premiums for a few years. Building societies tend to be more flexible about this than banks, says Robert Gray, technical director at John Charcol, independent mort-

gage and financial advisers in London.

Usually, the Bank of Scotland offers a variable-rate mortgage which allows you to suspend all payments for up to six months, but most lenders will require you to pay at least the interest.

Other financial commitments might be less flexible. Payments nearly always have to be met on personal loans and car financing, for example. Life assurance and income protection policies tend not to have options for suspending premiums, so these too have to be budgeted for in advance.

"With a pension, the decision is often made for you," says Mr Gray. "You have to leave a company scheme when you stop working for them, and you cannot continue paying into a pension scheme if you have no earned income, but most personal pension providers will allow you to take a premium holiday."

Banks offer special deals to students who have a current account with them, and this includes mature students.

Various levels of interest-free overdraft are available. Last year Barclays offered an interest-free overdraft of £1,000 for year one, £1,250 in the second year and £1,500 in the third year of a course.

Banks say they also support people taking a break from work to study. Barclays says it has advisers who will help would-be mature students work out how they would manage their current financial commitments.

"We're quite keen on this idea that people should have extra qualifications and take full advantage of the opportunities open to them," says Barclays spokeswoman Louise Footner.

After all, graduates are likely to end up as wealthier personal banking customers.

Women with first degrees earn on average 39 per cent and men 21 per cent more than those with the same A-level background but no degree, according to research by the Institute for Fiscal Studies carried out among 33-year-olds.



To end up  
WITH A  
**decent  
pension**  
WHERE SHOULD YOU  
**start?**  
HERE

With the index-tracking pension plan from Legal & General.  
A simple, no-obligation call is all it takes.

- Start from £50 a month
- 2-year satisfaction guarantee
- Low charges help increase your pension's potential
- Portable from job to job
- Flexible contributions
- Payment holidays\*



Call 8am - 8pm weekdays and 9am - 5pm weekends, or talk to your financial adviser.  
For your protection, calls will usually be recorded and monitored.

Take the FIRST STEPS to  
starting your PENSION

0500 65 65 65  
Please quote this reference when you call: 810 0110

Please send me a personal illustration and information pack on the Legal & General Personal Pension Plan.

Title: (Mr/Ms/Ms/Ms/Other) \_\_\_\_\_

Postname: \_\_\_\_\_

Surname: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Postcode: \_\_\_\_\_

Are you: Self-employed ☐ Employed ☐ Unemployed ☐

I am: currently in an employer's pension scheme ☐

I plan to retire at: (90 to 75) Date of birth: / /

Initial contribution (Gross): £ \_\_\_\_\_ per month (min. £50)

£ \_\_\_\_\_ per annum (min. £500) £ \_\_\_\_\_ single (min. £2,000)

Income: £ \_\_\_\_\_ p.a. \*Indicate an appropriate

Please post to: Legal & General Pensions Plan, FREEPOST (SWC1006), Cardiff CF1 1YW. A10 0110

Further information on Legal & General products is available on our website <http://www.legal-and-general.co.uk>  
Subject to Legal & General's agreement. The value of units may go down as well as up. Now and then, we may tell you about our other products or services offered by the Legal & General Group of companies that we believe may be of interest to you. If you would prefer not to receive this carefully selected information, please contact us at Legal & General Direct Limited, a representative of the Legal & General marketing group, members of which are regulated by the Financial Services Authority and (UK) for the purposes of recommending, advising on and selling life insurance and investment products bearing Legal & General's name. Full written details of terms and conditions are available on request. Legal & General Direct Limited, Registered in England No. 270200. Registered Office: Temple Court, 11, Queen Victoria Street, London EC4N 4TQ.

# PENSIONS BY PHONE

24 hours a day.... 7 days a week.... Now you can pick up the phone and get pensions information or advice and even set up a plan, quickly and without fuss.

0345 6789 10

or talk to your Independent Financial Adviser

SCOTTISH WIDOWS

For your protection, your calls to Scottish Widows may be recorded. Information or advice will only be provided on Scottish Widows products. Issued by Scottish Widows' Fund and Life Assurance Society, a mutual company. Regulated by the Financial Services Authority.





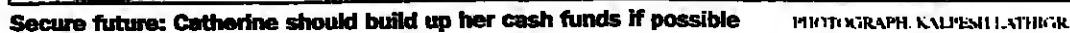


s of  
er in  
lands

Other options include taking an annuity at the date of retirement and ensuring this will provide a 100 per cent dependant's pension in Catherine's favour. Another option is to phase in a portion of Maureen's pension benefits each

Indeed, the changing structure of single investments can prove more favourable.

Once the pension issues have been addressed we can consider a number of other areas. Catherine's cash funds and Tessa are held in



**Secure future: Catherine should build up her cash funds if possible**

PHOTOGRAPH, KALPESILATHIGR

**Kensington Mortgage Company**  
 Treating people as individuals

**Member of the Council of Mortgage Lenders**

**TYPICAL EXAMPLE:** For a 25 year repayment mortgage of £97,500 (property value £25,000) a borrower repays 300 monthly payments of £645 (gross) at an interest rate of 10.65% (APR 10.74% variable). The total amount repaid is £193,500 net. An application charge of £250 and a fee of £250 are payable on completion. Legal fees are also payable. Repayment plans place the borrower in the lowest rate of the five month, no interest advance is payable, with a redemption fee of only £150. Borrowers are repaid in the first five years. Security over the property is required. Mortgage payments must be in direct debit. Borrowers must be 18 or over. Mortgages are subject to status. Wholen questions are available on request. Kensington Mortgage Company is the trading name of Mortcad Capital Corp plc (registered in England and Wales - Company no 3050321) and subsidiaries. FREEPOST LDM 3079.

**YOUR HOME IS AT RISK IF YOU DO NOT KEEP UP REPAYMENTS  
ON A MORTGAGE OR OTHER LOAN SECURED ON IT.**

**0800 11 10 20** quoting ref IN96

## Investors in Hong Kong have held their nerve PHOTOGRAPH: REUTERS

The appointment of a new boss for the CSRC could be the start of a crackdown. But analysts are inclined to believe the flow of assets means Hoog Kong is entrenching itself as the main capital market for mainland Chinese companies and guaranteeing its future prosperity.

**PAGE NO.**

### Focusing on the Public Sector

\*Any tax paid on income is claimed back from the Inland Revenue and any gain you make when selling your Plan is also tax-free. The tax treatment of PEPs may be changed by future legislation. The value of any tax benefits will depend on your individual financial circumstances.



# The perfect pension

Plans for the next generation must be clear, cheap and safe, writes Clifford German



## DIRECT LINE RATES

SAVINGS RATES	
Direct Line Instant Access Account	
BALANCE	ANNUAL INTEREST RATE
£1-£1,999	5.50%
£2,000-£9,999	5.50%
£10,000-£24,999	5.50%
£25,000-£49,999	5.50%
£50,000-£99,999	5.50%
£100,000+	5.50%

MORTGAGE RATE	
Direct Line Standard Variable Mortgage Rate	
VARIABLE RATE	APR
5.99%	7.25%

DIRECT LINE	
0181 649 9099	0181 667 1121
MORTGAGES	SAVINGS

Source: Direct Line Financial Services. For further information about either of the Direct Line products listed above, please phone the appropriate number above quoting ref. INDBB16

Mortgages and savings provided by Direct Line Financial Services Limited, 250 St Vincent Street, Glasgow, G2 5SL. For savings the gross rate is the rate paid without deduction of income tax and is based on annual payment of interest. For mortgages the interest is charged on the amount of the loan and is subject to the terms of a first legal charge (Standard Security - Scotland) over the property will be required. Direct Line mortgages from £20,000 to £250,000 are available for up to 95% of the property value or purchase price, whichever is the lower. Written quotations available on request. Offer subject to status. All rates quoted above are variable.

YOUR HOME IS AT RISK IF YOU DO NOT KEEP UP REPAYMENTS IN A MORTGAGE OR OTHER LOAN SECURED ON IT.

For your added security telephone calls may be recorded and the recording kept secure. Direct Line and the red telephone icon are trademarks of Direct Line Insurance plc and used with its permission.

The pieces of the Government's pension jigsaw are beginning to come together. The state can no longer afford to pay proper pensions out of tax revenues, companies are increasingly reluctant to guarantee pensions linked to length of service and final salary and final salary pensions are only suitable for the tiny minority of people who stay with the same employer for life.

The next best thing is a private-sector pension plan which invests in shares to capture faster long-term growth, but switches individual pension pots progressively over time into inflation-proof investments such as index-linked government stock so that people reaching retirement in a stock market slump do not suffer unduly.

These plans must be flexible, so that individuals can increase, decrease or even suspend their payments to adjust to job changes and periods of unemployment without suffering penalties.

Above all the next generation of pension plans must all be comprehensible and jargon-free, and the charges must be clear, fair and spread evenly throughout the life of the pension plan. All those little tricks which exploit investors in conventional personal pension plans and discourage workers from paying for a pension must be swept away.

Bid-offer spreads which deduct up to 5 per cent from the funds invested, allocation rates of less than 100 per cent of the contributions, charges which eat up large chunks of the contributions in the early years of a plan, penalty charges on transfers of funds to other plans, and the shabby practice of charging investors who, when they reach retirement, want to buy their actual pension from a company which offers a better annuity rate should all be abolished.

In a perfect world all employers ought to have pension plans for their employees, even if they are unwilling to link them to actual earnings, and they should be willing to contribute as much to a personal pension of the employee's

choice as they would to a company scheme.

But this is not a perfect world. This Government is unlikely to compel employers to have pension schemes and the best we can hope for is a minimum wage sufficient to allow poorly paid employees to start a plan, perhaps with extra tax breaks, and a requirement on employers with company schemes to contribute to personal pension schemes if employees prefer them.

The Government also has an obligation to provide pensions for those who are unemployed for long periods, and for those who cannot take paid employment because they are bringing up families or caring for relatives. At the very least they should be allowed to contribute to pensions out of benefits or unearned income. The confusing Inland Revenue rules on who can contribute to what sort of pension and how much also need simplifying and standardising.

We need a far-sighted government to lay down minimum standards for a cheap and cheerful universal pension which will stand the test of time. We cannot afford a re-run of the personal pension fiasco in the late eighties when loose drafting allowed commission-hungry salesmen to sell personal pensions to several million people who should have stayed in employer schemes.

We also need a government that will give the next generation of pensions a fair wind. We cannot afford another raid by the Chancellor on the pensions piggy-bank.

Abolishing ACT credits may have cleared the decks, but another raid on this tempting target would do as much damage to investor confidence as the Maxwell fiasco and the mis-selling scandals.

And we do need to know what the long-term tax treatment of pension contributions would be. In particular there is a strong case either for retaining tax relief on contributions as an incentive to contribute, or making pension funds part of an individual's estate if they fail to live long enough to enjoy the pension they have paid for.

## Best borrowing rates

Product	Rate	Term	Notes
<b>FIXED RATES</b>			
Barclays Bank BS	6.00%	2.5 to 5 years	1.25% p.a. discount
Barclays Bank BS	6.00%	5 to 10 years	1.25% p.a. discount
Barclays Bank BS	6.00%	10 to 25 years	1.25% p.a. discount
<b>VARIABLE RATES</b>			
Barclays Bank BS	5.50%	1 to 2 years	1.25% p.a. discount
Barclays Bank BS	5.50%	2 to 5 years	1.25% p.a. discount
Barclays Bank BS	5.50%	5 to 10 years	1.25% p.a. discount
<b>FIRST TIME BUYERS FIXED RATES</b>			
Barclays Bank BS	5.25%	2.5 to 5 years	1.25% p.a. discount
Barclays Bank BS	5.25%	5 to 10 years	1.25% p.a. discount
Barclays Bank BS	5.25%	10 to 25 years	1.25% p.a. discount
<b>FIRST TIME BUYERS VARIABLE RATES</b>			
Barclays Bank BS	5.00%	1 to 2 years	1.25% p.a. discount
Barclays Bank BS	5.00%	2 to 5 years	1.25% p.a. discount
Barclays Bank BS	5.00%	5 to 10 years	1.25% p.a. discount

## Best savings rates

Product	Rate	Term	Notes
<b>FIXED RATES</b>			
Barclays Bank BS	6.00%	1 to 2 years	1.25% p.a. discount
Barclays Bank BS	6.00%	2 to 5 years	1.25% p.a. discount
Barclays Bank BS	6.00%	5 to 10 years	1.25% p.a. discount
<b>VARIABLE RATES</b>			
Barclays Bank BS	5.50%	1 to 2 years	1.25% p.a. discount
Barclays Bank BS	5.50%	2 to 5 years	1.25% p.a. discount
Barclays Bank BS	5.50%	5 to 10 years	1.25% p.a. discount

**The Virgin Personal Pension**

"I am recommending a portable, passively managed scheme... It would not penalise those who change jobs and would not have to bear heavy fund management and distribution costs."

John Bridgeman  
Director General, Office of Fair Trading  
Setting out the blueprint for a new style personal pension on 15th July 1997

**If you're looking for tomorrow's pension today, simply give us a call on**

**0345 95 95 95**

Open seven days a week from 8am to 10pm

**Virgin direct**  
personal financial service

Virgin Direct Personal Financial Service Ltd is regulated by the Personal Investment Authority. The price of units and any income from them can go down as well as up and you may not get back all the money you invest. The basis of tax may change and the value of the tax benefit depends on how much tax you pay. For your security, all calls to Virgin Direct will be recorded and randomly monitored.

# Confused?

What will you do with a lump sum of £5,000, £25,000, or £250,000?

PEPs, Unit Trusts, Building Societies\*, TESSAs\*... with several thousand investment options to choose from, no wonder you're confused!

You need UNBIASED advice.

Investor Intelligence, one of the UK's largest groups of independent financial advisers, can help you.

Simply call us FREE anytime on

**0500-10-10-14**

or return the Freepost coupon.

**INVESTOR INTELLIGENCE**

You'd be well advised to contact us

To: Investor Intelligence, FREEPOST, Bournemouth BH1 1BR

Name \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Postcode \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Data Protection 1994: please tick if you do not wish to receive further mailings

IND 197 CON

The value of shares & the income from them can fall as well as rise. If you withdraw from this investment in the early years, you may not get back the full amount invested. The price is not necessarily a guide to future performance. Tax benefits may vary and their value depends on individual circumstances. The Personal Investment Authority does not regulate some Building Societies and TESSAs. Your local Independent Financial Adviser is authorised by the Financial Services Authority, 15, Abchurch Lane, London, EC4N 3DF, to give you independent advice. This advertisement is approved by Independent Financial Advisers, 15, Abchurch Lane, London, EC4N 3DF, who are regulated by the Financial Services Authority. This service is available throughout the UK, Channel Islands, & to co-patriates.



TO FIND OUT WHAT'S ON TV, WHERE TO GO AND WHEN, READ THE EYE TODAY



Serena Mackesy  
In my week

"I shriek 'whee' again as something that looks bigger than my house lifts us up, leaves us wobbling on its summit, then drops us into the depths"

"It looks a bit breezy out there," John says, jerking his head out to sea. "Mela, yes," says Freddie. "It's force six today". The old boys on the dockside nod wisely, moustaches rippling. "Nobody's going out," says Freddie. Behind us, fishing boats circle on coke-bottle moorings. The prow of each is painted with an eye, a habit passed down from the Phoenicians to ward off evil.

At Delimara point, where the harbours of Birzebuggia, St George's and Marsatolokk become open sea, waves bash together, sending plumes of spray high in the air. Diana looks cool, but then she usually does.

"It's not a gale until it's seven," she says. "Mmm," says John, "and I'd rather get the boat back to Valetta tonight."

It seems we are caught up in a game of chicken. I've been on a sailing boat once before, and that was 24 hours ago, when it was only blowing a four. Even then, I was mildly bothered by the fact that we had no life-jackets. Let alone the fact that the only way to go about was to lower the sails, switch on the engine and steer.

"Would you mind taking us out?" Diana asks. Freddie does the solemn Maltese nod. "Ta. Okay".

We clamber aboard our boat, which was built by Poles, is registered in Russia and reputedly once belonged to a member of the Mafia. A trustworthy history. Turn about, and chug past the container port, where dust devils whip over oil tankers. Past the troglodyte dwellings in the Delimara cliffs, where tiny figures stand, hands on hips, staring. Half a mile away, three container ships, floating cities, catch waves and bounce them back like ripples on a pond. Otherwise, we are the only people out.

The first wave grabs us, tips us sideways and chunks me arm-first onto one of those pointy things boat designers

put in specially to catch the unwary. John and Diana glance at each other, agree maybe not to hoist the sails, and we turn the engine up to full throttle. John starts babbling in a foreign language, something about clearing sheets and avoiding restricted areas (the Germans left a fair number of unexploded surprises after the siege) and Diana stands on the prow in place of a figurehead.

Boom. A series of whitecaps rush at us; we pitch and roll, and, glancing in my left, I can see 10ft down. Di snatches a piece of wire, swings round on it, regains her feet. She is laughing. I pretend I'm on a roller-coaster, and go "whee" every time we start to drop.



"Diana!" shouts John over the wind, "I'd really rather you were down this end!" and Di, looking cross, rightsizes back to the cockpit. As she sits down and opens her mouth to protest, we are all temporarily silenced by a crash water in our mouths, then temporarily blinded by the salt in our eyes. "So you do this for fun?" I shout at John. He's shaking with cold, despite the fact that the thermometer on land is way up in the nineties. "YES!" He shouts. "Great, isn't it?" I grin my teeth and shriek "Whee!" again as something that looks bigger than my house lifts us up, leaves us wobbling on its summit, then drops us into the depths.

We round the head, pass the fish farms, whose tops are almost buried in boiling foam. I pity the fish, remember fish can't drown, remember I can. Halfway to Valetta, Marsatolokk harbour is buzzing, a dozen boats in front of us. "There!" shouts John. "There are loads of other people out!" I point. "Have you noticed which way they're heading?" Every one is racing for tranquil waters and shore-front bars. I look ahead. The ocean is rife with whitecaps, pretty from the land, less darling when you're on them. I look at the water we've crossed and in comparison it's a millpond.

A coastguard ship passes, towing a yacht twice our size. The yacht has a hole in its hull and its mast seems to have snapped. They are followed by a boat whose job flaps uselessly.

I finally call chicken. "Please!" I shout. "Please-please-please can we go into Marsatolokk?" Wordlessly, John hauls the tiller over to the right and we join the flotilla.

We find a buoy, tie up, shake. I go below and find the rum and a bottle of Kinzie, Malta's indigenous soft drink, which looks like Iru Bru and tastes like nothing on earth. "That was a bit hairy," says John. "Ah!"

says Di, "A tot!" In silence, we down-in-one a half glass each, refill, collapse onto seats.

An hour later, the rum level has dropped and we are full-on salty sea-dogs again. "That was great! D'you remember that bit when you lost hold of the tiller?" "Yeah! Brilliant!" Even I am beginning to forget, to think it would be a laugh to get up at sparrow-fart and complete the journey. "I could do with a good dinner," I say, and everyone concurs. Then "Um," says John. "Has anyone thought how we're going to get off this thing?" While we were drinking, it's got dark, and, apart from the fire truck pumping out the big yacht, the harbour is deserted.

## The cost of murder 50 years ago

With the Partition blitz about to strike, it's fitting that Bush House should get there first. India: a People Partitioned (World Service Sun, rpt Tues) is a magisterial five-part oral history which is drawing strength from the fact that its participants and its target audience are one and the same. For British listeners, it will serve as a useful reminder of Brit's folly in imagining that the BBC's home and foreign operations can be merged without serious damage to the latter.

Episode 1 was riveting. "The aim of these programmes is not to apportion blame," said presenter Andrew Whitehead with typical World Service diplomacy, but he went on to blame the "indecent haste" with which Mountbatten fixed the partition. Surviving warlords recalled how they set about their local carve-ups. "I called all my boys," said one Muslim, "and said we must answer brutality with brutality. If one murder was committed by them, we would commit 10." How did he do it? "With small knives, big choppers, iron rods, American pistols. The owner of a Hindu wrestling-club paid his boys on a piece-work basis: 'For one



Michael Church  
the week on radio

murder, they got 10 rupees. For a half-murder, five rupees. That's how we got going!" He still sounded jolly about it.

Mined from the archive, the BBC man reporting how things got going in Calcutta sounded no less jolly. "There go some shots! Those are the enemy! Though whether they're Muslim or Hindu, I can't tell you - Ah! I'm told they're Hindus! Nothing except a very good hard smack on the nose will stop them!" Tomorrow's episode on the killing fields of the Punjab - where entire villages chose suicide rather than rape and murder - is transfixingly awful: 50 years distant, but so vividly remembered it might

have been yesterday. How could such savagery arise between such close communities? "They did it because they were so close," said an Indian historian. Echoes of Nicosia, Beirut, Belfast...

It's now 38 years since the creation of Barbie: Living Doll (R4 Thurs) anatomised her with astute wit. Her proud parents recalled the obstacles they had to surmount (male sales-reps preferring baby dolls, and insisting that the nipples given her by Japanese workers should be filed off for the American market). Their real-life daughter, Barbara, found her toy sibling a burden; their real-life son hated his toy sibling Ken. Ken had no budge in his groin: an anthropologist averred that this genital abridgement was evidence of Barbie's supremacy. Barbie, who had no proper feet, was "a space-age recasting of a stone-age fertility goddess", made to be stuck in the ground like a "portable object of veneration". Well, it sort of makes sense.

In The Psychiatrist's Chair this week (R4 Sun) was that increasingly reluctant object of veneration Nigel Kennedy. Focusing on the 41-year-old fiddler's tendency to drink and

rebel, Anthony Clare took the usual tack and the response, though predictable, was oddly moving. Kennedy viewed his father - an alcoholic underdog - as a casualty, and talked of his emotional "amputation" when his mother remarried and sent him away to school. But he made no excuse for his own aberrant behaviour: he applies the same rigour to himself as he does to his art. When Clare asked him if playing the violin was better than sex, he replied the affirmative. In Better Than Sex (R4 Weds) Timberlake Wertenbaker's persuasively described pleasure-substitute was "the sense of infinite possibility" she experiences at five in the afternoon, when work is over and it's time for play.

Wertenbaker is one of our most intelligent playwrights. In Role Play (R3 Mon), Fiona Shaw and Michael Pennington - two of our most intelligent actors - discussed their interpretations of Richard II. It was interesting to learn that Shaw thought her celebrated transsexual shot a failure - "I never fused with the part" - but frustrating to be denied any illustrative clips. A 25-minute seminar: the Shakespeare industry at its most hermetic.

## When Lesbos means more

There are two areas of gay and lesbian programming. One, programmes made for gay men and/or lesbians. And two, programmes about those programmes. Weirder, there are almost as many of the latter as the former. Queerspotting (C4, Sat) being the latest. It's only a matter of time before someone makes a programme about all the programmes that discuss gay and lesbian programming.

Inevitably Queerspotting, a history of gay and lesbian television, will have been watched mostly by gays and lesbians, which meant that even as it went out it turned into one of the programmes it sought to analyse. This is what comes of television's eagerness to inspect the contents of its own navel - a practice in which it is aided, abetted and generally egged on in this instance by its target audience. The main finding of Queerspotting is that gays and lesbians form too disparate a constituency to be satisfactorily served by niche programming, but the thing they clearly all have in common is their love of talking about the way they are perceived. It was presumably only an act of heroic restraint that prevented Gaytime TV (BBC2, Wed), which came in for a hit



Jasper Rees  
the week on television

of a hammering on Queerspotting, from retaliating with its own instant review. (As if you couldn't have guessed, Gaytime TV is also running its own serial history of gays and lesbians on television.)

As well as discussing how gays and lesbians are portrayed, Channel 4's Queer Street season has somehow managed to deliver one or two films that actually do the portraying. Invasion of the Big-Haired Lesbians (C4, Sat) took off to Palm Springs, on which 20,000 women annually descend and indulge in a mass celebratory spending spree of the dyke dollar. The notional attraction is a golf tournament named after Dinah Shore, a lesbian icon. But quite a lot of the women

seemed less interested in pitch-and-putt than hitch-and-butt. The documentary certainly agreed with them, hussling through a few desultory enquiries about the tournament before heading for the pool. For any male looking for a cure for their infantile fantasies about sapphic frolics, this was required viewing. Imagine, if you will, several hundred nearly naked women crammed round a swimming pool: they've got the testosterone-stirring implants, the bikinis fashioned from dental floss, and they're all eying one another up.

Before turning its back on the golf, by the way, the film did go out of its way to meet the woman referred to as professional golfer's Navratilova, the splendidly named Muffin Spencer-Devlin. With a name like that, she's more like golf's Billie Jean King, whose maiden name, you won't need reminding, was Moffat.

Shall we move on? Space Cadets (C4, Tues) boldly goes where no comic quiz show has gone before. There are already entertainments in this vein about current affairs, sport, pop, medicine and antiques. There's even Shooting Stars, a quiz show about the quiz show. Here's one denoted entirely to

science fiction. It's different because the guests, most notably William Shatner, know absolutely nothing about science fiction. Apart from one, who knew everything, and quite rightly felt very embarrassed about it. "Oh God, it's Peter Lone in Mad Love," he said, after everyone else had got some pictorial identification wrong, but at least extracted a gag from it.

Space Cadets has a problem here, because sci-fi does not tap into a huge pool of common experience the way pop and sport do, so when trying to fashion jokes, references are out. Shatner was fun to have around, though (and you can bet your bottom dollar, expensive). "Who gave birth to Superman?" asked our host, Greg Proops. "My mother and father," said Captain Kirk.

There was one quite clever game modelled on Call My Bluff: a team is given some absurd object and each member has to explain what it is. Inevitably, the small television aerial-type contraption exhibited first turned out to be a brooch from Blake's Seven. It can't be long now before they make a quiz show for gays and lesbians. The only name I can come up with for it is Call My Muff.

Jennifer Rodger



## Whatever happened to... Essex Girls

History in the making. At the end of the Eighties, Essex geezers and gals were driven by fast cars, fast ladies and fast careers in the city. The Thatcherite economy ran on dreams of upward mobility. The values of earning a lot of money, buying your home and being self-sufficient were well suited to the aspirations of hard-working suburbanites.

Gagging for it. Essex girls found themselves in the

front-line, or rather the punchline, of the anti-entrepreneurial backlash, as epitomised by Harry Enfield's Essex-character "Loadsamoney", with jokes straight off the "doctor doctor" peg. They were lumped together as blonde, bimbo and hazy. ("Why don't Essex girls get coffee breaks, it's too hard to restrain them afterwards" etc) As it transpired, Essex girls were all too game for a laugh. Comedian Jenny Eclair became an Essex-girl-from-hell icon.

Time for change. When the economy upended, so did the image of the Essex girl. In the 1992 election, Essex was the weathervane constituency. Though Basildon went to the Conservatives, the loss of 25 Conservative seats and a bung council gave a strong indication that change was in the air. The people of Essex had struck back in protest at the loss of their jobs in London, the collapse of their small businesses and the repossession of their homes.

New Essex. Essex girl comedy persona Gayle Tuesday has got her own television show. "I don't just do topless modelling - there's a lot of bum work, too," she warned. Actually, the joke is now more subtle than that. The values that Essex girls epitomised in the Eighties have become admirable in the late Nineties. Blur's Damon Albarn has said that his favourite things are: "Football, dog-racing and Essex girls" and Essex girl Louise from Sleeper

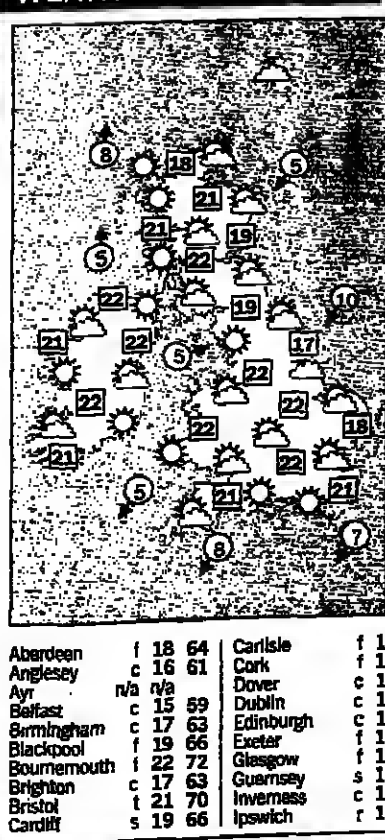
can even sing about being an "It girl".

New market. Kerpel Bains from Romford club Hollywoods, the Essex girls' and boys' favourite night club for the past 10 years, is bullish: "The Essex girl is cheekier than your average girl, she's at the forefront of fashion." It's Essex we must thank for putting the mini-skirt back on the low-couture map. The Essex girl has become you; a

Spice-loving individual, extolling the virtues of the current zest for fun living. She is the mascot of a generation that believes in hedonism and pleasure however had the economic circumstances might get. They may be the unwanted offspring of the Thatcher years but, unlike our Margaret, it looks as though, against the odds, they'll still be with us well into the next century.

Jennifer Rodger

### WEATHER



### The British Isles

General Situation and Outlook: England and Wales will have a dry, bright and warm day with plenty of sunshine in most places. Counties bordering the North Sea will have a cool onshore breeze and more in the way of cloud, and sea-breezes will develop around western coasts this afternoon. Scotland and Northern Ireland will also have a pleasant summer's day with long spells of strong sunshine, especially in the west. It will become very warm inland, but afternoon sea-breezes will keep the coastal fringes a little cooler. Tomorrow, Scotland, Northern Ireland, Wales and western England will have a fine day with lengthy spells of warm sunshine. Eastern England will start grey, but it should steadily brighten up, leaving a warm and quite sunny afternoon. On Monday it will stay mostly fine and warm, but Northern Ireland and north-west Scotland may be a bit cloudier with a shower or two. During Tuesday and Wednesday there are hints it will gradually turn more unsettled.

### Europe and The World

WORLD WEATHER YESTERDAY, MIDDAY (GMT): cloudy, rain, fog, haze, sun, mist, rain, snow, sun, th, thunder, previous day's figures at local time.			
Athens	29 84	Florence	27 81
Auckland	11 52	Frankfurt	17 63
B. Aires	11 52	Geneva	15 59
Bangkok	34 93	Gibraltar	23 73
Barcelona	24 75	Helsinki	21 70
Beirut	28 82	Hong Kong	26 79
Belgrade	24 75	Istanbul	24 75
Berlin	17 63	Jerusalem	27 81
Bombay	31 82	Johannesburg	14 57
Brussels	15 59	K. Lumpur	34 93
Budapest	17 63	Liège	17 63
Cairo	29 84	Los Angeles	24 75
Cape Town	19 66	Madrid	29 84
Cardiff	24 75	Manila	29 84
Christchurch	11 52	Moscow	22 72
Copenhagen	22 72	Mumbai	27 81
Coriou	25 79	Nairobi	22 72
Darwin	29 84	Paris	22 72
Dhahran	39 102	Rome	25 77
		Stockholm	22 72
		Sydney	14 57
		Tenerife	27 81
		Vienna	25 77
		Warsaw	20 68
		Washington	15 59
		Wellington	13 55
		Zurich	18 64

### AA Roadwatch

Stacey, M25 J8-11. Various restrictions and lane closures between junctions 8 and 11. As early as possible, work continues. (until further notice).

Bristol, M5 J18-19. Commuter in operation across the Avonmouth Bridge with a single speed limit. Regular rush-hour delays (until January 99).

Nottinghamshire, A52 Boston. Major roadworks on Derby Road. Expect delays between the Sherwin Arms and the Priory Roundabout (until 19th September).

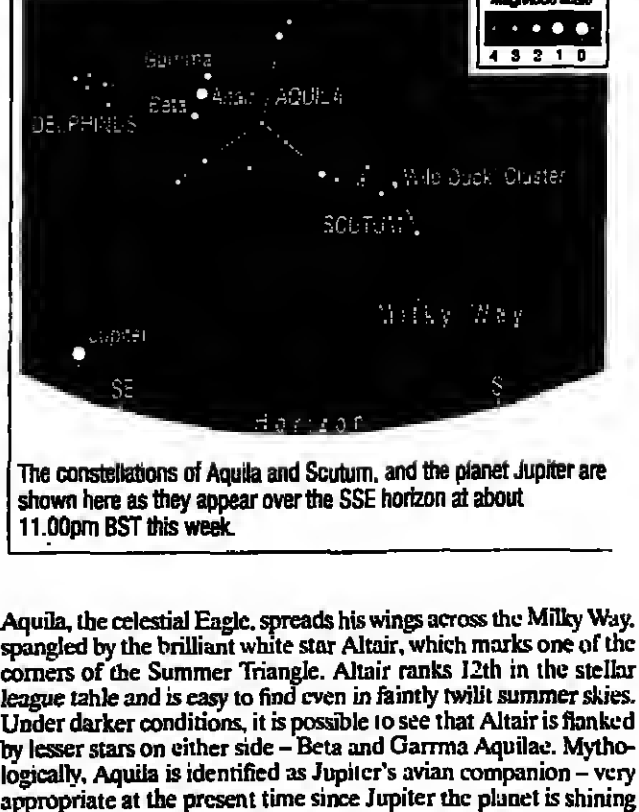
West Yorkshire, M1 J47. Major roadworks continue around the Leeds junction with lane and speed restrictions in place. Delays on the M1, M62 and Dewsbury Road (until 15th of September).

Aberdeen City, Anderson Drive has been reduced to one lane (until 7th August).

City of Edinburgh, M8. Long-term roadworks are in place on the Newbridge Roundabout (until further notice).

Out and about with AA Roadwatch call 6336 4422 for the latest road and national traffic news. Source: The Automobile Association. Calls charged at 50p per minute at all times (inc VAT).

### The Sky at Night



Aquila, the celestial Eagle, spreads its wings across the Milky Way, spanned by the brilliant white star Altair, which marks one of the corners of the Summer Triangle. Altair ranks 12th in the stellar league table and is easy to find even in faintly twilight summer skies. Under darker conditions, it is possible to see that Altair is flanked by lesser stars on either side - Beta and Gamma Aquilae. Mythologically, Aquila is identified as Jupiter's avian companion - very appropriate at the present time since Jupiter the planet is shining brilliantly in neighbouring Capricornus. Also adjacent to Aquila lies the tiny constellation of Scutum, the Shield. Scutum may be the fifth smallest constellation, but is not insignificant when scrutinised with binoculars: it encompasses some magnificent Milky Way star clouds and the beautiful star cluster known as the Wild Duck.

Jacqueline Mitton



## Gerard Gilbert recommends Labour's Old Romantic Sat 8.10pm BBC2

the creators of three of the greatest British TV series *Kelly Lads*, *Porridge* and *Auf Wiedersehen Pet* are now based in Hollywood writing sketches for Tracey Ullman and credited re-writes for Sean Connery and Alicia Keys movies. A teasing profile of a professional one, you would like to have seen more of them at work. *Terror and the Truth* (Sun BBC2) is a series looking at the aftermath of terror, whether it be Bosnia, South Africa, the central and most riveting part of this week's film, *China*. The programme argues that a formerly oppressed cannot begin to heal itself until the truth of that oppression. But when the Argentine junta fell from power in the aftermath of the Falklands War, the army closed ranks over a lot of torture "undesirables" (social workers, that sort

into the ocean. Flagged by nightmares, one of the executioners broke ranks – and the truth could at last be told. On which note, *Who Really Killed Aung San* (Sat BBC2) provides fresh evidence that the British were indirectly behind the 1947 assassination of the Burmese nationalist hero – and the father of the country's current opposition leader.

On a far, far lighter note, *A Star Is Born* (Sat 4) chronicles the making of a gay soft-porn movie – from casting ("nice bum"), through rehearsals ("you lie here and lick his feet"), and the shoot itself. The oddest participant is a heterosexual wannabe thespian, cast as a "daddy" (older, bearded, leather) chaps – you get the picture) who claims he's doing it for the money and for the acting experience. This is going to be his most challenging role to date, he says a little breathlessly.

More to come, but little Vanya tomorrow.

is that the creators of three of the greatest British TV series (*The Likely Lads*, *Porgie and Auf Wiedersehen Per*) are now ensconced in Hollywood writing scripts for Tracey Ullman and doing uncredited re-writes for Sean Connery and Alicia Silverstone movies. A teasing profile of a professional marriage, one would like to have seen more of them at work.

**The Terror and the Truth** (Sun BBC2) is a series looking at the aftermath of terror, whether it be Bosnia, South Africa, or, in the central and most riveting part of this week's film, Argentina. The programme argues that a formerly oppressed country cannot begin to heal itself until the truth of that oppression is told. But when the Argentinean junta fell from power in the aftermath of the Falklands War, the army closed ranks over its habit of torturing "undesirables" (social workers, that sort

into the ocean. Plagued by nightmares, one of the executioners broke ranks — and the truth could at last be told. On which note, *Who Really Killed Aung San* (Sat BBC2) provides fresh evidence that the British were indirectly behind the 1947 assassination of the Burmese nationalist hero — and the father of the country's current opposition leader.

On a far, far lighter note, *A Star Is Pora* (Sat C4) chronicles the making of a gay soft-porn movie — from casting ("nice bum"), through rehearsals ("you lie here and lick his feet") and the shoot itself. The oddest participant is a heterosexual wannabe thespian, cast as a "daddy" (older, bearded, leather) chaps — you get the picture) who claims he's doing it for the money and for the acting experience. This is going to be his most challenging role to date, he says a little breathlessly. *A Star Is Pora* goes on, but *Uppu Vayya* tomorrow.

## ITV/Regions

**ANGLA**  
As London (see 270688), 12.30p Movies, Games and  
Videos (270688), 1.05p Angla News and Weather  
(6636327), 2.10p Film: The Boys in Brown  
(649416), 3.50p SeaQuest USS (3556074), 5.05p  
Angla Sports, Sport and Weather (6845662), 5.05p  
The Night Killer (478981), 2.50 Rockman  
3 (34759), 3.45 Ironman Trillion World Championships  
18121198, 4.35 - 5.30am Comedy Central  
Central (1404933).

**CENTRAL**  
As London (see 12.30p Movies, Games and  
Videos (270688), 1.05p Central News and Weather  
(6636327), 2.10p Film: Firing Squad (512513),  
3.50p SeaQuest USS (3556093), 5.05p Central News  
and Weather (7601109), 5.10p ITV Sport: Glasgow  
(10936364), 4.10 Rockman 3 (34759), 3.45  
Ironman Trillion World Championships 18121198,  
JoJoRider (2273923), 5.20p - 5.30p Asian Eye

**HTV NEWS**  
As London (see 12.30p Movies, Games and  
Videos (270688), 1.05p HTV News (3633277), 2.10p  
Roadrunner (3476890), 4.45 SeaQuest USS  
(3731155), 3.45p Century One (478981), 4.15  
The Night Killer (478981), 4.15 Laugh with the Car  
ny Con (820389), 5.05p HTV News and  
Sports Results (2955662), 1.00p Film: 32 Caliber  
Killer (47868), 2.50p Rockman 3 (34759), 3.45p  
Ironman Trillion World Championships 18121198,  
4.35 - 5.30am Comedy Central (1404933).

**HTV WEST**  
As London (see 12.30p Movies, Games and  
Videos (270688), 1.05p HTV West News and  
Sports Issue (9476690), 4.15 The Night  
Killer (47868), 5.05 - 5.20p HTV West News and

**MEDIAN**  
As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games and  
Videos (7/2068). 1.05 Meridian News and Weather  
(66363277). 2.10 Go Fishing With Marjorie (5/50-  
series) (66363277). 2.30 The Carlton (1857222) except  
on Wednesdays to Heaven (7473567). 3.50 seaQuest  
as DSF (3556074). 5.05 Meridian News and Weather  
(8/2555682). 1.00 Film: 32 Calibre (UK) (7479881). 2.50 Rockman (61/16759). 3.45 Local  
man Tradition World Championship (12/21198).  
4.35 - 5.30am Comedy Central (7404933).

**WESTCOUNTRY**  
As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games and  
Videos (7/2068). 1.05 Westcountry News  
(66363277). 2.10 Film: Carry On Constable  
(512513). 3.55 Thunder in Paradise (3564093).  
5.05 Westcountry News (8/255682). 1.00 Film  
32 Calibre (UK) (7479881). 2.50 Rockman  
(61/16759). 3.45 Local man Tradition World  
Championship (12/21198). 4.35 - 5.30am Comedy Cen-  
tral (7404933).

**YORKSHIRE**  
As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games and  
Videos (7/2068). 1.05 Calendar News and Weather  
(66363277). 2.10 Carlton Time (7020903) except  
on Wednesdays to The Good Family (865722). 3.55  
seaQuest DSF (3564093). 5.05 Calendar News and  
Weather (8/255682). 1.00 Sootie (1036364) except  
on Wednesdays to The Dirty Dozen: The Dirty  
(472093). 1.05 Film: Wind (253-884). 3.05 Coach  
(9601401). 3.55 Funny Business (869139) except  
3.55 Hatter Sticks (8145707). 4.45 - 5.30am Mum  
and Dad, She Wrote (7/48974).

**CHANNEL 3 NORTH EAST**  
As Yorkshire except: 1.05pm North East News

**SAC**  
As CA except: 10.00am Boy Meets World (1536/4)  
10.30 one Week\* (32212242). 10.5C Cornwall  
(3810141), 11.00 Channel 4 Athletics (34987)  
12.00 Mission: Impossible (58695). 8.30 Tour de  
France (688093). 6.35 Tour de France (353451)  
7.00 Newyddion a Chwaraeon (3-47203). 7.15 Cefn  
Gwlad (282093). 8.00 Dilyn Ddo: Achor  
Prifaf Spliers (521600). 8.35 Films: Almost  
Golden (65514797). 10.20 Horrid Little Lamb on  
the Street (254548). 11.15 - 11.25pm Teenage Ram

**Satellite/cable**

bad (2373884). 8.00 Grease  
(2458529). 10.00 The Chase  
(24735074). 12.15 Flesh & Blood  
(80367681). 2.20 Who's Afraid of  
Virginia Woolf? (61273933). 3.50-  
6.00am The Three Musketeers  
(76230643).

Wild Spirits (47971), 8.30 Racing  
(46242), 9.00 Super League  
(92451), 11.00 Cricket (65513),  
1.00 Second Innings (21451), 1.30  
Cricket: Kent v Leicestershire  
1120600), 6.00 World Sport  
(8890), 6.30 Racing (810180),  
9.00 Boxing (48513), 11.00 Rugby  
(17180), 12.30 Australian Rules  
Football (44556), 2.30-4.30 Boxing  
(87407), 5.30-7.30am Super  
League (99827).

**SKY SPORTS 2**  
7.00am World Sport (5374426)

7.30 Sports Centre (5459161), 8.00 Soccer Am (3925703), 11.00 Australian Rules Football (6045529), 1.00 Pool (4428180), 4.00 Rugby (6790722), 6.00 Iron Man (9772730), 7.00 Pool (7015819), 11.00 Sports Unlimited (5456074), 12.00-1.00am Iron Man (2181204)

**sky Sports**

12.00noon Survival of the Fittest (12318819), 12.30 Dragsters (10148161), 1.00 Motor Sports (48567653), 4.00 Big Shots (60582513), 5.00 Golf USA (63985548), 7.30 Dragsters (19350074), 8.00 Golf USA (63986060), 10.30 Inside the PGA Tour (1222068), 11.00 Dragsters

**LIVE TV**  
**5.00am** Pin Money **7.00** Fashion  
**7.30** Sport **8.00** A Game of Two  
**Scaries** **8.20** Looking for Love **8.45**  
**9.00** The 100 Most Beautiful  
**Fashion** **10.00** Fashion **10.30** Looking  
**for Love** **10.45** Pet Squad **11.00** To  
**TV** **11.30** Fate and Fortune **12.00**  
**Why Flies?** **12.30** Japan **1.30** Trial  
**TV** **1.00** Fashion **2.30** Japan **3.00**  
**Fate and Fortune** **3.30** Japan  
**4.00** Revelations **4.30** Pet Squad  
**4.45** Looking for Love **5.00** A Game  
**of Two Scaries** **5.30** Why Flies? **6.0**  
**Fashion** **6.30** Japan **7.00** Pin Money  
**7.30** A Game of Two Scaries **8.00**  
**Pet Squad** **8.15** Looking for  
**Love** **8.30** Japan **9.00** Handy Hums;  
**Sham Rock** **9.00** Trial **TV** **10.0**  
**Topless Dancers** **10.30** Stand-Up  
**Comedy** **11.00** Fate and Fortune  
**11.30** Sex **12.00** Handmade  
**Exotics** **Exotic** **12.30** A Game of  
**Two Scaries** **1.00** Stand-Up **1.30**



They would never have survived another night in the open.

Beni and Bonney – two tiny puppies, were found shivering and terrified in a ditch on a freezing December night. Pitifully thin and covered in weeping sores, it seemed they had never known love and care.

The Blue Cross gave them the first kindness they had known as well as urgently-needed veterinary care. After several weeks with us, the pups made a full recovery.

To treat, feed and care for the pups cost around £150. The Blue Cross relies entirely on your generosity to continue its life-saving work. Your monthly gift of £2 or more could help save more tiny lives.

**FREE** Blue Cross Illustrated  
three times a year, when you  
pledge to help the animals.


Please send me more information about how I can help  
animals like Beni and Bonney by making a gift to The Blue Cross.

Name

Address

Postcode

Send to: The Blue Cross, Freepost,  
Room 808C, Shilton Road,  
Burford, Oxon OX18 4BR.  
Reg. Charity No. 224492

 **THE BLUE CROSS**